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GREAT MEN, GREAT THOUGHTS, AND THE ENVIRONMENT.

A REMARKABLE parallel, which to my knowledge has never been noticed, obtains between the facts of social evolution and the mental growth of the race, on the one hand, and of zoölogical evolution, as expounded by Mr. Darwin, on the other.

It will be best to prepare the ground for my thesis by a few very general remarks on the method of getting at scientific truth. It is a common platitude that a *complete* acquaintance with any one thing, however small, would require a knowledge of the entire universe. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but *some* of the remote conditions of his fall are to be found in the milky way, in our federal constitution, or in the early history of Europe. That is to say, alter the milky way, alter the federal constitution, alter the facts of our barbarian ancestry, and the universe would be, *pro tanto*, a different universe from what it is. One fact involved in the difference might be that the particular little street boy who threw the stone which brought down the sparrow might not find himself opposite the sparrow at that particular moment; or, finding himself there, might not be in that particular serene and disengaged mood of mind which expressed itself in throwing the stone. But, true as all this is, it would be very foolish for any one who was inquiring the cause of the

sparrow's fall to overlook the boy as too personal, proximate, and so to speak anthropomorphic an agent, and to say that the true cause is the federal constitution, the westward migration of the Celtic race, or the structure of the milky way. If we proceeded on that method, we might say with perfect legitimacy that a friend of ours, who had slipped on the ice upon his door-step and cracked his skull, some months after dining with thirteen at the table, died *because* of that ominous feast. I know, in fact, one such instance; and I might, if I chose, contend with perfect logical propriety that the slip on the ice was no real accident. "There *are* no accidents," I might say, "for science. The whole history of the world converged to produce that slip. If anything had been left out, the slip would not have occurred just there and then. To say it would is to deny the relations of cause and effect throughout the universe. The real cause of the death was not the slip, *but the conditions which engendered the slip*, and among them his having sat at a table, six months previous, one among thirteen. *That* is truly the reason why he died within the year." It will soon be seen whose arguments I am, in form, reproducing here. I would fain lay down the truth simply and dogmatically in this paper, without polemics or recrimination. But unfortunately

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we never fully grasp the import of any true statement until we have a clear notion of what the opposite untrue statement would be. The error is needed to set off the truth, much as a dark background is required for exhibiting the brightness of a picture.

Now the error which I am going to use as a foil to set off what seems to me the truth of my own statements is contained in the statements of the so-called evolutionary philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples. Our problem is, What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation, — that make the England of Queen Anne so different from the England of Elizabeth, the Harvard College of to-day so different from that of thirty years ago?

I shall reply to this problem, The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, and their decisions. The Spencerian school replies, The changes go on irrespective of persons, and are independent of individual control. They are due to the environment, to the circumstances, the physical geography, the ancestral conditions, the increasing experience of outer relations; to everything, in fact, except the Grants and the Bismarcks, the Joneses and the Smiths.

Now I say that these theorizers are guilty of precisely the same fallacy as he who should ascribe the death of his friend to the dinner with thirteen, or the fall of the sparrow to the milky way. Like the dog in the fable that drops his real bone to snatch at its image, they drop the real causes to snatch at others, which from no possible human point of view are available or attainable. Their fallacy is a practical one. Let us see where it lies. Although I believe in free will myself, I will waive that belief in this discussion, and assume with the Spencerians the universal fatality of human actions. On that assumption

I gladly allow that *were the intelligence* investigating the man's or the sparrow's death *omniscient and omnipresent*, able to take in the whole of time and space at a single glance, there would not be the slightest objection to the milky way or the fatal feast being invoked among the sought-for causes. Such a divine intelligence would see instantaneously all the infinite lines of convergence towards a given result, and it would, moreover, see *impartially*: it would see the fatal feast to be as much a condition of the sparrow's death as of the man's; it would see the boy with the stone to be as much a condition of the man's fall as of the sparrow's.

The human mind, however, is constituted on an entirely different plan. It has no such power of universal intuition. Its finiteness obliges it to see but two or three things at a time. If it wishes to take wider sweeps it has to use "general ideas," as they are called, and in so doing to drop all concrete truths. Thus, in the present case, if we as men wish to feel the connection between the milky way and the boy and the dinner and the sparrow and the man's death, we can do so only by falling back on the enormous emptiness of what is called an abstract proposition. We must say, All things in the world are fatally predetermined, and hang together in the adamant fixity of a system of natural law. But in the vagueness of this vast proposition we have lost all the concrete facts and links. And in all practical matters the concrete links are the only things of importance. The human mind is *essentially* partial. It can be efficient at all only by *picking out* what to attend to, and ignoring everything else, — by narrowing its point of view. Otherwise, what little strength it has is dispersed, and it loses its way altogether. Man always wants his curiosity gratified for a particular purpose. If, in the case of the sparrow, the purpose is punishment, it would be idiotic to wander off from the

cats, boys, and other possible agencies close by in the street, to survey the early Celts and the milky way. The boy would meanwhile escape. And if, in the case of the unfortunate man, we lose ourselves in contemplation of the thirteen-at-table mystery, and fail to notice the ice on the step and cover it with ashes, some other poor fellow, who never dined out in his life, may slip on it in coming to the door, and fall and break his head, too.

It is, then, a necessity laid upon us as human beings to limit our view. In mathematics we know how this method of ignoring and neglecting quantities lying outside of a certain range has been adopted in the differential calculus. The calculator throws out all the "infinitesimals" of the quantities he is considering. He treats them (under certain rules) as if they did not exist. In themselves they exist perfectly all the while; but they are as if they did not exist for the purposes of his calculation. Just so an astronomer, in dealing with the tidal movements of the ocean, takes no account of the waves made by the wind, or by the pressure of all the steamers which day and night are moving their thousands of tons upon its surface. Just so the marksman, in sighting his rifle, allows for the motion of wind, but not for the equally real motion of the earth and solar system. Just so a business man's punctuality may overlook an error of five minutes, whilst a physicist, measuring the velocity of light, must count each thousandth of a second.

There are, in short, *different cycles* of operation in nature; different departments, so to speak, relatively independent of one another, so that what goes on at any moment in one may be *compatible* with almost any condition of things at the same time in the next. The mold on the biscuits in the store-room of a

man-of-war vegetates in absolute indifference to the nationality of the flag, the direction of the voyage, the weather, and the human dramas that may go on on board; and a mycologist may study it in complete abstraction from all these larger details. Only by so studying it, in fact, is there any chance of the mental concentration by which alone he may hope to learn something of its nature. And conversely, the captain who, in manœuvring the vessel through a naval battle, should think it necessary to bring the moldy biscuit into his calculations would very likely lose the battle by reason of the excessive "thoroughness" of his mental nature.

The causes which operate in these incommensurable cycles are connected with one another only *if we take the whole universe into account*. For all lesser points of view it is lawful — nay, more; it is for human wisdom necessary — to regard them as disconnected and irrelevant to one another.

And now this brings us nearer to our special topic. If we look at an animal or a human being distinguished from the rest of his kind by the possession of some extraordinary peculiarity, good or bad, we shall be able to discriminate between the causes which originally *produced* the peculiarity in him and the causes which *maintain* it after it is produced. And we shall see, if the peculiarity be one that he was born with, that these two sets of causes belong to two such irrelevant cycles. It was the triumphant originality of Darwin to see this, and to act accordingly. Separating the causes of production under the title of "tendencies to spontaneous variation," and relegating them to a physiological cycle which he forthwith agreed to ignore altogether,¹ he confined his attention to the causes of preservation, and under the names of natural selec-

¹ Darwin's theory of paragenesis is, it is true, an attempt to account (among other things) for variation. But it occupies its own separate place, and its author no more invokes the environment when

he talks of the adhesions of gemmules than he invokes these adhesions when he talks of the relations of the whole animal to the environment. *Divide et impera!*

tion and sexual selection studied them exclusively as functions of the cycle of the environment.

Pre-Darwinian philosophers had also tried to establish the doctrine of descent with modification. But they all committed the blunder of clumping the two cycles of causation into one. What preserves an animal with his peculiarity, if it be a useful one, they saw to be the nature of the environment to which the peculiarity was adjusted. The giraffe with his peculiar neck is preserved by the fact that there are in his environment tall trees whose leaves he can digest. But these philosophers went further, and said that the presence of the trees not only maintained an animal with a long neck to browse upon their branches, but also produced him. They *made* his neck long by the constant striving they aroused in him to reach up to them. The environment, in short, was supposed by these writers to mold the animal by a kind of direct pressure, very much as a seal presses the wax into harmony with itself. Numerous instances were given of the way in which this goes on under our eyes. The exercise of the forge makes the right arm strong, the palm grows callous to the oar, the mountain air distends the chest, the chased fox grows cunning and the chased bird shy, the arctic cold stimulates the animal combustion, and so forth. Now these changes, of which many more examples might be adduced, are at present distinguished by the special name of *adaptive* changes. Their peculiarity is that that very feature in the environment to which the animal's nature grows adjusted itself *produces* the adjustment. The "inner relation," to use Mr. Spencer's phrase, "corresponds" with its own efficient cause.

Darwin's first achievement was to show the utter insignificance in amount of these changes produced by direct adaptation, the immensely greater mass of changes being produced by internal

molecular accidents, of which we know nothing. His next achievement was to define the true problem with which we have to deal when we study the effects of the visible environment on the animal. That problem is simply this: Is the environment more likely to *preserve or to destroy him*, on account of this or that peculiarity with which he may be born? In calling those peculiarities which an animal is born with "spontaneous" variations, Darwin does not for a moment mean to suggest that they are not the fixed outcome of natural law. If the total system of the universe be taken into account, the causes of these variations and the visible environment which preserves or destroys them undoubtedly do, in some remote and roundabout way, hang together. What Darwin means is that, since that environment is a perfectly known thing, and its relations to the organism in the way of destruction or preservation are tangible and distinct, it would utterly confuse our finite understandings and frustrate our hopes of science to mix in with it facts from such a disparate and incommensurable cycle as that in which the variations are produced. This last cycle is that of occurrences before the animal is born. It is the cycle of influences upon ova and embryos; in which lie the causes which tip them and tilt them towards masculinity or femininity, towards strength or weakness, towards health or disease, and towards divergence from the parent type. What are the causes there?

In the first place, they are molecular and invisible; inaccessible, therefore, to direct observation of any kind. Secondly, their operations are *compatible* with any social, political, and physical conditions of environment. The same parents, living in the same environing conditions, may at one birth produce a genius, at the next an idiot or a monster. The visible external conditions are therefore not direct determinants of this cycle; and the more we consider the matter, the

more we are forced to believe that two children of the same parents are made to differ from one another by a cause which bears the same remote and infinitesimal proportion to its ultimate effects as the famous pebble on the Rocky Mountain crest, whose angle separates the course of two rain-drops, itself bears to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to the Pacific Ocean.

The great mechanical distinction between transitive forces and discharging forces is nowhere illustrated on such a scale as in physiology. Almost all causes there are forces of *detent*, which operate by simply unlocking energy already stored up. They are upsetters of unstable equilibria, and the resultant effect depends infinitely more on the nature of the materials upset than on that of the particular stimulus which joggles them down. Galvanic work equal to unity, done on a frog's nerve, will discharge from the muscle to which the nerve belongs mechanical work equal to seventy thousand; and exactly the same muscular effect will emerge if other irritants than galvanism are employed. The irritant has merely started or provoked something which then went on of itself, — as a match may start a fire which consumes a whole town. And qualitatively as well as quantitatively the effect may be absolutely incommensurable with the cause. We find this condition of things in all organic matter. Chemists are distracted by the difficulties which the instability of albuminoid compounds opposes to their study. Two specimens, treated in what outwardly seem scrupulously identical conditions, behave in quite different ways. We all know about the invisible factors of fermentation, and how the fate of a jar of milk — whether it turn into a sour clot or a

mass of koumiss — depends on whether the lactic acid ferment or the alcoholic is introduced first, and gets ahead of the other in starting the process. Now, when the result is the tendency of an ovum, itself invisible to the naked eye, to tip towards this direction or that in its further evolution, — to bring forth a genius or a dunce, even as the rain-drop passes east or west of the pebble, — is it not obvious that the deflecting cause must lie in a region so recondite and minute, must be such a ferment of a ferment, an infinitesimal of so high an order, that surmise itself may never succeed even in attempting to frame an image of it? ¹

Such being the case, was not Darwin right to turn his back upon that region altogether, and to keep his own problem carefully free from all entanglement with matters such as these? The success of his work is a sufficiently affirmative reply.

And this brings us at last to the heart of our subject. The causes of production of great men lie in a sphere wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher. He must simply accept geniuses as data, just as Darwin accepts his spontaneous variations. For him, as for Darwin, the only problem is, these data being given, How does the environment affect them, and how do they affect the environment? Now I affirm that the relation of the visible environment to the great man is in the main exactly what it is to the "variation" in the Darwinian philosophy. It chiefly adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, in short *selects* him.² And whenever it adopts and preserves the great man, it becomes modified by his influence in an entirely original and peculiar way. He acts as a ferment, and changes its constitution,

degree, by its educative influence, and that this constitutes a considerable difference between the social case and the zoological case. I neglect this aspect of the relation here, for the other is the more important. At the end of the article I will return to it incidentally.

¹ For some striking remarks on the different orders of magnitude and distance, within which the different phenomenal kinds of force act, see Chauncy Wright's *Philosophical Discussions*, New York, 1873, page 165.

² It is true that it remodels him, also, to some

just as the advent of a new zoölogical species changes the faunal and floral equilibrium of the region in which it appears. We all recollect Mr. Darwin's famous statement of the influence of cats on the growth of clover in their neighborhood. We all have read of the effects of the European rabbit in New Zealand, and we have many of us taken part in the controversy about the English sparrow here, — whether he kills most canker-worms, or drives away most native birds. Just so the great man, whether he be an importation from without, like Clive in India or Agassiz here, or whether he spring from the soil, like Mahomet or Franklin, brings about a rearrangement, on a large or a small scale, of the preëxisting social relations.

The mutations of societies, then, from generation to generation, are in the main due directly or indirectly to the acts or the example of individuals whose genius was so adapted to the receptivities of the moment, or whose accidental position of authority was so critical, that they became ferments, initiators of movement, setters of precedent or fashion, centres of corruption, or destroyers of other persons, whose gifts, had they had free play, would have led society in another direction.

We see this power of individual initiative exemplified on a small scale all about us, and on a large scale in the case of the leaders of history. It is only following the common-sense method of a Lyell, a Darwin, and a Whitney to interpret the unknown by the known, and reckon up cumulatively the only causes of social change we can directly observe. Societies of men are just like individuals, in that both at any given moment offer ambiguous potentialities of development. Whether a young man enters business or the ministry may depend on a decision which has to be made before a certain day. He takes the offered place in the counting-house, and

is committed. Little by little, the habits, the knowledges, of the other career, which once lay so near, cease to be reckoned even among his possibilities. At first, he may sometimes doubt whether the self he murdered in that decisive hour might not have been the better of the two, but with the years such questions themselves expire, and the old alternative *ego*, once so vivid, fades into something less substantial than a dream. It is no otherwise with nations. They may be committed by kings and ministers to peace or war, by generals to victory or defeat, by prophets to this religion or to that, by various geniuses to fame in art, science, or industry. A war is a true point of bifurcation of future possibilities. Whether it fail or succeed, its declaration must be the starting-point of new policies. Just so does a revolution, or any great civic precedent, become a deflecting influence, whose operations widen with the course of time. Communities obey their ideals, and an accidental success fixes an ideal, as an accidental failure blights it.

Would England have to-day an "imperial" ideal, if a certain boy named "Bob Clive" had shot himself, as he tried to, at Madras? Would she be the drifting raft she is now in European affairs if a Frederic the Great had inherited her throne instead of a Victoria, and if Messrs. Bentham, Mill, Cobden, and Bright had all been born in Prussia? England has, no doubt, to-day precisely the same intrinsic value relatively to the other nations that she ever had. There is no such fine accumulation of human *material* upon the globe. But in England the material has lost effective form, whilst in Germany it has found it. Leaders give the form. Would England be crying forward and backward at once, as she does now, "letting I will not wait upon I would," wishing to conquer, but not to fight, if her ideal had in all these years been fixed by a succession of statesmen of supremely

commanding personality, working in one direction? Certainly not. She would have espoused, for better or worse, either one course or another. Had Bismarck died in his cradle, the Germans would still be satisfied with appearing to themselves as a race of spectacled *Gelehrten* and political herbivora, and to the French as *ces bons*, or *ces naïfs*, *Allemands*. Bismarck's will showed them, to their own great astonishment, that they could play a far livelier game. The lesson will not be forgotten. Germany may have many vicissitudes, but they

— "will never do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been," —

of Bismarck's initiative, namely, from 1860 to 1873.

The fermentative influence of geniuses *must* be admitted as, at any rate, one factor in the changes that constitute social evolution. The community *may* evolve in many ways. The accidental presence of this or that ferment decides in which way it *shall* evolve. Why, the very birds of the forest, the parrot, the mino, have the *power* of human speech, but never develop it of themselves; some one must be there to teach them. So with us individuals. Rembrandt must teach us to enjoy the struggle of light with darkness, Wagner to enjoy certain musical effects; Dickens gives a twist to our sentimentality, Artemus Ward to our humor; Emerson kindles a new moral light within us. But it is like Columbus's egg. "All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." But if this be true of the individuals in the community, how can it be false of the community as a whole? If shown a certain way, a community may take it; if not, it will never find it. And the ways are to a large extent indeterminate in advance. A nation may obey either of many alternative impulses given by different men of genius, and still live and be prosperous, just as a man may enter either of many busi-

nesses. Only the prosperities may differ in their type.

But the indeterminism is not absolute. Not every "man" fits every "hour." Some incompatibilities there are. A given genius may come either too early or too late. Peter the Hermit would now be sent to a lunatic asylum. John Mill in the tenth century would have lived and died unknown. Cromwell and Napoleon need their revolutions, Grant his civil war. An Ajax gets no fame in the day of telescopic-sighted rifles; and, to express differently an instance which Spencer uses, what could a Watt have effected in a tribe which no precursive genius had taught to smelt iron or to turn a lathe?

Now the important thing to notice is that what makes a certain genius now incompatible with his surroundings is usually the fact that some previous genius of a different strain has warped the community away from the sphere of his possible effectiveness. After Voltaire, no Peter the Hermit; after Charles IX. and Louis XIV., no general protestantization of France; after a Manchester school, a Beaconsfield's success is transient; after a Philip II., a Castelar makes little headway; and so on. Each bifurcation cuts off certain sides of the field altogether, and limits the future possible angles of deflection. A community is a living thing, and, in words which I can do no better than quote from Professor Clifford,¹ "it is the peculiarity of living things not merely that they change under the influence of surrounding circumstances, but that any change which takes place in them is not lost but retained, and, as it were, built into the organism to serve as the foundation for future actions. If you cause any distortion in the growth of a tree and make it crooked, whatever you may do afterwards to make the tree straight the mark of your distortion is there; it is absolutely indelible; it has become

¹ Lectures and Essays, vol. i. p. 82.

part of the tree's nature. . . . Suppose, however, that you take a lump of gold, melt it, and let it cool. . . . No one can tell by examining a piece of gold how often it has been melted and cooled in geologic ages, or even in the last year by the hand of man. Any one who cuts down an oak can tell by the rings in its trunk how many times winter has frozen it into widowhood, and how many times summer has warmed it into life. A living being must always contain within itself the history, not merely of its own existence, but of all its ancestors."

Every painter can tell us how each added line deflects his picture in a certain sense. Whatever lines follow must be built on those first laid down. Every author who starts to rewrite a piece of work knows how impossible it becomes to use any of the first-written pages again. The new beginning has already excluded the possibility of those earlier phrases and transactions, whilst it has at the same time created the possibility of an indefinite set of new ones, no one of which, however, is completely determined in advance. Just so the social surroundings of the past and present hour exclude the possibility of accepting certain contributions from individuals. But they do not positively define what contributions they shall accept, for in themselves they are powerless to fix what the nature of the individual offerings shall be.¹

Thus social evolution is a resultant of the interaction of two wholly distinct factors: the individual, deriving his peculiar gifts from the play of physiological and infra-social forces, but bearing all the power of initiative and origination in his hands; and, second, the social environment, with its power of adopting or rejecting both him and his gifts. Both factors are essential to change. The community stagnates without the

impulse of the individual. The impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community.

All this seems nothing more than common sense. All who wish to see it developed by a man of genius should read that golden little work, Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, in which (it seems to me) the complete sense of the way in which concrete things grow and change is as livingly present as the straining after a pseudo "philosophy of evolution" is livingly absent. But there are neverwanting minds to whom such views seem personal and contracted, and allied to an anthropomorphism long exploded in other fields of knowledge. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more," to these writers, and in a Buckle, a Draper, and a Taine we all know how much the "world" has come to be almost synonymous with the *climate*. We all know, too, how the controversy has been kept up between the partisans of a "science of history" and those who deny the existence of anything like necessary "laws" where human societies are concerned. Mr. Spencer, at the opening of his *Study of Sociology*, makes an onslaught on the "great-man theory" of history, from which a few passages may be quoted:—

"The genesis of societies by the action of great men may be comfortably believed so long as, resting in general notions, you do not ask for particulars. But now, if, dissatisfied with vagueness, we demand that our ideas shall be brought into focus and exactly defined, we discover the hypothesis to be utterly incoherent. If, not stopping at the explanation of social progress as due to the great man, we go back a step, and ask, Whence comes the great man? we find that the theory breaks down completely. The question has two conceivable answers: his origin is supernatural, or it have developed into negroes might now, after a protracted exposure to the conditions of Hamburg, never become negroes if transplanted to Timbuctoo.

¹ Mr. Grant Allen himself, in an article from which I shall presently quote, admits that a set of people who, if they had been exposed ages ago to the geographical agencies of Timbuctoo, would

is natural. Is his origin supernatural? Then he is a deputy god, and we have theocracy once removed, — or, rather, not removed at all. . . . Is this an unacceptable solution? Then the origin of the great man is natural; and immediately this is recognized he must be classed with all other phenomena in the society that gave him birth as a product of its antecedents. Along with the whole generation of which he forms a minute part, along with its institutions, language, knowledge, manners, and its multitudinous arts and appliances, he is a *resultant*. . . . You must admit that the genesis of the great man depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown. . . . Before he can remake his society, his society must make him. All those changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descended from. If there is to be anything like a real explanation of those changes, it must be sought in that aggregate of conditions out of which both he and they have arisen.”¹

Now it seems to me that there is something which one might almost call impudent in the attempt which Mr. Spencer makes, in the first sentence of this extract, to pin the reproach of vagueness upon those who believe in the power of initiative of the great man.

Suppose I say that the singular moderation which now distinguishes social, political, and religious discussion in England, and contrasts so strongly with the bigotry and dogmatism of sixty years ago, is largely due to J. S. Mill's example. I may possibly be wrong about the facts; but I am, at any rate, “asking for particulars,” and not “resting in general notions.” And if Mr. Spencer should tell me it started from no personal influence whatever, but from the “aggregate of conditions,” the “generations,” Mill

and all his contemporaries “descended from,” the whole past order of nature, in short, surely he, not I, would be the person “satisfied with vagueness.”

The fact is that Mr. Spencer's sociological method is identical with that of one who would invoke the zodiac to account for the fall of the sparrow, and the thirteen at table to explain the gentleman's death. It is of little more scientific value than the Oriental method of replying to whatever question arises by the unimpeachable truism, “God is great.” *Not* to fall back on the gods, where a proximate principle may be found, has with us Westerners long since become the sign of an efficient as distinguished from an inefficient intellect.

To believe that the cause of everything is to be found in its antecedents is the starting-point, the initial postulate, not the goal and consummation, of science. If she is simply to lead us out of the labyrinth by the same hole we went in by three or four thousand years ago, it seems hardly worth while to have followed her through the darkness at all. If anything is humanly certain it is that the great man's society, properly so called, does *not* make him before he can remake it. Physiological forces, with which the social, political, geographical, and to a great extent anthropological conditions have just as much and just as little to do as the condition of the crater of Vesuvius has to do with the flickering of this gas by which I write, are what make him. Surely Mr. Spencer does not hold that the convergence of sociological pressures so impinged on Stratford-upon-Avon about the 26th of April, 1564, that a W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities, had to be born there, — as the pressure of water outside a certain boat will cause a stream of a certain form to ooze into a particular leak? And does he mean to say that if the aforesaid W. Shakespeare had died of cholera infantum, another mother at Stratford-upon-Avon would needs

¹ Study of Sociology, pages 33-35.

have engendered a duplicate copy of him, to restore the sociologic equilibrium, — just as the same stream of water will reappear, no matter how often you pass a sponge over the leak, so long as the outside level remains unchanged? Or might the substitute arise at “Stratford-atte-Bowe”? Here, as elsewhere, it is very hard, in the midst of Mr. Spencer’s vagueness, to tell what he does mean at all.

We have, however, in his disciple, Mr. Grant Allen, one who leaves us in no doubt whatever of his precise meaning. This widely informed, suggestive, and brilliant writer published last year a couple of articles in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, in which he maintained that individuals had no initiative in determining social change. . . . “The differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, ultimately depend, not upon any mysterious properties of race, nationality, or any other unknown and unintelligible abstractions, but simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed. If it be a fact, as we know it to be, that the French nation differs recognizably from the Chinese, and the people of Hamburg differ recognizably from the people of Timbuctoo, then the notorious and conspicuous differences between them are wholly due to the geographical position of the various races. If the people who went to Hamburg had gone to Timbuctoo, they would now be indistinguishable from the semi-barbarian negroes who inhabit that central African metropolis;¹ and if the people who went to Timbuctoo had gone to Hamburg they

would now have been white-skinned merchants driving a roaring trade in imitation sherry and indigestible port. . . . The differentiating agency must be sought in the great permanent geographical features of land and sea; . . . these have necessarily and inevitably molded the characters and histories of every nation upon the earth. . . . We cannot regard any nation as an active agent in differentiating itself. Only the surrounding circumstances can have any effect in such a direction. [These two sentences dogmatically deny the existence of the relatively independent physiological cycle of causation.] To suppose otherwise is to suppose that the mind of man is exempt from the universal law of causation. There is no caprice, no spontaneous impulse, in human endeavors. Even tastes and inclinations *must* themselves be the result of surrounding causes.”² Elsewhere Mr. Allen, writing of the Greek culture, says: “It was absolutely and unreservedly the product of the geographical Hellas, acting upon the given factor of the undifferentiated Aryan brain. . . . To me it seems a self-evident proposition that nothing whatsoever can differentiate one body of men from another, except the physical conditions in which they are set, including, of course, under the term *physical conditions* the relations of place and time in which they stand with regard to other bodies of men. To suppose otherwise is to deny the primordial law of causation. To imagine that the mind can differentiate itself is to imagine that it can be differentiated without a cause.”³

¹ No! not even though they were bodily brothers! The geographical factor utterly vanishes before the ancestral factor. The difference between Hamburg and Timbuctoo as a cause of ultimate divergence of two races is as nothing to the difference of constitution of the ancestors of the two races, even though as in twin brothers, this difference might be invisible to the naked eye. No two couples of the most homogeneous race could possibly be found so identical as, if set in identical environments, to give rise to two identical line-

ages. The minute divergence at the start grows broader with each generation, and ends with entirely dissimilar breeds.

² Article Nation Making, in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1878. I quote from the reprint in the *Popular Science Monthly Supplement*, December, 1878, pages 121, 123, 126.

³ Article Hellas, in *Gentleman’s Magazine*, 1878. Reprint in *Popular Science Monthly Supplement*, September, 1878.

This shrieking about the law of universal causation being undone, the moment we refuse to invest in the kind of causation which is being peddled round by a particular school, makes one impatient. These writers have no imagination of alternatives. With them there is no *tertium quid* between outward environment and miracle. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!* *Aut* Spencerism, *aut* catechism!

If by "physical conditions" Mr. Allen means what he does mean, the outward cycle of visible nature and man, his assertion is simply physiologically false. For a national mind differentiates "itself" whenever a genius is born in its midst, by reason of causes acting in the invisible and molecular cycle. But if Mr. Allen means by physical conditions the whole of nature, his assertion, though true, forms but the vague Asiatic profession of belief in an all-enveloping fate, which certainly need not plume itself on any specially advanced or scientific character.

And how can a thinker so clever as Mr. Allen fail to have distinguished in these matters between *necessary* conditions and *sufficient* conditions of a given result? The French say that to have an omelet we must break our eggs; that is, the breaking of eggs is a necessary condition of the omelet; but is it a sufficient condition? Does an omelet appear whenever three eggs are broken? So of the Greek mind. To get such versatile intelligence it may be that such commercial dealings with the world as the geographical Hellas afforded are a necessary condition. But if they are a sufficient condition, why did not the Phœnicians outstrip the Greeks in intelligence? No geographical environment can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced, and thwart and frustrate others. Once again, its function is simply selective, and determines what shall actually be only by destroying what is positively incompat-

ible. A sub-arctic environment is incompatible with improvident habits in its denizens; but whether the inhabitants of such a region shall unite with their thrift the peacefulness of the Eskimo or the pugnacity of the Norseman is, so far as the climate is concerned, an accident. Evolutionists should not forget that we all have five fingers not because four or six would not do just as well, but merely because the first vertebrate above the fishes *happened* to have that number. He owed his prodigious success in founding a line of descent to some entirely other quality, — we know not which, — but the inessential five fingers were taken in tow and preserved to the present day. So of most social peculiarities. Which of them shall be taken in tow by the few qualities which the environment necessarily exacts is largely a matter of physiological accidents happening among individuals. Mr. Allen promises to prove his thesis in detail by the examples of China, India, England, Rome, etc. I have not the smallest hesitation in predicting that he will do no more with these examples than he has done with Hellas. He will appear upon the scene after the fact, and show that the quality developed by each race was, naturally enough, *not incompatible* with its habitat. But he will utterly fail to show that the particular form of compatibility fallen into in each case was the one necessary and only possible form. Naturalists know well enough how indeterminate the harmonies between a fauna and its environment are.

An animal may better his chances of existence in either of many ways: growing aquatic, arboreal, or subterranean; small and swift, or massive and bulky; spiny, horny, slimy, or venomous; more timid or more pugnacious; more cunning or more fertile of offspring; more gregarious or more solitary; or in other ways beside, — and any one of these ways may suit him to many widely different environments.

Readers of Mr. A. R. Wallace will well remember the striking illustrations of this in his Malay Archipelago: "Borneo closely resembles New Guinea not only in its vast size and its freedom from volcanoes, but in its variety of geological structure, its uniformity of climate, and the general aspect of the forest vegetation that clothes its surface; the Moluccas are the counterpart of the Philippines in their volcanic structure, their extreme fertility, their luxuriant forests, and their frequent earthquakes; and Bali, with the east end of Java, has a climate almost as dry and a soil almost as arid as that of Timor. Yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed, as it were, after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast when we compare their animal productions. Nowhere does the ancient doctrine — that differences or similarities in the various forms of life that inhabit different countries are due to corresponding physical differences or similarities in the countries themselves — meet with so direct and palpable a contradiction. Borneo and New Guinea, as alike physically as two distinct countries can be, are zoologically wide as the poles asunder; while Australia, with its dry winds, its open plains, its stony deserts, and its temperate climate, yet produces birds and quadrupeds which are closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the plains and mountains of New Guinea."

Here we have similar physical-geography environments harmonizing with widely differing animal lives, and similar animal lives harmonizing with widely differing geographical environments. A singularly accomplished writer, E. Gryzanowski, in the *North American Review*,¹ uses the instances of Sardinia and Corsica in support of this thesis with

¹ Vol. cxiii. p. 318 (October, 1871).

great effect. "These sister islands," he says, "lying in the very centre of the Mediterranean, at almost equal distances from the centres of Latin and Neo-Latin civilization, within easy reach of the Phœnician, the Greek, and the Saracen, with a coast-line of more than a thousand miles, endowed with obvious and tempting advantages, and hiding untold sources of agricultural and mineral wealth, have nevertheless remained unknown, unheeded, and certainly uncared for during the thirty centuries of European history. . . . These islands have dialects, but no language; records of battles, but no history. They have customs, but no laws; the *vendetta*, but no justice. They have wants and wealth, but no commerce; timber and ports, but no shipping. They have legends, but no poetry; beauty, but no art; and twenty years ago it could still be said that they had universities, but no students. . . . That Sardinia, with all her emotional and picturesque barbarism, has never produced a single artist is almost as strange as her barbarism itself. . . . Near the focus of European civilization, in the very spot which an *a priori* geographer would point out as the most favorable place for material and intellectual, commercial, and political development, these strange sister islands have slept their secular sleep, like *nodes* on the sounding-board of history."

This writer then goes on to compare Sardinia and Sicily with some detail. All the material advantages are in favor of Sardinia, "and the Sardinian population, being of an ancestry more mixed than that of the English race, would justify far higher expectations than that of Sicily." Yet Sicily's past history has been brilliant in the extreme, and her commerce to-day is great. Dr. Gryzanowski has his own theory of the historic torpor of these favored isles. He thinks they stagnated because they never gained political autonomy, being always owned by some Continental power. I will

not dispute the theory; but I will ask, Why did they not gain it? and answer myself immediately: Simply because no individuals were born there with patriotism and ability enough to inflame their countrymen with national pride, ambition, and thirst for independent life. Corsicans and Sardinians are surely as good stuff as any of their neighbors. But the best wood-pile will not blaze till a torch is applied, and the torches seem to have been wanting.¹

Sporadic great men come everywhere. But for a community to get vibrating through and through with intensely active life, many geniuses coming together and in rapid succession are required. This is why great epochs are so rare, — why the sudden bloom of a Greece, an early Rome, a Renaissance, is such a mystery. Blow must follow blow so fast that no cooling can occur in the intervals. Then the mass of the nation grows incandescent, and may continue to glow by pure inertia long after the originators of its internal movement have passed away. We often hear surprise expressed that in these high tides

of human affairs not only the people should be filled with stronger life, but that individual geniuses should seem so exceptionally abundant. This mystery is just about as deep as the time-honored conundrum as to why great rivers flow by great towns. It is true that great public fermentations awaken and adopt many geniuses, who in more torpid times would have had no chance to work. But over and above this there must be an exceptional concourse of genius about a time, to make the fermentation begin at all. The unlikeliness of the *concourse* is far greater than the unlikeliness of any particular genius; hence the rarity of these periods and the exceptional aspect which they always wear.

I may be pardoned for taking so present and personal an example. I should like to use our own community as a means of illustrating my point. It seems to me that nothing proves so clearly the fact that no social community *need*, by virtue of its purely social forces, evolve fatally in the direction of its own most characteristic aptitudes. It is a commonplace remark that the intellectual

¹ I am well aware that in much that follows (though in nothing that precedes) I seem to be crossing the heavily shotted bows of Mr. Galton, for whose laborious investigations into the heredity of genius I have the greatest respect. Mr. Galton inclines to think that genius of intellect and passion is bound to express itself, whatever the outward opportunity, and that within any given race an equal number of geniuses of each grade must needs be born in every equal period of time. A subordinate race cannot possibly engender a large number of high-class geniuses, etc. He would, I suspect, infer the suppositions I go on to make — of great men fortuitously assembling around a given epoch and making it great, and of their being fortuitously absent from certain places and times (from Sardinia, from Boston now, etc.) — to be radically vicious. I hardly think, however, he does justice to the excessive complexity of the conditions of *effective* greatness, and to the way in which the physiological averages of production may be masked entirely during long periods, either by the accidental mortality of geniuses in infancy, or by the fact that the particular geniuses born happened not to find tasks. I doubt the truth of his assertion that *intellectual* genius, like murder, "will out." It is true that certain types are irrepressible. Voltaire, Shelley, Carlyle, can hard-

ly be conceived leading a dumb and vegetative life in any epoch. But take Mr. Galton himself, take his cousin Mr. Darwin, and take Mr. Spencer: nothing is to me more conceivable than that at another epoch all three of these men might have died "with all their music in them," known only to their friends as persons of strong and original character and judgment. What has started them on their career of effective greatness is simply the accident of each stumbling upon a task vast, brilliant, and congenial enough to call out the convergence of all his passions and powers. I see no more reason why, in case they had not fallen in with their several "hobbies" at propitious periods in their life, they need necessarily have hit upon other hobbies, and made themselves equally great. Their case seems similar to that of the Washingtons, Cromwells, and Grants, who simply "rose" to their "occasions." But apart from these causes of fallacy, I am strongly disposed to think that where transcendent geniuses are concerned the numbers anyhow are so small that their appearance will not fit into any scheme of averages. That is, two or three might appear together, just as the two or three balls nearest the target centre might be fired consecutively. Take longer epochs and more firing, and the great geniuses and near balls would on the whole be more spread out.

preëminence which Boston so long held over other American cities is slowly passing away. Webster and Choate, Channing and Parker, Howe and Garrison, Prescott and Motley, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Margaret Fuller, Jackson and Warren, Mann and Agassiz, are gathered to their fathers. Emerson and Holmes, Longfellow and Whittier, have passed their seventieth birthdays, and the new stars which are rising above the horizon are few in number, and hardly of the same order of magnitude with those which have sunk or are sinking to its verge. Meanwhile the "spirit of the people," which seconded so robustly the efforts of these great citizens, is utterly unchanged. There is probably nowhere in the world a more appreciative intelligence, a deeper capacity for enthusiasm, if only the proper object is revealed, or a truer eagerness to live hard and bear a hand in the heavy and heroic work of the world. No positive condition is present which could prevent Boston from becoming, if the means were given, as radiant a focus of human energy as any place of its size in the world. What positive condition is absent? Simply a fortuitous assemblage of great men happening to be born or to migrate there about the same time. Would a Spencerian evolutionist pretend that such an event is *incompatible* with the sociological condition of Boston at the present day? Surely not. With every allowance made for the growth of rival cities in the West, for increased attractiveness of New York as a literary and publishing centre, for the greater exhaustiveness of professional life at the present day, with the impossibility it brings of a professional man being also a man of letters, it still remains perfectly possible to conceive of three or four geniuses in any department being born here, and choosing to stay here and work. Three or four born here might easily attract the rest from outside, and the native temperament would fill in the

background. As a matter of fact there is hardly a zoölogist to-day in the country, of about the age of forty, who was not made a naturalist by the accidental fact of Agassiz settling in Boston, founding his museum in connection with the Lawrence Scientific School, and preaching with all the force of his magnetic personality the doctrine that to come there and study zoölogy was the only thing worthy the ambition of an intelligent youth.

It is folly, then, to speak of the "laws of history" as of something inevitable, which science has only to discover, and which any one can then foretell and observe, but do nothing to alter or avert. Why, the very laws of physics are conditional, and deal with *ifs*. The physicist don't say, "The water *will* boil anyhow;" he only says it will boil *if* a fire be kindled beneath it. And so the utmost the student of sociology can ever predict is that *if* a genius of a certain sort show the way, society will be sure to follow. It might long ago have been predicted with great confidence that both Italy and Germany would reach a stable unity if some one could but succeed in starting the process. It could not have been predicted, however, that the *modus operandi* in each case would be subordination to a paramount state rather than federation, because no historian could have calculated the freaks of birth and fortune which gave at the same moment such positions of authority to three such peculiar individuals as Napoleon III., Bismarck, and Cavour. So of our own politics. It is certain now that the movement of the independents, reformers, or whatever one please to call them, will triumph. But whether it do so by converting the republican party to its ends, or by rearing a new party on the ruins of both our present factions, the historians cannot say. There can be no doubt that the reform movement would make more progress in one year with an adequate personal leader than

as now in ten without one. Were there a great citizen, splendid with every civic gift, to be its candidate, who can doubt that he would lead us to victory? But at present, we, his environment, who sigh for him and would so gladly preserve and adopt him if he came, can neither move without him, nor yet do anything to bring him forth.

To conclude: The evolutionary view of history, when it denies the vital importance of individual initiative, is, then, an utterly vague and unscientific conception, a lapse from modern scientific determinism into the most ancient Oriental fatalism. The lesson of the analysis that we have made (even on the completely deterministic hypothesis with which we started) forms an appeal of the most stimulating sort to the energy of the individual. Even the dogged resistance of the reactionary conservative to changes which he cannot hope entirely to defeat is justified and shown to be effective. He retards the movement; deflects it a little by the concessions he extracts; gives it a resultant momentum, compounded of his inertia and his adversaries' speed; and keeps up, in short, a constant lateral pressure, which, to be sure, never heads it round about, but brings it up at last at a goal far to the right or left of that to which it would have drifted had he allowed it to drift alone.

I now pass to the last division of my subject, the function of the environment in *mental* evolution. After what has already been said, I may be quite concise. Here, if anywhere, it would seem at first sight as if that school must be right which makes the mind passively plastic, and the outer relations actively productive of the form and order of its concep-

tions; which, in a word, thinks that all mental progress must result from a series of *adaptive* changes, in the sense already defined. We all know what an immense part of our mental furniture consists of purely remembered, not reasoned, experience. The entire field of habit and association by contiguity belongs here. The entire field of those abstract conceptions which have been taught us with the language into which we were born belongs here also. And, more than this, there is reason to think that the order of "outer relations" experienced by the individual may itself determine the order in which the general characters imbedded therein shall be noticed and extracted by his mind.¹ The pleasures and benefits, moreover, which certain parts of the environment yield, and the pains and hurts which other parts inflict, determine the direction of our interest and our attention, and so decide at which points the accumulation of mental experiences shall begin. It might, accordingly, seem as if there was no room for any other agency than this; as if the distinction we have hitherto found so useful between the agency of "spontaneous variation," as the producer of changed forms, and the environment, as their preserver and destroyer, did not hold in the case of mental progress; as if, in a word, the parallel with Darwinism might no longer obtain, and Spencer might be quite right with his fundamental law of intelligence, which says, "The cohesion between psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which the relation between the answering external phenomena has been repeated in experience."²

But, in spite of all these facts, I have

¹ That is, if a certain general character be rapidly repeated in our outer experience with a number of strongly contrasted concomitants, it will be sooner abstracted than if its associates are invariable or monotonous.

² Principles of Psychology, vol. i. p. 460. See also pages 463, 464, 500. On page 408 the law

receives a totally different formulation, thus: the *persistence* of the connection in consciousness is proportionate to the *persistence* of the outer connection. Mr. Spencer works most with the law of frequency. Either law, from my point of view, is false. But it is very characteristic of Mr. Spencer that he should seem to think them synonymous.

no hesitation whatever in holding firm to the Darwinian distinction even here. I maintain that the facts in question are all drawn from the lower strata of the mind, so to speak, — from the sphere of its least evolved functions, from the region of intelligence which man possesses in common with the brutes. And I can easily show that throughout the whole extent of those mental departments which are highest, which are most characteristically human, Spencer's law is violated at every step; and that, as a matter of fact, the new conceptions, emotions, and active tendencies which evolve are originally *produced* in the shape of random images, fancies, accidental outbirths of spontaneous variation in the functional activity of the excessively unstable human brain, which the outer environment simply confirms or refutes, adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, — *selects*, in short, just as it selects morphological and social variations due to molecular accidents of an analogous sort.

It is one of the tritest of truisms that human intelligences of a simple order are very literal. They are slaves of habit, doing what they have been taught without variation; dry, prosaic, and matter of fact in their remarks; devoid of humor, except of the coarse physical kind which rejoices in a practical joke; taking the world for granted; and possessing in their faithfulness and honesty the single gift by which they are sometimes able to warm us into admiration. But even this faithfulness seems to have a sort of inorganic ring, and to remind us more of the immutable properties of a piece of inanimate matter than of the steadfastness of a human will capable of alternative choice. When we descend to the brutes, all these peculiarities are intensified. No reader of Schopenhauer can forget his frequent allusions to the *trockener Ernst* of dogs and horses, nor to their *Ehrlichkeit*. And every noticer of their ways must receive a deep im-

pression of the fatally literal character of the few, simple, and treadmill-like operations of their minds.

But turn to the highest order of minds, and what a change! Instead of thoughts of concrete things patiently following one another in a beaten track of habitual suggestion, we have the most abrupt cross-cuts and transitions from one idea to another, the most rarefied abstractions and discriminations, the most unheard-of combinations of elements, the subtlest associations of analogy; in a word, we seem suddenly introduced into a seething caldron of ideas, where everything is fizzling and bobbing about in a state of bewildering activity, where partnerships can be joined or loosened in an instant, treadmill routine is unknown, and the unexpected seems the only law. According to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, the scintillations will have one character or another. They will be sallies of wit and humor; they will be flashes of poetry and eloquence; they will be constructions of dramatic fiction or of mechanical device, logical or philosophic abstractions, business projects, or scientific hypotheses, with trains of experimental consequences based thereon; they will be musical sounds, or images of plastic beauty or picturesqueness, or visions of moral harmony. But, whatever their differences may be, they will all agree in this, — that their genesis is sudden and, as it were, spontaneous. That is to say, the same premises would not, in the mind of another individual, have engendered just that conclusion; although, when the conclusion is offered to the other individual, he may thoroughly accept and enjoy it, and envy the brilliancy of him to whom it first occurred.

To Professor Jevons is due the great credit of having emphatically pointed out¹ how the genius of discovery depends altogether on the number of these random notions and guesses which visit

¹ In his *Principles of Science*, chapters xi., xii., xxvi.

the investigator's mind. To be fertile in hypotheses is the first requisite, and to be willing to throw them away the moment experience contradicts them is the next. The Baconian method of collating tables of instances may be a useful aid at certain times. But one might as well expect a chemist's note-book to write down the name of the body analyzed, or a weather table to sum itself up into a prediction of probabilities, of its own accord, as to hope that the mere fact of mental confrontation with a certain series of facts will be sufficient to make *any* brain conceive their law. The conception of the law is a spontaneous variation in the strictest sense of the term. It flashes out of one brain, and no other, because the instability of that brain is such as to tip and upset itself in just that particular direction. But the important thing to notice is that the good flashes and the bad flashes, the triumphant hypotheses and the absurd conceits, are on an exact equality in respect of their origin. Aristotle's *Physics* and Aristotle's *Logic* flow from one spring. The forces that produce the one produce the other. When walking along the street, thinking of the blue sky or the fine spring weather, I may either smile at some preposterously grotesque whim which occurs to me, or I may suddenly catch an intuition of the solution of a long-unsolved problem, which at that moment was far from my thoughts. Both notions are shaken out of the same reservoir, — the reservoir of a brain in which the reproduction of images in the relations of their outward persistence or frequency has long ceased to be the dominant law. But to the thought, when it is once engendered, the consecration of agreement with outward persistence and importance may come. The grotesque conceit perishes in a moment, and is forgotten. The scientific hypothesis arouses in me a fever of desire for verification. I read, write, experiment, consult experts. Everything corroborates my no-

tion, which being then published in a book spreads from review to review and from mouth to mouth, till at last there is no doubt I am enshrined in the Pantheon of the great diviners of nature's ways. The environment *preserves* the conception which it was unable to *produce* in any brain less idiosyncratic than my own.

Now the spontaneous upsettings of brains this way and that at particular moments into particular ideas and combinations are matched by their equally spontaneous permanent tiltings or saggings towards determinate directions. The humorous bent is quite characteristic; the sentimental one equally so. And the personal *tone* of each mind, which makes it more alive to certain classes of experience than others, more attentive to certain impressions, more open to certain reasons, is equally the result of that invisible and unimaginable play of the forces of growth within the nervous system which, irresponsibly to the environment, makes the brain peculiarly apt to function in a certain way. Here again the selection goes on. The products of the mind with the determined æsthetic bent please or displease the community. We adopt Carlyle, and grow unsentimental and serene. We are fascinated by Schopenhauer, and learn from him the true luxury of woe. The adopted bent becomes a ferment in the community, and alters its tone. The alteration may be a benefit or a misfortune, for it is (*pace* Mr. Allen) a differentiation from within, which has to run the gauntlet of the larger environment's selective power. Civilized Languedoc, taking the tone of its scholars, poets, princes, and theologians, fell a prey to its rude Catholic environment in the Albigenian crusade. France in 1792, taking the tone of its St. Justs and Marats, plunged into its long career of unstable outward relations. Prussia in 1806, taking the tone of its Humboldts and its Steins, proved itself in the

most signal way "adjusted" to its environment in 1872.

Mr. Spencer, in one of the strangest chapters of his *Principles of Psychology*,¹ tries to show the necessary order in which the development of conceptions in the human race occurs. No abstract conception can be developed, according to him, until the outward experiences have reached a certain degree of heterogeneity, definiteness, coherence, and so forth. "Thus the belief in an unchanging order, the belief in *law*, is a belief of which the primitive man is absolutely incapable. . . . Experiences such as he receives furnish but few data for the conception of uniformity, whether as displayed in things or in relations. . . . The daily impressions which the savage gets yield the notion very imperfectly, and in but few cases. Of all the objects around, — trees, stones, hills, pieces of water, clouds, and so forth, — most differ widely, . . . and few approach complete likeness so nearly as to make discrimination difficult. Even between animals of the same species it rarely happens that, whether alive or dead, they are presented in just the same attitudes. . . . It is only along with a gradual development of the arts . . . that there come frequent experiences of perfectly straight lines admitting of complete apposition; bringing the perceptions of equality and inequality. Still more devoid is savage life of the experiences which generate the conception of the uniformity of succession. The sequences observed from hour to hour and day to day seem anything but uniform; difference is a far more conspicuous trait among them. . . . So that if we contemplate primitive human life as a whole, we see that multiformity of sequence, rather than uniformity, is the notion which it tends to generate. . . . Only as fast as the practice of the arts develops the idea of measure can the consciousness of uniformity become clear. . . . Those conditions fur-

nished by advancing civilization which make possible the notion of uniformity simultaneously make possible the notion of *exactness*. . . . Hence the primitive man has little experience which cultivates the consciousness of what we call *truth*. How closely allied this is to the consciousness which the practice of the arts cultivates is implied even in language. We speak of a true surface as well as a true statement. Exactness describes perfection in a mechanical fit, as well as perfect agreement between the results of calculations."

The whole burden of Mr. Spencer's book is to show the fatal way in which the mind, supposed passive, is molded by its experiences of "outer relations." In this chapter the yard-stick, the balance, the chronometer, and other machines and instruments come to figure among the "relations" external to the mind. Surely they are so, after they have been manufactured; but only because of the preservative power of the social environment. Originally all these things and all other institutions were flashes of genius in an individual head, of which the outer environment showed no sign. Adopted by the race and become its heritage, they then supply instigations to new geniuses whom they environ to make new inventions and discoveries; and so the ball of progress rolls. But take out the geniuses, or alter their idiosyncrasies, and what will the environment *per se* effect or what order will its results show? We defy Mr. Spencer or any one else to reply.

The plain truth is that the "philosophy" of evolution (as distinguished from our special information about particular cases of change) is a metaphysic creed, and nothing else. It is a mood of contemplation, an emotional attitude, rather than a system of thought; a mood which is old as the world, and which no refutation of any one incarnation of it (such as the Spencerian philosophy) will dispel; the mood of fatalistic pantheism.

¹ Part VIII. chap. iii.

with its intuition of the One and All, which was, and is, and ever shall be, and from whose womb each single thing proceeds. Far be it from us to speak slightly here of so hoary and mighty a style of looking on the world as this. What we at present call scientific discoveries had nothing to do with bringing it to birth, nor can one easily conceive that they should ever give it its *quietus*, no matter how logically incompatible with its spirit the ultimate phenomenal distinctions which science accumulates should turn out to be. It can laugh at the phenomenal distinctions on which science is based, for it draws its vital breath from a region which — whether above or below — is at least altogether

different from that in which science dwells. A critic, however, who cannot disprove the truth of the metaphysic creed, can at least raise his voice in protest against its disguising itself in “scientific” plumes. I think that all who have had the patience to follow me thus far will agree that the Spencerian “philosophy” of social and intellectual progress is an obsolete anachronism, reverting to a pre-Darwinian type of thought, just as the Spencerian philosophy of “force,” effacing all the previous phenomenal distinctions between *vis viva*, potential energy, momentum, work, force, mass, etc., which physicists have with so much agony achieved, carries us back to a pre-Galilean age.

William James.

NOT YET, MY SOUL.

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze,
And the bright face of day, thy dalliance had;
Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds;
Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve intertwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!
A bond at birth is forged; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality. It grows, —
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth:
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert,
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,

Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon
 Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends
 Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
 Grown old in honor and the friend of peace.
 Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
 Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed
 Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.

As when a captain rallies to the fight
 His scattered legions, and beats ruin back,
 He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind.
 Yet surely him shall Fortune overtake,
 Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive;
 And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall.
 But he, unthinking, in the present good
 Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

PEOPLE OF A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY VILLAGE.

THE valley of the — is one of the principal centres of the cotton industry in New England. Two streams afford ample water-power for many factories situated on their banks. By a succession of dams built across both rivers they are transformed into a series of steps, each one a placid mill-pond, and all acting as reservoirs for the waters utilized to run the factories. Near to one another on both streams are the villages, each having one or more cotton-mills or other manufacturing establishments. Altogether, there are more than a score of factories, and the population must be over ten thousand.

The cotton manufacture was begun in this region early in the present century, and gradually grew in magnitude, till it has attained its present dimensions. Until within a quarter of a century the mill operatives were almost exclusively Americans, both by birth and descent. Old customs prevailed, and the community was homogeneous. The old New England town community existed here in a similar condition to what character-

ized it elsewhere. Democratic equality prevailed, and society as yet was not divided into classes between which the lines were sharply drawn. Mill workers were familiar with farm work, many of them being the sons and daughters of the neighboring farmers. Few were entirely dependent upon work in the factories as a means of livelihood, and as a result there was an easy independence of manner in all dealings between employers and employed. Under such circumstances labor disturbances could not occur, since each workman had other channels open to him, and there was no large class who by their training were restricted to one kind of work.

With the incoming of a foreign population by emigration a change has by slow degrees been taking place, so that the existing condition of society is almost as dissimilar to the former state as the manners and customs in one country are different from those in another. The population in these villages is now largely of foreign birth or parentage, the native Americans being a

very small minority. French Canadians and Irish form the bulk of the population, and the indications seem to be that the Canadians will in a short time, if they do not already, outnumber any other nationality. Besides these, there is a small number of English, Scotch, and Welsh, and occasionally a German. The community formed by these heterogeneous elements has as yet no social manners and customs that belong to it as a whole. The advent of the strangers is so recent that the various nationalities have not become welded together. Each people preserves in a measure its former manners and peculiarities, with some slight modifications that climate and surroundings have been able to produce. Little social intercourse takes place between the different nationalities, though they are associating more as they become acquainted, and intermarriages are much more frequent than formerly.

The Irish were the first foreigners to come to these villages in large numbers. They took the place of the Americans, who little by little sought more congenial employment, and were in turn succeeded by the French, who now occupy the ground and seem destined to prevail. These successive influxes of foreigners seem like peaceful invasions, in each case the new arrivals gradually supplanting their predecessors.

The wages paid in the factories are small, a dollar a day being good pay for a man in many of them. In a few cases more is earned, but these are exceptional instances. Overseers get fair wages, — as much as a good mechanic in the cities. Mule-spinners average about a dollar a day; in some of the factories a little more, in others less. The best weavers, those who run the greatest number of looms, can earn nearly as much; the majority, however, earn less. These two classes are the best paid in the factories, because more skill is required from them than from the others.

Mule-spinners are always men; weavers are both men and women.

Lest objection should be made that the preceding statement is too general, here are a few particulars. Operatives in cotton factories are, with a few exceptions, paid by the piece; the exceptions are cases where it is impossible or inconvenient so to estimate. Weavers are paid a certain rate per cut or piece of cloth; spinners are paid according to the weight and fineness of the yarn produced. The unit of length is the hank, and the relative fineness of a yarn is the number of hanks contained in a pound. This number is called the "size" of the yarn. In many factories the spinner is paid a certain rate per hundred hanks. The fineness of yarn is generally kept at about the same standard, and the number of hanks is found by multiplying the weight in pounds of the yarn produced by the spinner with the size.

In one of these factories the wages are as follows: mule-spinners operating a pair of spinning-mules having 1280 spindles, and producing an average of about 700 pounds of yarn per week, the size of the yarn being 40, are paid at the rate of two cents per hundred hanks. The weekly earning of a spinner would then be found by the following calculation: —

$$700 \times 40 = 28,000 \text{ hanks.}$$

$$280 \times .02 = \$5.60.$$

The weavers in the same mill are not able to earn quite a dollar a loom per week. For a piece of cloth over fifty yards in length they receive twenty-three cents, and about two days are required to weave such a piece on one loom. The number of looms run by individuals is four, five, or six. In mills where print cloth is woven more looms are run, but there the rate per cut is much less, and the weekly earnings amount to about the same. In these mills none of the workers who are paid by the day, except the overseers and their assistants, receive more than five dollars

per week. Children, who are mostly employed in the mule-spinning, ring-spinning, and spooling rooms, earn from a dollar a week to between two and three. Although no regular scale of prices exists, yet the mobile character of the population prevents there being much difference in the total wages in each place.

House rent is cheap; a good commodious tenement can be hired at the rate of fifty dollars a year and less. In nearly all the villages the owners of the mills have tenement houses for their operatives, which they let to them at a low rate. Some of the operatives have houses of their own, but they are very few compared to the population.

The hours of labor are eleven hours per day, or sixty-six per week, in most of the mills. In many factories the water-wheel is started before time in the morning, and some of the operatives go to work then in order to earn more.

In this section there has never been a labor disturbance of any moment. For this several causes may be assigned. The main one is the want of unity among the population on account of the various nationalities, which has prevented organization. Wages have always been smaller here than in such places as Fall River, and the most intelligent and skillful naturally gravitate towards the highest wages. The English people, who were on their arrival skilled workers, not requiring to learn like the Irish and French, are rarely met with in the valley. In their own country they had learned to organize and agitate, and they manifest the same spirit here, as has been thoroughly exhibited in Fall River. But in this valley the isolation and the power of the owners, who possessed the villages, — mills, houses, churches, school-houses, and adjoining lands, — placed an agitator at such a disadvantage that he could obtain no foothold.

The factories have paid their owners previous to and during the present hard

times, as all rightly managed cotton factories throughout the country have done. A gentleman engaged in manufacturing in this locality informed the writer that the difficulties of several manufacturers who had become financially involved were the result of outside speculation, and had they confined themselves to their legitimate business they would have been all right, as their factories had never failed to pay.

The Roman Catholics are more numerous than any other sect, and the French and Irish have several churches, in some cases worshipping together, and in others having separate places where the service is conducted in the language best understood by the worshippers. There are several Baptist, Methodist, and Advent churches, and the Episcopalians and Congregationalists have each places of worship; but the Protestant congregations are small, and none of them are in a very prosperous condition, owing to the change in the character of the population. Outside of select social circles or the home life of families, the people have few amusements. Occasionally a traveling show will exhibit. When a circus comes, during the summer season, some of the mills give their help a half holiday to go and see it. The rum shop and its accessories, by supplying in some measure the demand for sociableness and company, draw many, especially among the young men, and these places seem to be very plentiful.

The observance of the Sabbath is not very rigid. The native Americans themselves are by no means puritanical in their way of keeping it holy, and if report speak truly they were no more so when they were in the majority. Now the Sabbath is a day of recreation to many. The Catholic population attend mass in the morning, and their conscience being thus relieved they are free to devote the rest of the day to their amusement. Rarely, however, will an Irishman be seen working in his garden

on Sunday, though it is no uncommon thing to see a genuine Yankee doing so.

There are common schools in the villages, but comparatively little attention is paid to education. The French especially are extremely careless in this matter and, as there are no compulsory measures used, many of the children are put to work very young, and have no chance to go to school. One cause of this is the small wages the operatives receive, in many cases the united earnings of all the family being barely sufficient to provide for their wants.

In many of the villages the owners of the factory keep a store which supplies the operatives with all necessities, — groceries, clothing, boots and shoes, and furniture. They are expected to trade here and most commonly do. In fact, while there is no direct compulsion, yet many cannot help themselves, but are compelled by force of circumstances to patronize the "store." The amount of their bill is deducted from the wages of a family, and the surplus, if any, is paid over to the head of the household. Board is also deducted in the same way, and the amount goes to pay the bill the keeper of the boarding-house has contracted. This practice is followed even in instances where young men and women board with their parents. Many poor people see no money from one year to another, and others obtain a little sometimes if any member of the family should happen to be employed elsewhere. One man to whom the writer was introduced had not received any money for at least seven years, as all he had earned had not been sufficient to pay his bills, and he was deeply in debt. This is an exceptional case, but there are many nearly as bad, and the majority have all had a slight touch of the same experience. When once in debt it is very difficult to get out. The prices of supplies are higher than they would be in private stores. The system of accounts between the operatives and the store is confusing to the

former, many of whom, through their ignorance, are obliged to accept as true the results presented. In good times the work-people were allowed to run large bills, but now those who show a disposition to exceed their income are put upon an allowance.

Years ago, previous to the panic and the French emigration, reasonably good wages were paid in the factories, and the native Americans, Irish, English, and Scotch, who then constituted the population, lived comfortably; and some of them, with the assistance of their families, acquired by close economy a competency. To the ordinary operative this is now an impossibility, nor does there seem any likelihood that a revival of business will so change affairs as again to give the cotton-mill operative the relatively good wages he formerly earned. Here, as well as in other centres of this industry, the work of the individual operative has been increased and his pay reduced. Close competition is the cause of this, and the tendency is so to improve machinery as further to facilitate this doubling-up process. Machinery is being perfected more and more, and in many places where a workman was required, an automatic attachment now does the work. Laborers by these agencies being more plentiful, and the demand for them relatively less, the natural consequence is small wages, and as these causes bid fair to continue, no change in an upward direction can occur.

It is an interesting question to consider what will be the future of a community like this; not only interesting, but also serious, as throughout the New England States there are many similar communities, with only slight and local differences. At present this village is in a transitory condition. The immigration is so recent that the people are not yet fairly settled. If the cotton manufacture should exist in its present state for a few years longer, and dur-

ing that time no sudden influx of any other foreign nationalities take place, the existing operatives will be American citizens, and will in a measure have grown into a homogeneous community. Their condition to-day does not indicate that they will then be a society to be proud of, yet they will be representative Americans. Moral degradation and dense ignorance will assuredly be their lot, unless methods are pursued in regard to them in the future different from those in the past. The employers have not manifested, nor do they now, any visible practical interest in their welfare. At the utmost they leave them severely alone. No means are provided for their education except the common school, which they do not use; no libraries, no reading-rooms, and very few social advantages. To work, to eat, to sleep, is the unvarying daily round.

Some efforts should be made for the education of the children, and to do this a more thorough school system is necessary. New England has had in the past good reason to boast of her common schools; but in a factory community the old system cannot exist; it must be modified to suit the new circumstances. Here those circumstances are peculiar, and the coming years are to bring many changes.

The constitution of the State disqualifies foreign-born citizens, whether naturalized or not, from voting, unless they

possess one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate clear of incumbrance. Very few of the factory hands have that amount, but in a few years their children, who are native born, will be American citizens. Then, if not before, the existing laws will be changed, and the State will be governed by an ignorant proletariat. If the present ruling class can prevent this and perpetuate their power, they will be able to do so only by a harsher tyranny and perhaps the importation of Chinese as operatives. In either case a state of affairs will exist foreign to the spirit of American institutions.

Without having recourse to any communistic or socialistic remedy for these evils, there yet remain means by which improvements may be made. The most pressing necessity is for the school-teacher, and there is abundant room for the philanthropists and many kinds of social reformers. The owners of the factories owe duties to the ignorant people they employ, but in the past they have not performed them except in a very few cases. If they would exert themselves they could do much good. There are many hardships, and little praise or compensation, for one who desires to engage in the task of elevating these people, and for this reason it would be a good field for missionaries, though it would not be so picturesque as going to India.

JEALOUSY.

I HAVE broken the king's law
 To save the king's son;
 Am I culprit or heroine,
 Or both in one?

He was lying at death's door,
 And pale with dread

King, queen, and courtiers all
In terror fled.

The young wife of a twelvemonth
Cowered wild with fear ;
He was lying at death's door,
And no help near.

In the darkness I stole forth
('T was death to go,
But naught else could save him)
To the king's foe.

From the camp of the enemy
I brought the leech ;
I bribed the sentinel
With silver speech.

I have broken the king's law,
But saved the king's son ;
Must I die as a felon dies,
For the wrong done ?

Or be led to the banquet-hall,
And sip red wine,
While the sweet-tongued singers praise
That deed of mine ?

If but one voice accuse me,
No power can save
My young life from a dreadful doom, —
A traitor's grave.

King, queen, and judges all
Would set me free ;
The young prince with his pale lips
Did plead for me.

Yet I die at the set of sun,
A death of shame ;
I, the queen's tiring-maid,
Of spotless fame.

Who is mine enemy ?
Who seeks my life ?
Who speaks the fatal word ?
The young prince's wife !

Helen Barron Bostwick.

SOCIALISTIC AND OTHER ASSASSINATIONS.

THE very frequent failure of attempts to assassinate sovereigns and eminent public persons long warranted the belief that in most instances they were not genuine, and possibly their authors had no other motive than a morbid craving for notoriety. But the more recent attempts show that there is much less of vanity than of political hate in these dastardly attacks. There can be no doubt, or should be none, that a serious disturbance of sentiment and opinion exists among certain classes in all parts of the civilized world. Certain men have awakened but recently to a realization of their power in the state, and the breaking of old bonds of habit and feeling has accompanied and even occasioned the new consciousness of strength. Distress and discontent aggravate the vague sense of power, and the classes which were once peaceful and apathetic look for means by which they can make life more agreeable, and their opinions felt more effectively.

Let us review the terrible crimes of the year 1878 in the order in which they occurred. On the 11th of May Emil Max Hoedel attempted the life of the venerable emperor of Germany; and hardly had this great crime been frustrated than Europe and America were again startled by the more daring attempt of Dr. Nobiling on the same sovereign. The history of Hoedel and his crime is very remarkable. He was only nineteen years of age. He was born in 1859, at Leipsic, where his mother is still living. His parents and those who knew him when a boy give a bad account of his conduct. He was impudent and dishonest, and was repeatedly flogged for theft. Finally, he was sent to the Reformatory at Zeitz, where he was taught the trade of a tinsmith. Soon after this he made his appearance as a professional

agitator of the most disreputable type. When very young he had been a socialist, and these agitators do not intend to reform the world without the aid of some sort of government. He did not believe in organization, and therefore transferred his services to the anarchists, who declare open war on all compromise, all moral agencies, all toleration of existing institutions. An idea presented itself to this villain, and he declared to many people that bad times could never end until a certain "thick-headed person" was dispatched. He had his photograph taken, telling the operator that thousands of copies of his picture would be sold as soon as a certain piece of intelligence was flashed through the world. He purchased a revolver which he was assured would carry across the street, and having inquired at what hour the emperor was in the habit of driving out waited his opportunity. On the 11th of May, — the same day of the same month when Mr. Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, — between three and four o'clock, from the pavement of Unter den Linden, he fired at the emperor, as the latter passed by in an open carriage. He was not more than three or four yards distant from the monarch, yet he missed, and firing again as he ran away was no more successful than before. He then fired one shot at his pursuers, but missing them threw his pistol away and surrendered. He was soon after tried and sentenced to death. He received the announcement of his conviction and the sentence passed upon him with sneering indifference; nor were his last moments on the scaffold less revolting. He was taken out of his cell at daybreak, on the morning of Friday, August 16th, and beheaded in the court yard of the new prison at Berlin. On

the same day a distinguished Russian general was brutally assassinated, as will be shown further on.

The fate of Dr. Nobiling was less tragic than that of Hoedel, he having died on the 10th of September, after a sickness of nearly eight weeks and an imprisonment of over three months. On the 2d of June, less than three weeks after Hoedel's attempt on the emperor, Carl Nobiling fired twice with a double-barreled gun at the emperor from a window not far distant from the scene of the other attempt. The emperor was riding by with only a personal attendant. He received about thirty shot in the head, face, both arms, and back. When the assassin's door was forced he fired upon and wounded the hotel-keeper, and also attempted to commit suicide, inflicting upon himself wounds which brought on his fatal sickness. Three of Nobiling's brothers are officers in the Prussian army, and another graduated a short time ago from the University of Halle, and is an agricultural director in Saxony. The brothers in the army asked permission to resign their commissions; but a council of officers was held, and their request was refused. They were then granted permission to change their names, which they did at once. Nobiling himself was carefully educated in the government schools, and was sometime employed in one of the government offices in Berlin. He was always a socialist in theory, and held extravagant ideas.

The next and most daring crime of this sort was the assassination of Lieutenant-General Nicholas Vladimirovich Mezentsoff, chief of the St. Petersburg police. General Mezentsoff was in the habit of walking between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, for the most part alone. On the morning of the 16th of August the general as usual went out for a stroll, accompanied by Colonel Makaroff, a former comrade in the Crimean campaign. They walked side by

side, the colonel being on the general's right hand. When they reached a certain corner of the street they observed in the angle of the house two persons approaching the square. To this, however, they attached no importance; but no sooner was the general in a straight line with this corner than one of these persons rushed out and delivered a violent thrust with a dagger, inflicting a very deep wound in the stomach. At this moment Colonel Makaroff flung himself on the assassin, but his companion interposed, discharging a revolver at the head of the colonel. The ball did not take effect, but in the confusion the assassins escaped. The unfortunate general was removed to his own house, and shortly after five o'clock that same day he died.

He was a man of upright and honorable character. He had the regard of all who knew him, and all the circumstances exclude the idea that this cruel outrage can have been dictated by private revenge, and point to political motives as its true cause.

Close upon the heels of this outrage came intelligence of the assassination of Mehemet Ali, the distinguished Turkish soldier, who, while serving as extraordinary commissioner of the Porte, was with his suite massacred at Jakovo by the Albanians. This occurred early in September, 1878.

Then came the attack upon King Alfonso, on the 25th of October. That day the young king had returned to his capital, after a month's absence on a military tour through the northern provinces of Spain. The young monarch had reviewed his small army before ex-President Grant and distinguished officers of the French and German staff, and was riding through Madrid on horseback. Everywhere he was received with hearty welcomes; the crowds cheered, and ladies showered bouquets of flowers upon him from the balconies. As the royal cortège passed along the principal

street of Madrid a young man pressed through the soldiers who kept the line, and, drawing a pistol, fired point-blank at Alfonso. The bullet missed its aim. The would-be assassin was instantly seized, and he proved to be one Juan Oliva Moncasi, a cooper, twenty-three years of age. He had for several years been noted in the district of Tarragona, in the province of Catalonia, where he was born, for his very exaggerated ideas in politics. He was uncommonly daring and cool in his behavior after his arrest, and he declared that he did not feel the slightest remorse. He had meditated this crime for a long time past, and came to Madrid with the firm resolve to carry out his design. He admitted that he had forfeited his life, but said he believed that he was, like Nobiling and Hoedel, furthering the objects of his school in social questions.

The young king, who displayed great courage in these trying circumstances, comes of a fated and unfortunate race. Scarcely ten years have passed in the last hundred years in which some prince of the house of Bourbon has not met with a violent end. In the Reign of Terror, Louis XVI. was guillotined; Louis XVII. was put to death in prison by still fouler means; Philippe Egalité was guillotined. In our own century the great Condé branch of the Bourbons was extinguished by the judicial murder of the Duke d'Enghien; the Duke de Berri, heir to the throne of France, was stabbed by the villain Louvel; and Don Henri, the Bourbon cousin of King Alfonso, was shot in a duel by the king's father-in-law, the Duke de Montpensier.

The trial of Moncasi was commenced on the 28th of October. He refused legal assistance, and an advocate for his defense was consequently appointed by the court. It was soon discovered that he had no accomplices in Madrid. After a fair trial he was sentenced to death.

On the 6th of November an attempt

was made at Madrid to assassinate General Bregna, ex-minister of war, two shots having been fired at him by a man who formerly served in the army. The general, fortunately, escaped unhurt, and the perpetrator of the attempt was arrested.

In less than a fortnight after this attempt in Spain, the young king of Italy was assailed. As Humbert IV. was entering Naples in state on Sunday, November 17, 1878, a man named Giovanni Passanante attempted to assassinate him with a poniard attached to a long staff. Signor Cairoli, chief of the Italian ministry, who was in the carriage with the king, laid hands on the assassin, and was wounded in the thigh. The king displayed great coolness, and struck the villain with his sword.

Many interesting particulars concerning the history and antecedents of this would-be regicide have appeared in print. He was born in February, 1848, in the territory of Naples, where his mother still lives, and two of his brothers are laboring men. He is believed to be the illegitimate son of a captain who served with Napoleon at Waterloo. He early learned to cook, and has served as cook in many families and eating-houses. Turned away from school for having produced a composition which contained maxims and statutes for a new form of government, he united himself with all the workmen's societies within his reach. Recently he has frequented an evangelical school at Naples, and that, it is claimed, had the effect of still further exciting his mind. He continually had a Bible in his hands, and went about saying that he was studying profoundly for the good of humanity, and that the sacrifice of one's life for the good of the people was a worthy commemoration of Christ and his maxims. He had been heard on more than one occasion to say that he was capable of killing the king, for that kings ought not to exist.

On the 20th of November the news reached us that General Manuel Pardo, ex-president of Peru, and formerly president of the senate, had been cruelly assassinated. The terrible crime was committed November 16th, or the day before the attempt was made on King Humbert. General Pardo was just entering the senate-house, when a sergeant of the guard raised his musket and shot him in the back. He died soon afterward. The guard made no effort whatever to arrest the assassin, and it was soon discovered that the bloody act was but carrying out a conspiracy which had been fully arranged beforehand.

On the morning of December 13th, the London papers announced that several letters threatening the life of Queen Victoria had been received at the Home Office. The letters in question have not as yet been made public, but it is known that the author, whose name is Edward Byrne Madden, having as he supposes some claim either against the queen in person or the country, wrote to one of the secretaries of state intimating that unless his claim was immediately taken into consideration he should do something desperate. The man, who was fifty-six years of age, and was believed to be insane, was arrested. He admitted that he had written and sent the letters, further adding that he had commenced writing a fourth one to Lord Lyons, but had not yet concluded it. This is the sixth time that her majesty's life has been either attempted or at any rate threatened.

It is a remarkable fact that there have been more attempts on the lives of royal personages, rulers, and prominent officials during the last hundred years than at any other period of history. This fact is explained in more ways than one, but the chief reason seems to be that great personages are less well guarded now than they used to be. But fanatics have lived in all ages, and some of the worst political and royal murders

that the world has known occurred more than two hundred years ago. The two Henrys of France were slain by bigots, who hoped to reach heaven by killing kings whom they considered to be enemies of their church. The assassination of Henry IV. by François Ravallac was one of the most dastardly known to history. In the spring of 1610 the king resolved to set out from Paris to commence war in Germany, and appointed his second wife, Mary de' Medici, to be regent in his absence. She became possessed with an earnest desire to be solemnly crowned. Although it was much against his own wish, the king yielded to the importunities of the queen, and the day was fixed. Almost immediately Henry was filled with the notion that advantage would be taken of the coronation by the fanatical Catholic party to commit some outrage. He even went so far as to presage that he should not survive it, but having given the queen his word he would not countermand the orders already issued for the occasion. The air was filled with rumors of conspiracies formed against his person. Advices had reached him from more than twenty places that his assassination was contemplated, his conversion to Catholicism being set down as a mere matter of state policy, and his toleration of the Huguenots, of whom he had formerly been the head, being held to be sufficient proof that he still sympathized with the heretics.

On May 13th the ceremony of Mary's coronation was publicly performed with all possible magnificence, and the Sunday following was fixed for her entry into Paris. On the morning of Friday, on the 14th of May, King Henry was observed to remain kneeling at prayer longer than usual. After hearing a report of some military officers who had been out reconnoitring, Henry seemed in better spirits, and went to hear mass at a convent founded by himself in the Rue St. Honoré. He was followed there

by a man named François Ravailiac, who was watching an opportunity to stab him, but was hindered by the presence of the Duke de Vendôme. After dinner, which took place shortly after noon, the king conversed with some of his ministers about the reforms he intended to make after the war was over, and particularly the suppression of such taxes as were the most burdensome to the people, and the reduction of the revenue staff. After that he grew extremely uneasy, went to a window, and, leaning his head upon his arm, was heard to say softly, "My God! what is this within me that will not suffer me to be quiet!" About four o'clock Henry ordered his coach, in which, having seated himself, he placed the Duke of Epernon next him on his right hand. The Duke of Montbazen, the Marquis de la Force, the Marquis de Mirabeau, and Mesdames de Ravardin, Roquelaure, and de Liancourt, were also seated in the coach. Asked by the coachman where he was to go, the king answered, "Drive me from hence, anywhere!"

The man Ravailiac followed the coach, intending to have struck the king between the two gates, where there was necessarily a short stoppage; but he was hindered by finding the Duke of Epernon where the king used to sit. Once outside the palace yard, the king gave the coachman fresh orders, and last of all bade him drive to St. Innocent's church-yard. In the Rue de la Ferrounière, which was a very narrow street, there was a stop occasioned by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay. The guards had been sent away, and only two pages accompanied the coach. One of them went before to clear the way, while the other stooped down to garter up his stocking.

The assassin seized the opportunity. He mounted on the rear wheel of the coach, and with a long, double-edged knife struck the king over the Duke of Epernon's shoulder, while he was listen-

ing to a letter the duke was reading. So sudden was the assassination perpetrated, and so unobservant were the occupants of the coach, that none of them knew of it until they heard the king cry, "I am wounded!" They did not even see the murderer, and had he thrown the knife under the coach he might have escaped; but he stood on the wheel like a statue, with the bloody knife in his hand. A gentleman ran up, seized Ravailiac, drew his sword, and was about to run him through the body, but was prevented by the Duke of Epernon, who cried out, "Save him, on your life!"

The wounded king was hastily driven back to the Louvre, where he soon after died, and was buried on the 29th of June. The assassin was tried, and after his examination he appeared surprised at nothing so much as at the universal abhorrence in which he was held by the people. The jailers were forced to guard him strictly from his fellow prisoners, who would otherwise have murdered him. The butchers of Paris desired to have him put into their hands, affirming that they would slay him alive, and that he should still live twelve days. On the day of his execution he was tied to a wooden cross. The knife with which he slew the king being then fastened in his right hand, it was first burnt off in a slow fire; next, the fleshy parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and melted lead, hot oil, pitch, and resin were poured into the wounds, and, through a clay funnel, into his bowels by the navel. The people refused to pray for him, and he was finally dragged to pieces by four horses.

In those days kings were truly regarded as the anointed of the Lord, and it remained for the French Revolution to disabuse people's minds of this notion, and to revive the ancient rant about the lawfulness of slaying tyrants for the good of mankind. From that time kingly and political murders have

been frequent, and scarcely a monarch in Europe has been allowed to reign long without having his life threatened. Indeed, there have been as many as forty attempts, or threats, to take the lives of royal personages and rulers during the last forty years. Before giving these, however, I wish to mention a few of the more prominent political murders accomplished and attempted between 1792 and 1848.

On the 16th of March, 1792, Gustavus III. of Sweden was shot at a masked ball in the theatre of Stockholm by Colonel Ankarström, who had four accomplices, all gentlemen of good family. The king survived his wound thirteen days. Ankarström was executed, but his accomplices escaped. On the 19th of April, 1799, the French plenipotentiaries who had been at Rastadt negotiating a peace with Germany, after Napoleon's Italian campaign, were treacherously murdered. The great Napoleon himself was frequently in danger. On the 24th of December, 1800, he was very near being killed by an infernal machine, which exploded as he was riding out of the Place du Carrousel. The conspirators were royalists. Four years later Georges Cadoudal, a Breton, plotted another attempt of the same kind with General Pichegru, and with seven or eight more was guillotined. Pichegru died in prison by his own hand. Napoleon had many other narrow escapes: one was at St. Cloud, in 1804, when he was shot at in his own garden by a person who was never caught; and another at Dresden, where his aggressor was a student, who was executed. The late Bayard Taylor, in a poem entitled Napoleon at Gotha, relates in graphic and graceful verse the details of an attempt made upon the great captain's life by the ducal huntsman's son, a "proud and bright-eyed stripling, scarce fifteen years of age." This lad saw with rising indignation that all were slaves and cowards before the one great man, Napo-

leon. His young blood was fired, and he swore to free the land of its conqueror. Upon one life hung all this shame and degradation. "I'll take it with my own hand," he said, "and earn my country's gratitude." He took an old musket down from the wall, and cleaned and loaded it, and started out as though for a day's sport. But he had not gone far when he returned to the castle of Friedenstein, and lay in wait for the emperor. Soon his watch was rewarded. He discerned the well-known figure, with the arms crossed behind the back, walking leisurely and alone toward him. The boy raised the gun, and pointed it directly at the emperor; his finger was on the trigger. Just as he was about to fire Napoleon saw him, and fixed his piercing gaze upon the lad, then walked calmly past him without even looking back. The gun fell from the boy's hands, and he stood rooted to the spot. Napoleon had with one glance of his eagle eye disarmed the misguided boy.

The Emperor Paul I. of Russia was strangled in his palace at St. Petersburg on the night of March 23-24, 1801. The terrible event is described by Napoleon, in volume ii. of his *Memoirs*. This monarch (said the emperor at St. Helena) had exasperated part of the Russian nobility against himself by an irritable and over-susceptible temper. His hatred of the French Revolution had been the distinguishing feature of his reign. He considered the familiar manners of the French sovereign and princes and the suppression of etiquette at their court as one of the causes of that revolution. He therefore established a most strict etiquette at his own court, and exacted tokens of respect by no means conformable to our manners, and which excited general discontent. To be dressed in a frock coat, wear a round hat, or omit to alight from a carriage when the Czar or one of the princes of his house was passing in the

streets or public walks was sufficient to excite his strongest animadversions, and to stamp the offender as a Jacobin in his opinion. After his reconciliation with the first consul he had partly given up some of these ideas ; and it is probable that had he lived some years longer he would have regained the alienated esteem and affection of his court. The English, vexed and extremely irritated at the alteration which had taken place in him in the course of a twelvemonth, took every means of encouraging his domestic enemies. They succeeded in causing a report of his madness to be generally believed, and at length a conspiracy was formed against his life. . . .

The evening before his death, Paul, being at supper with his mistress and his favorite, received a dispatch, in which all the particulars of the plot against him were disclosed. He put it into his pocket, and deferred the perusal to the next day. In the night he was murdered. This crime was perpetrated without impediment. P—— had unlimited influence in the palace ; he passed for the sovereign's favorite and confidential minister. He presented himself at two o'clock in the morning at the door of the emperor's apartment accompanied by B——, S——, and O——. A faithful Cossack who was stationed at the door of the chamber, made some difficulty of allowing them to enter. He was instantly massacred. The noise awakened the emperor, who seized his sword ; but the conspirators rushed upon him, threw him down, and strangled him. It was B—— who gave him the last blow and trampled on his corpse.

On May 11, 1812, Mr. Perceval, who had been prime minister of England since 1809, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, who was hanged the same month. On January 28, 1817, the prince regent was fired at as he was driving to the House of Lords to open Parliament, the ball shattering the window of his coach, but

doing him no harm. The year 1819 was marked by the murder of the dramatist Kotzebue, which caused a profound sensation throughout Germany. Kotzebue having rendered himself unpopular by his reactionary writings, some students of Mannheim entered into a plot, and drew lots as to who should kill him. The lot fell upon Karl Sand, a young man whose mildness of temper unfitted him to be a murderer, but who nevertheless perpetrated his crime with reckless daring. Afterwards, having ineffectually attempted to commit suicide, he went to the scaffold without quailing. In 1820 the world was startled by two political outrages : first the stabbing of the Duc de Berri, father of the Count de Chambord, on the steps of the old Opera House in Paris, on the 13th of February ; and, second, the London conspiracy, by which Thistlewood and his accomplices planned to murder the principal members of Lord Liverpool's ministry on the occasion of a dinner held at Lord Harrowby's house on the 20th of February. The enterprise failed, and Thistlewood was hanged ; but Louvel's attempt on the Duc de Berri was only too successful.

Coming down to King Louis Philippe, who reigned in France from 1830 to 1848, we find that he was shot at no fewer than nineteen times. The most determined effort to take his life was that of the Corsican Fieschi, by means of an infernal machine contrived with gun-barrels, on the 28th of July, 1835. Fieschi had two accomplices in Pepin and Morey. They missed the king with their infernal machine, but succeeded in slaughtering nearly forty persons, including Marshal Mortier. Fieschi was himself wounded. He had been a political spy and a hired *bravo* in Italy, — a wretch who stabbed for money, — and it was absolutely for a pecuniary reward that he tendered his services to a few fanatics who wished to get rid of the citizen king. The Corsican turned

craven on the scaffold, and fainted while he was being strapped to the plank. Henri Sanson, who was "*bourreau de Paris*" under the monarchy of July, guillotined between 1832 and 1844 no fewer than five assassins who had attempted the life of Louis Philippe. His first three were Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, the fourth was a young sailor named Alibaud, and the fifth a man named Marius Darmés, who had fired at the king.

In 1840, on the 10th of June, a half-witted lad named Oxford fired twice at the queen as she was driving with Prince Albert in Hyde Park. The boy was tried at the Old Bailey, and was detained for some time as a lunatic. In 1842 John Francis fired at her majesty, and some five weeks afterwards a man named Bean presented a pistol at her. Ten years later, in 1852, a fellow named Pate, formerly a lieutenant in the husars, lay in wait for the queen as she was driving out of the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, and aimed a violent blow at her with his walking-stick, crushing her bonnet over her forehead. He was transported. In February, 1872, occurred the fifth attempt to frighten her. A lad named O'Connor, a silly shop-boy whose head had been turned with reading sensational romances, drew a pistol on her majesty as she was about to alight from her carriage at Buckingham Palace. He was sentenced to a year's hard labor and a good flogging.

In 1848 an attack was made on the late Duke of Modena and the Prince of Prussia (now the emperor of Germany). In 1852 an infernal machine intended for Napoleon III. was discovered at Marseilles. In the following year Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was slightly wounded by an Italian named Libenyez; an attempt was also made on Victor Emmanuel, and Napoleon was again fired at opposite the Opéra Comique. In 1854 the Duke of Parma was mortally stabbed, and in 1855 the life

of the French emperor was once more imperiled by an Italian named Pianori. In 1856 a police agent at Madrid seized a man named Fuentes as he was about to shoot Queen Isabella; and the same year Milano, a soldier, wounded King Ferdinand of Naples with a dagger. Three Italians, who had been refugees in London, were convicted in 1857 of conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon III., and on January 14, 1858, came the culmination of the Orsini plot, the terrible explosion in the Rue Lepelletier, and the sacrifice of many innocent lives. The emperor escaped, but fourteen persons were killed or wounded by the explosion, the imperial coach being penetrated in several places by the shell fragments.

Some half dozen other attempts were made upon Napoleon's life, and two of these have remained shrouded in mystery. It is known that in 1859 he was shot at by a forester in the forest of Compiègne; but the papers received orders not to mention the affair. Again, in 1864, an Italian who had joined in the Greco-Trabuco plot for assassinating the emperor was pistoled in the courtyard of a house in the Rue de Vaugirard, while resisting the detectives who had been sent to arrest him; but the public heard nothing of this affair until the private papers of the Tuileries were published in 1870.

In 1861 the king of Prussia was twice fired at, but not hit, by the student Becker, at Baden; and in the following year a Greek student named Buesios fired at the queen of Greece. In 1865 Abraham Lincoln, the patriotic, good, and virtuous president, was cruelly assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theatre, Washington. The particulars of this horrible crime can never be forgotten by the American people. The life of the Czar Alexander II. has been often attempted. Two attempts have also been made upon Prince Bismarck, — by Blind in 1860, and Kull-

mann in 1874. In 1868 Prince Michael of Servia was assassinated, and Amadeo, ex-king of Spain, was attacked in 1872. One year before this latter event Marshal Prim, the ablest leader of the Spanish revolution, was waylaid and treacherously murdered by a band of assassins in Madrid, on the same day that King Amadeo landed on the shores of the Peninsula. Many arrests were made of suspected persons, and not a few were detained for several years in the prisons of Madrid. Some of the accused died in jail; others were liberated for want of sufficient proof; and in the summer of 1878 a man called José Lopez Perez, who had been confined for years, was brought before the Audiencia of Madrid to answer to the charge of participation in the assassination of the Duke of Castillijos. This man made a declaration in court which caused so much sensation that it was commented on by almost every paper in the capital. He solemnly assured his judges that he was able and ready to make full and complete revelations of the crime committed in the Calle Tarco; but he added that he would not venture on any revelation unless the court undertook at once to have him removed to a fortress or prison where his life would be in safety. This remarkable declaration produced such an impression when it took place that the judges suspended the hearing of the case, and sent the man back to prison. After that no more notice was taken of the man or his offers. About the 12th of September the evening journals of Madrid announced that a scuffle had taken place in the Saladero prison, and that one of the inmates had been dangerously stabbed by one of his fellow-prisoners. On the morning of September 15th the *El Imparcial* announced, "José Lopez Perez, accused in the suit pending on the murder of General Prim, said before the Audiencia, some days ago, that if they guaranteed his life he would speak; since yesterday he lies in

the hospital wounded with two fearful stabs received in the Saladero of Madrid."

The president of the republic of Peru was murdered in 1872; the President of Bolivia in 1873; the president of Ecuador in 1875; the President of Paraguay in 1877; and in the year 1878 we had the two attempts upon the emperor of Germany, the murders of General Mezentsoff, Mehemet Ali Pasha, and of General Pardo, and the attempts upon King Alfonso, King Humbert, Queen Victoria, and Emperor Francis Joseph. No doubt the list is far from complete, but enough has been written to show that these fearful offenses, though of such frequent occurrence, fail, fortunately, oftener than they succeed.

Considerations of compassion for misguided men, or unwillingness to believe in the existence of human wickedness in a positively diabolical degree, might induce the assumption that all regicides and political assassins are more or less insane. But the truth of the matter is that the number of lunatics or semi-lunatics is more than counterbalanced by an array of desperate and unscrupulous wretches like Orsini, like John Wilkes Booth, like Max Hoedel, like Giovanni Passanante.

Perhaps there was something in Orsini's idea that an insurrection in Italy would follow the revolution in France, which the killing of Napoleon III. would bring about. There may also have been something plausible in the notion of young Blind, who made an attempt on the life of Bismarck, that the great hope of the Prussian Tories was an obstacle to German unity. But the more recent attempts have been made on men whose deaths could hardly have any political effect. All the nihilists in Russia could not prevent the Czarowitch from succeeding Emperor Alexander. The death of the emperor of Germany would only elevate the crown prince to the throne, and he is a man of uncommon energy.

The dynasties of Spain and Italy would not be extinguished by murdering the reigning sovereigns. There would be no real and permanent change created if all these attempts had been as successful as the cowardly murder of General Pardo; and this fact certainly proves that men who are morally capable of political murder are mentally incapable of political reasoning.

James Henry Haynie.

A HOUSE OF DREAMS ON A WOODED HILL.

HERE under fir-trees, dusk and sweet,
Whose fine fair spines beneath the feet
Turn sound to silence, as is meet;

Here in the heather, gray and red,
Whose clustered bells are all bespread,
Lest the dull bee forget his bread, —

Here lie long, trembling shafts of light
On tufted fern, brown moss and white,
And grass, with ivied wreaths bedight.

Here oak-trees grow, a finger long,
And here do fir cones, waxen strong,
Thrust feathered heads from out the throng.

Here the armed gorse is all besprent
With golden slippers, in whose scent
The toadstool piles his small, cold tent.

Here timid bright eyes find retreat,
Here is a scamper of small feet,
And here of wings the rush and beat.

Here in this ambush I will seize
From perfumed shade and golden ease,
And things as fanciful as these,

A monarchy; and I will weave
A house of dreams, beneath whose eave
Men may not enter nor may grieve.

Here in the tangle be my throne,
And each small thing that lives alone
Shall bring me tribute of his own.

For me the broom shall hang his gold,
And jeweled creatures, brown and old,
Shall come, their wrinkled heads a-cold.

For me the modest eye of day
 Shall spread her silver; and the bay
 Shall wreath me with her wreaths alway.

Here be my splendor and renown,
 Where winds go whispering to the town,
 And buttercups wear each a crown.

Here come no duty and no right,
 No love nor hate; but day and night
 Go round in calm and dull delight.

Here let me live, and let me die;
 Of them that travail and that cry,
 Forgotten: who so free as I?

I. Oppenheim.

DEODAND.

I.

ONE day there sailed into St. Gilbert's harbor, which opens to the north, the schooner *Only Son*. She was of two hundred and thirty tons burthen and was painted green with a white stripe. The paint was much scratched and rust stained. A battered yawl in the same colors towed in her wake. The occasion of her arrival at St. Gilbert's was the hard usage she had met with in a gale off the Manitous, the day before. A heavy sea had come aboard, stove her bulwarks, carried away the flying jib-boom, and burst the mainsail.

St. Gilbert's is a high northern island to the left of the beaten track of vessels from the east to the ports of Lake Michigan, and not far from the strait of Death's Door. Some time ago a propeller of that well-known line, the National Union Transportation Company, was in the habit of touching there once a week, and doubtless continues to do so. Other arrivals were rare. The advent of the schooner drew to Pardee's dock what few spectators the port could

furnish in the absence of almost its entire population at the fishing grounds. They regarded her, shading their eyes from the sun, as the occupants of a farm-house come to the door to observe the passage of an unwonted traveler along their lonesome by-road. The settlement at the port consisted of a cluster of cabins upon a hillside and about a dock, upon which was a warehouse and store, and of fish-houses upon a smaller dock. The houses were of logs and bark, and had rude stone chimneys. Piles of cord-wood, railroad ties, and telegraph poles, an industry of the inhabitants in winter, were prominent in the foreground. Rows of fish barrels ready for shipment, and salt barrels, lately set ashore from the *Pride of the West*, were ranged along the edge of the dock. Dock, warehouse, cabins, cord-wood, and the bowlders cropping here and there out of the dry grass, in which were columbines and blue-bells, were of a silvery grayness imparted by long bleaching of the elements. Above all this, but connected with it by irregular foot-paths, was a large white house

with a veranda, the residence of Pardee, the owner of the store and warehouse, and principal proprietor of the island. Pardee was an affable man of thirty, who had been a jolly bachelor up to the recent date when he had married a pretty young lady eight or ten years his junior, who was now temporarily with him on the island, and had become sedate. He lived at St. Gilbert's only during the height of the fishing season in the summer, the rest of the year having large business elsewhere. When he was away the house was occupied by his book-keeper and general manager, a middle-aged, faithful man, Mr. Copp.

The Only Son made as if she would come up to Pardee's dock, but apparently changed her intention, possibly through fear of incommoding some other anticipated arrivals, and cast anchor at a little distance. The battered yawl was drawn alongside and a thick-set man with coarse, faded beard on the lower part of his face and his upper lip shaved clean, a complexion like leather, and a velvet vest with yellow spots, came ashore. He gave an account of himself and his misadventures, secured a roll of sail cloth and other materials, went back, and he and his crew were seen to be occupied the rest of the day in repairing damages. It appeared that he was Mr. Mosely, the mate, temporarily in command, owing to an illness of the captain, that the schooner's cargo was coal, from Buffalo for the Benedicts of Bluffburg, and that she was as good a sea-boat as ever was, and, apart from the mishaps obvious to the eye, had weathered the storm as dry as an old shoe.

Towards the cool of the afternoon an oddish man with a limp and a basket and a jug, and a portion of the rim of his straw hat missing, came up from the interior of the island for supplies. Something familiar in the appearance of the schooner seemed to engage his attention, but the unfamiliar name caused him to

abate it. He went into the store, and secured there, with his week's provision of cheese, molasses, and rye flour, what information was to be had about her. When he came out he sat upon a salt barrel and looked again. A light of satisfied recognition this time spread itself over his weather-beaten countenance.

"I belief me I did know pooty well dot shooner," said he, soliloquizing. He looked about for somebody to whom to impart his conclusion. The schoolmaster of St. Gilbert's island was standing near by with a spy-glass. He was a brown, stalwart young man, hardly less rugged in appearance than the ordinary run of the fishermen, but better dressed, to the extent to which a suit of cheap ready-made clothing is better than an unrelieved flannel shirt — which he wore also — and pants tucked into the boots.

"Dot was der same old son of a guns," said the man on the barrel; "dot Lizzie und Lowesa, so help my gracious. She can't fools Moritz Abendschein, I bet you."

He got up and went and joined the schoolmaster, as two other spectators, who had come down the path from the white house above, emerged through the warehouse upon the dock. They were two young women in fresh, pretty summer toilettes, mainly white but with a faint bloom of pink and blue about them. It was Mrs. Pardee and her visitor, for the island was further favored just at present with a visitor. She had been gallantly escorted down the gang plank of the *Pride of the West*, three days before, by the purser, carrying her two shawls in a strap and her canvas satchel embroidered with designs of her own making, and had been welcomed with benignant politeness by Pardee, and with effusion by his wife. They had been schoolmates at an Eastern institute of high repute for its attention to the true, the good, and the beautiful, — the

moral as well as the mental, — and for the stylish effect of its undergraduates' garments.

Bertha, for such, it appeared, was her name, had come from Bluffburg, a long distance to the south, in response to an invitation, in which it was said that the island was an unheard-of place to think of making a visit to, yet it was most eligibly situated for long, old-fashioned talks, and when they tired of it, the writer said, they could go back to the mainland and finish their visit together there. The old-fashioned talks were commenced immediately upon the visitor's arrival. They had not met since the Wedding, and you may well imagine that things of moment had transpired since then.

Their arms were about each other's waists as they stood upon the dock. The visitor called Mrs. Pardee Emma, and pulled and pushed her a little with a levity which seemed quite astonishing to the schoolmaster, he having looked upon the married lady, wife of the principal proprietor, as a dignified personage, to be thought of gravely, and even with awe. He had not seen the visitor before at close quarters. The proximity caused him trepidation and an unusual consciousness of the inelegance of his own appearance. As Abendschein talked loudly and made gestures, the ladies glanced towards them. The schoolmaster's diffidence was not sufficient to debar him from giving the ladies a piece of news which he thought might be for their information and entertainment. He stepped forward in answer to their glance of inquiry, touched his hat rather awkwardly, and said, —

"Abendschein says it is the Lizzie and Louisa, the boat that ran down the Allandale years ago."

"Oh! oh!" said Bertha.

"The Allandale?" said Emma reflectively. "It seems as if I" —

"Why of course you do, Emma. The Hallets' father was lost on her,

you know, — May's and Mattie's. How does the man know?" she said to the schoolmaster.

"He used to be a bridge tender down at Bluffburg, and has passed her through his bridge a great many times. He says if he had not opened his bridge in a hurry for her, after the inquest, when a mob wanted to burn and scuttle her, she would not have been floating out here so quietly," replied the schoolmaster respectfully.

He looked at his interlocutor's face as he talked. He thought he had never seen anything so pleasing. Her eyes were blue. She had a round chin and a piquant nose. When she talked, her short upper lip made a display of several pretty white teeth, which had a slight opening between the front two. Her hair hung in a twist behind, tied with a ribbon; in front it strayed over her forehead in the becoming style for which it is a pity that the feminine sex has been unable to invent anything better than the barbarous epithet of "bangs."

Women were very much out of the schoolmaster's line; he had always had more engrossing matters to attend to. He had hardly seen any others but the cooks of vessels and the unkempt islanders' wives, and scarcely knew whether all were as hard-favored as these or not. In the presence of this one he felt inclined to rub his eyes, as if he had been long asleep.

Bertha had not before seen the schoolmaster either, except at a distance. She had observed him passing among the gray cabins, now with a gun or an oar upon his shoulder, now with books, covered in calico, returning from school. Her friends had told her banteringly that he was the only semblance of a subject upon the island for a flirtation. "But I am in despair," she had said in the same spirit; "he never comes near me." She thought now that he talked very well. He was self-possessed too. His diffidence did not seem to be bash-

fulness so much as an over-punctilious respect.

"Why, of course, the Allandale," said Emma, "what was I thinking of! It was a perfectly awful shipwreck!"

"Owful, miss, dot was it so," said Abendschein, taking part. "More als drei hundert peeple was gone dead by dot schooner. Never did I seen myself such a times in dot Bluffburg aus. Of Moritz Abendschein he don't open dose schwing-bridge so quick like never was, you don't see dot Lizzie und Lowesa by Gilbert's harbor once now already."

"But they did *not* destroy her, it seems," said Bertha. "Where has she been, all this time? That was nearly fifteen years ago. And — oh, are you sure there is not some mistake? This is the Only Son, you see, not the Lizzie and Louisa."

As if in answer to these aspirations for accurate knowledge, Mr. Mosely was seen coming ashore after more supplies.

"I shall ask him," said the young lady.

"Bertha, don't; I would n't," said Emma, deprecatingly.

But the sprightly young lady went on to accost the man with a little bravado, of which she immediately repented until she was reassured by his good humor.

"We were admiring your schooner," said she insinuatingly.

"She ain't much of a beauty," said the mate, "still she 's a good 'un. Her lines is good. She needs overhaulin' and paintin'. I don't believe she's had it for a matter of ten year."

"Have you been connected with her all that time?"

"Oh, no. I only come on a couple of seasons ago, since she was owned by the Trowbridges of Buffalo."

"We were thinking that this might be the — Lizzie and Louisa," said Bertha bravely, "the one that sank the Allandale, you know."

"Some on you knowed her, did they?" said Mr. Mosely, glancing keenly around.

Mr. Abendschein stated with a chuckling air that he should have known her among a thousand.

"Oh, it was you as knowed her, was it, old party? Vell, I guess it was better you look a little out mit meinsel." Hemimicked the broken English rudely, in a manner that showed that the facility of memory of the other gave him anything but unalloyed satisfaction.

"Now I'll show you," he continued, "that you would n't know her out of twenty, no, not out of nothing. She's been made over. She got them masts in Cork. There ain't scarcely anything you see there that ever belonged to the Lizzie and Louisa but the bottom."

Inasmuch as, however changed, the vessel was recognized, it was strange that the mate, even in his irritation, should have been inclined to go into argument about the matter. His irascibility seemed to extend only to the meddlesome Abendschein, however. To the ladies he comported himself with the traditional maritime gallantry.

"You were not on board of the schooner, then, at the time of the — a — the accident?" said Emma, gathering courage to take part in the examination.

"No, miss, but I learned all about it pretty much the same. I helped take charge of some of the bodies as was washed ashore. The Lizzie and Louisa, she was n't to blame, the way I look at it. They cussed her up hill and down dale, of course; but people always do that when they're mad, the same as children kick a bit of pavement, or anything that way, they think has tripped 'em up. The schooner was on her course where she had a right to be, accordin' to law. A steamer can shift when a sailin' vessel can't."

"Where were her lights?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"On the pawl bit, so I've heerd say."

She had a lantern there with a green slide for the starboard tack and a red 'un for port."

"Do you carry your lights the same way now?"

"Well, no, we don't; we has 'em in the rigging. But it was n't no question of lights nor anything else the night the Allandale was struck, except bull-headed carelessness. Everybody on the steamer was dancin' and carryin' on down in the cabin — it was a excursion boat, you remember, miss — and not payin' no attention to anything. When the schooner found the Allandale was n't goin' to give way, it was too late for her to; she had to strike. She knocked a hole in the Allandale as big as a house. The bowsprit went clean through and raked the cabin, as it heaved about. Some was crushed agin the floor and ceiling and never even had no chance to go overboard. The water come in and put out the fires, and the steamer sunk inside of ten minutes. It was pitch dark and a heavy sea running. A thunder-storm come on in the middle of it, and the lightning showed the lake covered with hundreds of drowning people and bits of wreck."

"And the Lizzie and Louisa went on and never saved one of them," said Bertha.

"That 's what she did, miss, and that's what made folks mad. But she could n't 'a' done no different to what she did. The bowsprit and bobstays and whole head-gear was gone out of her, and her masts was a-topplin'. She could n't stay there in the trough of the sea to wait for nobody."

"How do you come to have the name of Only Son, instead of Lizzie and Louisa?"

"There was a schooner of that name lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I mind the time myself very well; so we got that name. It was done by act of Congress or act of Parliament, or some such way. You see, the schooner lit out for

foreign parts after the trouble. This is only her second season back, and this here is the first trip she 's made to Bluffburg since."

A comment of the aged Abendschein to the effect that he had supposed so, and that he certainly had not seen her during the ten succeeding years he was swinging his bridge at Bluffburg, again made him the object of the skipper's attention.

"You 've got a excellent memory, old skeesix," said he with severe sarcasm. "You want to be particular careful of your health. You ought to be a-count-in' fraxshinil currency in some high-toned savin's bank, with two-story glass winders, *you* had."

"Do you ever have any ghosts aboard?" inquired the schoolmaster, by way of diversion.

"Nary ghost," replied Mr. Mosely. With this the conference ended.

"Oh, what is a pawl bit, where he said the light was?" said Bertha, turning back to the schoolmaster as they were about to go away. Her manner to him, as to the mate of the schooner, was deferential, yet slightly free, as to persons of a relation to herself from whom there was no fear of misconstruction and freedoms in return.

"That square projection on the fore-castle," said he, pointing it out. "It is used in working the windlass. It is no place for a light. They are always put in the rigging, as far as I have seen. Besides the lights, in foggy weather, a horn is blown, one blast when the vessel is on the starboard tack, two on the port tack, and three when she is running free, to show where she is."

"Then you should think the Lizzie and Louisa was to blame?"

"I do not say so. I do not pretend to know about the details. There was an investigation, but of course in such a case the only witnesses are the members of the two crews, and they are prejudiced in opposite directions. At

any rate, no proceedings were taken against her."

"But of course there ought not to have been, unless it were certain that she was to blame. That would have been highly unjust."

"Yes, by our laws, and now; but then there used to be different conceptions of justice. It used to be the custom, for instance, to confiscate anything that had been the occasion of death, whether it was to blame or not. It was called *deodand*, and supposed to be forfeited to God, and the king took it and devoted it to charitable uses. The destruction of human life was considered such an absolute and inexcusable wrong that vengeance had to be wreaked even upon the inanimate matter that was the agent of it. If the thing was in motion they took the whole; if not in motion they only took the part immediately to blame. Thus, if a man fell off the wheel of a wagon standing still, and was killed, the wheel alone was a *deodand*, and not the wagon."

"It reminds one of what the man said about the children beating the pavement for tripping them up. So by this old custom," she continued meditatively, "that dreadful ship, out there, would be confiscated to God, — what do you call it? — a *deo* —"

"*Deodand*," said he.

"It makes me shiver to look at it. Just see how stolid and unfeeling it seems, after all that suffering. I would not sail in it for anything; would you?"

"Oh, yes. I am not very superstitious. She has gone along fifteen years all right, and most likely will continue to. There is no legal way now of collecting *deodands*."

"Yes, but for that very reason perhaps they might be collected in more — by head-quarters."

"Is n't that a little sacrilegious?" said the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Well, yes," admitted Bertha. "I am afraid it is. I am sorry I said it."

"Oh, I did not mean to take the liberty to correct you," he hastened to add.

He looked into her eyes again. He thought a kind and honest heart shone forth from them. She began to be sensible that he was a person to put upon a rather different footing from Mr. Mosely.

"We should be glad to see you at the house, if you would come," said Mrs. Pardee graciously as they moved away. If it amused Bertha to talk to odd persons, it would do no harm to let her have what very slight diversions the island afforded.

"How much he knows," said Bertha, as they remounted the path. "Tell me about him. What did you say his name was?"

"Halvorsen. He is more of a sailor than a schoolmaster. He is quite a remarkable character, my husband says."

"Yes? how?"

"Well, it seems to me he has educated himself sailing around the world, or some such way. He never had anybody to look after him, and never went to school. I believe he studies law nights, and has an idea of being a lawyer. He sails on the lakes usually, to get the money. I don't know exactly how it is he happens to be teaching school here; I think he was disappointed about some vessel he expected to get the command of."

"He behaves very well for anybody with such a bringing up, but he is not good-looking. Where is he from?"

"He was born in some English port; his father was Norwegian and his mother English, but he never scarcely saw them."

"I think he deserves a great deal of credit, don't you?" said Bertha.

Before morning the schooner weighed anchor and pursued her course to Bluff-burg. The skipper was apprehensive, from his experience at the island, of un-

pleasant consequences at the port from which she had so long been absent and in which she had once been the object of such bitter animosity. But whether recognized by other eyes or not, the only active interest manifested in the ex-Lizzie and Louisa was from a very obscure source.

This was a man known along the docks and at the police court, where he made a frequent appearance, as Hungry Hagan. He followed her stealthily as she moved to her moorings at Benedict's dock, and hung over a bridge in the vicinity, regarding her with imbecile malignity and muttering. His abode was with other vagrants upon a strip of beach which had once been the site of a fishing village. The sand had been carted away by graders till the quarter was in danger of being engulfed by the lake at every gale. The constructions of the great city behind and around it pressed close upon it, and a railroad company stood ready to make solid ground of the spot for its repair shops whenever it could get a franchise. Tramps and disreputable characters had crept into the abandoned huts of the fishermen. Clad in rags of the yellowish hue which is the last stage of old clothing, they sunned themselves upon the beach, caught driftwood for their fires, and begged or stole their subsistence according to circumstances.

There was a tradition, hard to credit, that Hagan, previous to the loss of the *Allandale*, had been a decent, honest man. His wife and children were said to have gone down in her, and then he took to drink and abandoned courses. His besotted faculties appeared to retain their cunning for a single object at least; he recognized the craft that had been the author of his calamities. As she lay in the sluggish, yellow current, with chips floating by, as often up stream as down, and urchins playing about her in the neighboring wood-yard, it was hard to connect her with the wild sweep of

angry waters and the despairing struggles of hundreds of human lives in peril. But if Hungry Hagan meditated the schooner a mischief, it was not carried into effect upon this occasion. Before night he was run into the station as a drunk and disorderly, and the next day went to the house of correction for thirty days.

"This thing of loafing around the docks and picking and stealing from vessels has got to be stopped, Hagan," said the judge.

"Yes, your honor," said Hungry Hagan.

II.

There was little in the way of regular entertainment on St. Gilbert's island; but the ladies made great progress with their conversations, and Bertha with an afghan she was knitting, which alone, she said, was worth the price of admission. In the mornings it pleased her to follow Emma about the house, in a large gingham apron with the sleeves rolled up over her round white arms, and engage in some of the lighter domestic duties. In the afternoon they dressed themselves in toilettes which seemed to the audience about them of incomparable fashion and elegance, a judgment at which they might have laughed in secret like the sacred augurs of the classics, befooling the populace from their towers, since there was hardly a costume of all that they consented to display to the benighted intelligence of the island which was not a couple of seasons old at the least.

They took short walks; there was a rustic seat near a sun-dial, up the hill-side, to which they resorted; one day they went with Mr. Pardee to a small, green, almost perfectly circular lake in the interior. At another time they glided down in company to pay the host a visit in his store. He received them with formal courtesy, and placed a well

whittled arm-chair and a high stool at their disposition. The taciturn and steady-going Copp looked over his spectacles at them. The store was cool and obscure. The door at the farther end was a bright strip of light from the sun dancing in a zig-zag upon the water off the dock. There were scythes and hoe-handles between the rafters, and pails, hams, and boots depending from them. There were garden seeds and kegs of nails, coarse dry-goods and clothing, perfumery, stationery, hard-tack, powder and shot, jars of citron and candy in sticks; up-stairs a sail loft, cordage and tackle,—in short, all that the miscellaneous needs of the island could demand from its only source of supply. The trade was largely in barter, the merchant taking products for shipment, and making payment in goods.

Bertha wished to be weighed. She turned the scale at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She was displeased; she did not wish to be more than one hundred and twenty.

She went behind the counter and pretended to be a salesman. While she was there a customer came in for brown sugar. They let her get it. She expended an elaboration with her pretty hands upon the preparation of it in the coarse paper and the profuse tying of it with strings, that must if it were general, at the present rates of labor, add largely to the cost of the commodity.

"It is as good as white, miss," said the man gallantly when he had received it.

"There, you see there *are* people who appreciate me," said Bertha, returning to her friends.

The schoolmaster was in a remote corner of the store, overhauling some fishing gear, and saw this. It filled him with a vague, pleasant sentiment.

Still he did not take advantage of Mrs. Pardee's invitation and appear at the house. "We were altogether too supercilious, *I* think," said Bertha in commenting upon it. "You did not even

introduce him to me. He is very intelligent, and probably independent, you know."

"Supposing we should go and see his school," she added one day later on.

"If we do, it will have to be very soon; it closes at the end of June, and we are within a day or two of it."

"Well, this afternoon, then."

The school-house was a log structure in the edge of the woods. There were morning-glories and lilac bushes about it, squirrels and blue-birds plainly in sight, and indications of gophers in the vicinity. Inside, a dilapidated black-board, a chair and desk for the teacher, and two long benches occupied by a score or so of pupils, for the most part tow-headed and barefooted, constituted the furnishing. At one side, in contrast to the surrounding rudeness, were shelves containing a considerable collection of books, and upon the top a bust and a German student lamp. The sailor schoolmaster was a little flustered; he would rather have been discovered engaged in his other, bolder, and more impressive profession. He dismissed the school earlier than usual, either on this account or because the next day was Saturday and the beginning of the vacation, and it was hard to keep its attention. Before the scholars went, however, the ladies were permitted to hear something of their accomplishments in the least common multiple and pronominal adjectives, and exchanged complimentary remarks upon the faces that pleased them. Among the girls were Dagmars, Amalias, and even Brunhildas; the boys were Lars, Olaf, Gudrun, and Nefiolf. "They are for the most part Northmen of some sort, like myself," explained the master, "Danes, Norwegians, and even Icelanders, though the latter are few now, most of them having moved away from the island."

A boy in a suit of baggy blue cotton, with an entirely serious countenance, held up his hand. His name was Lars

Byosling. "Please say something to make us laugh," said he, preferring his request to Bertha.

"Why, how dreadfully embarrassing," said she, turning back in whimsical consternation.

"There, Byosling, that will do," said the schoolmaster severely. "We have few visitors," he explained to the ladies, "and most of them are of an elderly sort. They are in the habit of talking to the school, and you were probably expected to do something of the sort also. The boy meant to indicate the line they would doubtless like to have you follow."

Mrs. Emma, as a person of gravity and settled position in the world, thought it better not to infringe upon this established usage, and made an effort at remarks on her own account.

"You must all be very good, during the vacation," said she, "and — mind your mothers, and — try not to forget what you have learnt, and if you will come up to my house — to Mr. Pardee's house, you know — to-morrow at three o'clock, there will be some little presents for you."

With this the session was concluded, and the pupils disappeared out at the door through which the blue sky and the green leaves and the squirrels and jay-birds had been looking in at them, — the boys to whoop and toss one another's hats over the schoolhouse, the girls to pursue their way demurely, engaged in the consideration of things which they had promised upon their word and honor not to tell one another, and had told and thereby occasioned bickerings and refusals to speak.

"Are you going out to the fishing grounds to-morrow; I believe you usually go Saturdays?" asked Emma by way of conversation.

"No, I think not. I have been helping Olafson lately, but his pound net is broken, and nothing much can be done till it is fixed."

"How is Olafson doing now?" she continued.

Meanwhile Bertha strolled daintily about with a prospecting air. She approached the books. "Oh, perhaps you have something nice to read: Seaman's Friend, Peters, Kent, Benedict's Admiralty Practice, Lowndes on Collision, — all laws, — Blackstone; here is Blackstone. I have heard so much about Blackstone. Is it interesting? What hard work men have to go through in their occupations," she rattled on, partly to herself and partly to Halvorsen, when he joined her. "Do you really mean to practice law, or is it only for your own amusement? Where shall you settle?"

"I had not got as far as that yet, — somewhere where there is a good deal of shipping. Marine law is what I have especially in view. I have an idea that the practical experience I have had with navigation and my acquaintance on the lakes would give me an advantage."

"I should think so too. There is a good deal of shipping at Bluffburg — where I live; I think that is a pretty nice place; but of course there is more at Chicago. There must be so much hardship in sailing the lakes. You will be very glad to get through with it, of course."

"Well, yes," he assented rather nonchalantly.

"Mrs. Pardee says you have sailed upon the — ocean to China and everywhere. Perhaps then you do not mind the lakes. They must be ever so much easier."

"Why?"

"Oh, if a storm comes up you are always near the land."

He looked at her with an amused expression. "If you were a sailor," he said, "I should not have to explain that there is nothing a sailor likes so much in a storm as plenty of sea-room, and nothing he dreads so much as a lee

shore. Here there is nothing else but lee shores."

"Oh," said Bertha.

"The lakes are much the worse to navigate. There are more catastrophes too, in proportion. Take up a paper any morning after a little blow and you never fail to find a list of wrecks along the coast, and any quantity of canvas gone,—bark *Speedwell* ashore off *Forty Mile Point*, Northern *Light* in the *Grass Island Cut*, schooner *Tidal Wave* wrecked against the *Grand Haven* pier, schooner *Forest Belle*, main sail and mizzen gaff topsail blown out of her, scow *Pottawotamie*, flying jib, and so on,—and then the collisions, and the ice in the season of it, and the smaller size of the vessels, and the difficulty with the crews."

"But *you* have never been wrecked?"

"Yes, once. It was in a steam-barge off *Point Betsey*. We had a couple of other barges in tow; their cables parted and one of them was lost, the other drifted ashore. We took to a fifteen-foot boat, were forty-eight hours drifting about without anything to eat, and finally made this island quite by chance. In fact, that is what first brought me here."

"And you have never since left it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, immediately. It is a quiet place to study and economize in, so I came back to it afterwards, but I should not be here this summer except that I have been delayed about a new bark I expected to take command of. It is not finished. I have never sailed a bark as commander, and having been promised it, I do not care to take up with anything less."

He smiled as if he thought she would think this arrogant. She smiled at him pleasantly, too. "I should think you would be afraid," she said.

"When you have to do with salt water you must expect to swallow a little," said he.

That evening he accepted an invitation to call, which was this time much

less condescendingly made. The ladies sat upon the veranda after an early tea. They remarked a notable change in his appearance; he was much better dressed. Instead of his flannel shirt he wore a white one with a collar. It seemed of excessive whiteness in contrast with his bronzed complexion. Regarding him closer in this more civilized costume, you would say that he was not bad-looking by any means. He had a well-shaped head and a good, athletic figure. One feature which you would notice at once was his fine teeth. They did not recall pearls and the other conventional similes so much as a tooth-brush and the idea of scrupulous personal neatness. He sat upon the upper step and twirled his straw hat in his hands; the ladies were engaged with fancy work. Mr. Pardee sat for a time smoking, and talked to Halvorsen, with an appearance of much confidence in his judgment, about various matters of business, and then went away.

Bertha was inclined to question the caller further about his adventurous career. He said after a while, with not at all a bad grace, that he was sure he was occupying a very disproportionate share in the talk; that it would be fair and save his sense of modesty now to hear something of her adventures.

"Mine?" said she, with a rising inflection. "I never had any. I have led the most humdrum existence. But then I am not sorry. I do not like serious and tragic things, except to hear about. I only like things to happen to me that are just like everybody else and—silly. It shows you do not amount to anything when you feel that way, of course, but how can you help it? Well, then, let us talk about the island. I dote on islands; you are so contented with yourself. You can tell what they are bounded on the north and south by, and everything. It is a very different thing from being set down in one corner of a great continent. And besides, they

make you think of Robinson Crusoe, and where the mango apple grows and coconuts for nothing, — don't you know?"

So they talked about the island. He catalogued what was of note in it: the pictured rocks, the fossils, the mound of bones marked with a cross, supposed to be the remains of an Indian war party that perished in the strait. Sometimes she stopped her needles in a tangled X, and again at some interesting passage bent forward towards him, holding them back against her pretty corsage. Emma also took part, and later her husband rejoined them.

A man came out from the cabins below, washed his face in a pail of water, and sat down to strum upon a guitar. "Why, it is French he is singing," said Bertha, as the refrain came up to them:

"Tant que j'entendrai chanter les oiseaux,
Tant que j'entendrai couler les ruisseaux,
Moi, je chanterai."

"Yes," said Halvorsen, "we have an extremely polyglot population. He is a Canadian."

"I meant to ask you the other day when you spoke of it, — were they real Icelanders who used to be here?"

"Oh, yes, the original article."

"Why have they left?"

"It was too cold for them on St. Gilbert's, and they complained of the hardship of felling timber and clearing the land. They were not used to it. At home they live chiefly by fishing. It happened during the few seasons they were here that the fishing partly failed. Most of them became discouraged and gradually straggled away to the mainland. Contrary to what one would think, they were polite, peaceable, rather small of stature, and effeminate."

"Real Icelanders, and too cold for them! what erroneous impressions one gets. I have only the idea of romances, that they are great, sturdy men capable of enduring anything. Have you read Thiodolf, and Aslauga's Knight? They are such charming stories, and the lan-

guage is so sweet and simple. There is always a gigantic hero who sails down from the North to seek his fortune, and marries Isolde in a fair castle on the coast of France, or goes and takes service under the Greeks at Constantinople and falls in love with a Byzantine princess. It seems like ice and fire mingling together."

"Yes, I have read the Northern stories," said Halvorsen; "they are very beautiful."

"The fighting and killing does not shock you, as in some other books; but I wonder why there is so much of it. The writers make fine characters and seem capable of appreciating and praising other things."

"I suppose a good deal of it is symbolical. It means to glorify men who are unsparing of themselves and unswerving in their purpose in overcoming difficulties of any sort. Perhaps that is one reason why we like it."

Thus they talked. Every detail of the dock and the gray houses down below and the pine trees upon the lonesome shores was mirrored in the deep, clear water. As the twilight lengthened into night the sail of a belated fishing-boat was seen gliding into its haven like a wandering ghost. After the company had dispersed, a light twinkled through the trees from the school-house, where the ambitious young man kept his books and his late vigils, not to disturb the humble people with whom he lodged.

A face came between him and his page. He was feeling for the first time the charm there is in that product of civilization, a well brought up, beautiful girl, with all her seductive, if conventional, graces about her. Its potency was increased by the lack of a basis for comparison, not only on the island but in his whole life. It took hold upon him like a spell of witchcraft. He had had no social experience, but he discerned true refinement by an instinct. He recognized that it was nobility and

kindly sympathy in her that made this friendly treatment of himself by the daughter of elegant surroundings and leisurely circumstances possible. In early youth he had been led by the clap-trap of some writings of a cheap order to believe that virtue resided alone in the honest poor, and to hold himself hostile to their assumed superiors. This was nearly his first opportunity to set himself right. He liked these conversations. Nothing new was developed; perhaps neither said what he had not heard elsewhere; but the subjects interested him, and the tone of light generalization. He felt with Mill, though he had not read him, that mental calibre is to be gauged by the proportion of generalities to personalities in the talk. Rather than much that passed for conversation in his experience, he would have preferred to range the woods or sail his boat indefinitely in silence. Still, with such fine accounting to himself for liking the discourse, it is not certain that he would not already have discovered a superior wisdom in anything that might fall from Bertha's lips.

Having got on so well at his first visit he renewed it, and presently saw the young lady in some way every day. He was welcome enough on his own account, because he interested her; but, perhaps a little uncertain of this, he often made pretexts of bringing small articles for inspection, — fossils, arrow-heads, or unusual plants. He brought young Byosling to the veranda one evening to dance a hornpipe. He explained to Bertha, in answer to her questions, marine matters, — which is the port side and which the starboard; how a vessel can sail within a few degrees of the very quarter from which the wind comes; how sailing on a wind is more advantageous than off it, through the greater pressure upon the canvas; why a ship, like a fish, ought to be largest forward of the centre, and many other points of equal concern.

On mornings when Emma was busy, Bertha had the habit of going to her shady seat on the hill-side near the sundial. From here some small blue islands, the Strawberries, were dotted on the horizon. In the vicinity was an apple-orchard, at present too roughly used by the climate to bear anything but gnarled, useless fruit, but which the proprietor, by Halvorsen's advice, contemplated improving with hardy Siberian grafts. It was used for the time as a pasture. The young girl delighted to tantalize or reward with handfuls of grass the shy calves and colts who came towards her at the fence. These quiet hours alone, with the wind blowing softly upon the cheek, slight tinklings, whisperings, and the notes of katydids and grasshoppers in the air, the heated atmosphere, rising with a visible tremor in the sunshine, are filled with a languorous sentiment of pensiveness and longing. To be so alone is to be face to face with the infinite.

Once, looking up from her book at a strange snuffing sound near by, Bertha found a drove of clean little pigs approached close to her. She gave a little *shoo!* and a shake of a corner of her apron, and they lowered their heads and plunged hilariously down the slope, like the scriptural swine who cast themselves into the sea.

Mr. Halvorsen was coming over the hill from above. He had a stone hatchet which had been that morning unearthed by a farmer of the interior. He displayed it. Their talk turned upon such subjects, and touched upon the pictured rocks of the south coast. She thought that he might make a considerable reputation by drawing the inscriptions or figures and sending them to some learned society, if it was true, as he said, that nobody of knowledge had seen them.

"I have thought of that," said he, "but they are difficult to get at, and I have neglected it; it is only to be done by boat in pleasant weather. I am

afraid I hardly have interest enough in such matters when I see how they engross other people. I have a kind of feeling as if devoting so much time to the past were dodging the present."

They planned then an expedition to see these rocks and at the same time the interior of the island, which would be done by crossing to Larson's place on the south shore, and taking boat from there. This was proposed to the others below and agreed to.

The intimacy must now have borne quite the aspect of a flirtation; but nobody was concerned about it. Emma believed the schoolmaster amused her guest a little more than the boy who danced the horn-pipe in his bare feet, and the Canadian with his guitar, but in the same way; he was a curiosity of the island. If Emma had understood her intimate friend to the extent she prided herself upon, possibly affairs on St. Gilbert's island and elsewhere would have gone differently. Bertha was of a generous disposition and especially susceptible to be impressed by ambition and force. Her father, as she had often heard him tell, had conquered his own success from small beginnings, and she was as proud of him for it as he was of himself. She had been reared with every comfort and luxury, and lived in the midst of a sentiment which believed that one person was better than another on account of them; but she knew in her inmost heart that there are things which are better.

Bertha would have considered the idea that she could fall in love with the sailor-schoolmaster absurd. If Halvorsen had known that he was to fall in love with her he would have held back and gone sturdily about his business. He knew so little about it that he did not know what falling in love implies. He did not know what it would do to him. Every softer sentiment of this kind had been kept in abeyance by his active life and his ambitious aspirations.

Before the expedition to the pictured rocks took place, a large accession was made to the party to share in it. The *Pride of the West* landed one afternoon Mrs. Jackson Miller, and her daughter Miss Florence Miller, and Mr. Bryant, a college under-graduate who was an admirer of the latter,—all fashionable people on their way to Mackinaw, and relatives of the Pardees. They would stay till the next boat.

Mr. Halvorsen was not pleased at the irruption. It would naturally put an end to the intimacy that had been so pleasant. Still he was not a man to make much of his discontents. There was a good deal of time of late which he might have used to better advantage. He arose at daylight and went off rather doggedly in his fishing boat.

The result was not what he anticipated. He found himself in demand by the new arrivals as a guide, philosopher, and friend to the island. The under-graduate treated so good a shot and sailor with distinguished consideration. He wore his best coat therefore more than ever, and was up at the house almost every evening. Things were much livelier than they had been. There was whist, dancing, and sometimes, in calm evenings, rowing on the harbor. The under-graduate, not at all strenuous to keep to himself the peculiar advantages furnished at his institution of learning, trolled choruses on the subject of,—

"The bull-dog on the bank,
The bull-frog in the pool;
The bull-dog to the bull-frog said,
You blanked old water-fool!"

and the ladies sometimes sang the preposterous words also in their delicate soprano voices.

As to dancing, Mr. Halvorsen considered it a light accomplishment, as it is, but he had not spent all these years among jolly Jack tars for nothing. It was one of the best auguries of his success that he was so quick an observer and adapter of what was good. It was

thus in respect of manners. The demeanor of these well-bred people, which he had not before had so good an opportunity for observing, pleased him. The graceful bowing of the young man, the forms of address and request, the apologies for passing in front of one another, all this courteous consideration extended by habit, which one does not learn with the best heart in the world in the harsh life he had led, seemed to ennoble the details of life and fill it with new possibilities.

The only conveyance to Larson's place, over the grass-grown, rarely used road through the woods, was a wagon drawn by a horse even less used than the road. Had he not been old the harnessing of him might have been a work of danger as well as difficulty, since each repetition of the process seemed to impress him as an entire novelty. Young Mr. Bryant bethought him to style him *Bucephalus*, and then by gradations *Hydrocephalus*. Standing up in the front of the wagon as driver he pretended to have difficulty in restraining his impetuous career, and allowed himself to fall back towards the ladies, who repulsed him with laughing shrieks.

Saplings of birch, hazel, poplar, and oak, with light foliage, skirted the road, but within the forest could be seen dark mysterious vistas full of tangled *débris* never touched by the hand of man. Long trunks, fallen in the fullness of time, stretched back in grave-like mounds into the obscurity. The hollow clinking of moving cow-bells was heard sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as though sedate spirits might be walking in the wood and signaling one another. They came upon a small white church embowered in leaves by the road-side, far from any house. They canvassed one another's knowledge of the difference between wheat and rye growing in the sparse fields of the settlers as they passed them. Then they came to the cabin, upon a knoll, beneath an oak-tree, of

Abendschein, who had retired there from his bridge-tending of yore, at Bluffburg, to support the scanty wants of his declining years as a maker of wooden shoes. When Bertha asked him if he would sell her a small pair as a curiosity, he said that he would, and declared them to be equally good for a curiosity or for working in a slaughter-house. Then they met a woman with a white cloth pinned over her head, and wearing wooden shoes, which gave her a clumsy, humping gait; and then they came to the south shore at Larson's. But it happened, by quite an unusual chance, that Larson was absent with both of his boats. The purpose of the expedition was thus of necessity abandoned, and it was not afterwards revived.

Still a pleasant afternoon was spent upon the yellow beach, strewn here and there with fragments of timber as white as bones, from long bleaching and washing in the waves that cast them up. The student and Halvorsen swam in the lake, and the others watched them. The schoolmaster was very expert. "You will never be drowned; that is pretty certain," said Mrs. Jackson Miller admiringly afterwards.

"Perhaps not," said he with a smile, "but that does not show anything; those who are destined for a certain other ending, as the proverb says, never are."

In another week the Millers pursued their journey to Mackinaw. In a few days thereafter Bertha went back to Bluffburg, leaving the schoolmaster to strange sensations of regret and tenderness, and she herself thinking of him very kindly.

III.

The summer went by irksomely at St. Gilbert's island for the young man after that. The bark building for his command by the Trowbridges of Buffalo was yet delayed. It became evident towards the last that she would not be

ready in time to make more than perhaps a single trip before the close of navigation. Halvorsen devoted himself to his studies with redoubled energy, in order to quell the impatience by which he was consumed. He made ready to pass in the fall the bar examination of the State to which the island belonged. He frequented Bertha's favorite resorts. She had left a subtle aroma in the island. He was cherishing a sweet and ambitious hope. Well, why not? Body and mind had answered heretofore to the demands he made upon them; why should he not aspire to this also? He sat in the rustic seat upon the hill-side and watched the pencil of shadow move upon the sun-dial. It reminded him of all he had yet to do.

He made a pretext of a copy of the hieroglyphics on the pictured rocks to write to her. From this a correspondence sprang up. Her family, to whom she showed some of the letters, agreed with her that there was a future before this young man, whose story she had already told them. Bertha's letters took an almost sisterly tone; she was glad to have anything to do with encouraging the progress of a man whose achievements in the past she knew, and whom she believed destined for prominence. He was an example of innate character. With everything against him he had put aside obstacles and chosen the better part with unerring instinct; as there are those every day who fall from the midst of the most careful nurture and favorable circumstances to the lowest depths.

The gray island was grayer than ever with hoar frosts, and the first snows of winter began to sift down upon it. The expected bark was not forthcoming, even for the single trip which the prospective captain had counted upon mainly for the sake of seeing Bertha when he should touch at Bluffburg. He was not to be balked of this purpose, however, and so took the *Pride of the West*

on her last trip down, and paid the call as a private individual. Bertha presented him to her parents, and they liked him and were impressed by him. If prophecies were anything, he was sure of success, since almost everybody with whom he came in contact made some about him that were favorable. Then he went away and passed his examination with flying colors, and then visited Buffalo to see the Trowbridges. The delay had been unavoidable. Everything was to be as he desired in the spring, and the rate of remuneration spoken of was gratifyingly beyond his anticipations. It would give him a surplus in a single season, enough to enable him to carry out his purpose of beginning the practice of his profession on shore. He spent a little time exploring which would be the most advantageous point at which to settle. If only one happy condition could be fulfilled, how transcendently superior would Bluffburg be to all other possible localities!

The blissful condition was fulfilled, at least, to all intents and purposes. The judgment of Bertha's father approved the connection, although his prejudices contended against it. He heard the best accounts of the suitor, and knew that, with the record he had already made, and his qualities of character, he must succeed. He said to Halvorsen that he had no objections to make to his daughter's choice. "Still," said he, "we had better wait a little. This is not, of course, a temporary enthusiasm on either side, but had we not better see? You will agree with me, I am sure. We will not call it an engagement just yet. Let us wait a short time." But *they* knew that they should never change, and that the affair was settled.

Bertha had been taken much by surprise. She had been far from this point; she had supposed that it was friendship alone she entertained for him; but his tenderness and self-posses-

sion and force, which was manifest in this as in all other situations in which she had seen him, prevailed.

"But just think," said she, "that to this day you have never been formally introduced to me."

"I wish other of my deficiencies could be as easily remedied," he replied.

Mrs. Emma thought this ending to the pleasant summer on the island the most astounding thing, for a girl of Bertha's position, she ever heard of.

"There was a girl by the name of Sally Cary," said her husband, good-humoredly, "that went back on George Washington. Bertha has most likely avoided a similar mistake. I should not wonder if we should become prouder to know the schoolmaster at some time than he to know us. What is there to keep him under after this?"

Probably the ex-schoolmaster was at this time at his best. He was cheerful, because he saw that force wins and he knew he possessed it. The world is importunate to do its work by proxy. If one only assert his ability to manage affairs with sufficient assurance, they are confided to him; if in addition he really be competent, he need never want for remunerative employment. The young man's taste and assiduity had given him culture, his observation manners, his hardships insight, and his successes confidence, which had not yet degenerated, as the danger is in this sort of characters, into narrowness and self-glorification.

When he went away, it was with the expectation of returning in the spring with his new vessel. Bertha was to go down to see her. This was to be quite a different thing from knocking about in the ordinary lake craft — a fine, large bark; and to be the sole manager of it, this was so respectable a thing that there was not the least objection to her friends' knowing of it.

The coast of the great lakes is a step-mother to ships, a bleak, inhospitable

stretch, in which there is little escape from the violence of the elements. Nature made no original provision for commerce. The deficiency has been remedied, to what extent it could, by the utilization of the small, but deep rivers upon which the settlements are founded, long break-water piers being extended out to deep water from their mouths, of which they form a continuation. The entrance is a narrow mark for the steersman, and is not effected without many a mishap, and even total wreck in rough weather; but when once the harassed vessel is within, she glides up to her moorings in the town as if upon a canal of oil, bridge after bridge opening and closing behind her, mocking with a superfluity of security the snarling waves without.

There was an early opening to navigation in the spring which succeeded the pleasant summer on St. Gilbert's island. Captain Halvorsen was the first skipper reported through the straits.

An early opening is, on the whole, unfavorable. The uncertain weather more than counteracts the advantage of the lengthened freighting period. The ice, broken up but not melted, is drifted about in vast arctic fields, in which vessels are often involved and impeded, and frequently it returns again to the south to blockade the harbors from which it had long since vanished.

The young captain thought little of the accustomed obstacles. It was motion and action which brought him nearer to the dear goal upon which his fancy was fixed. With a far reminiscence of the Berserker spirit of his ancestors he relished the conflict, and perhaps heard in the storm and the darkness and the crackling ice something as of the joyous whistling of spears which Swatulf and the son of Asmundur hurled at each other across the northern waters. He thought the Isolde awaiting him as fair as any of theirs. Sometimes he found himself at night in the midst of a field

of cakes sawing together like the boughs of a great forest, and shining in an atmosphere of mist penetrated by moonlight, like the scales of armor.

He had written to Bertha of the progress of his ship, her spars, her beautiful lines, the bottle of Burgundy which was broken over her head at the launching and christened her the Trowbridge Brothers, and of his fear that it was going to be harder than he had imagined for him to leave the water. But it was not the Trowbridge Brothers that was chronicled as being first through the straits, although Halvorsen was the captain named. It was the schooner Only Son.

"Oh, I am afraid, I am afraid," said Bertha, when she knew of it.

"It is nothing, little land-lubber," said the captain, when he arrived. "I do not like it myself, of course, but the bark was not fully rigged, and the Trowbridges were anxious to get the schooner around to take advantage of the first cargoes. They asked me to do it while I was waiting, and I could not very well refuse. It is only for this trip."

"But how could you, after what we said last summer at St. Gilbert's island? Oh, if anything should happen to you!"

"Nonsense. The difference in style is all we ought to care about. I am not superstitious; and yet, in one respect, I am, too. You will think it arrogant, no doubt, but I cannot help believing a little in my star. I cannot realize that I can die before — well, until I have accomplished something important. Do you ever have such a feeling? I can see how other people can, you know, — how they can be run over and blown up, thrown down embankments before their time, — before they have had a chance, — but I cannot conceive it about myself. Is it not absurd?"

"No, it is splendid!" she said, but yet thought upon the Only Son ruefully.

Her heart yearned for her lover when he went away, and his eye was moist at the evidences of it. What had he done in this short time to draw upon him the delicious tenderness of this good and charming creature?

The Only Son was chartered for wheat to Buffalo, and loaded at once. She had been repainted and put in good order, but Hungry Hagan did not fail to recognize her through the disguise of her improved appearance, which he dimly conceived as a new injury, as if it had been devised for the purpose of throwing him off the scent. He found means of approaching her close at this time, and even, during the dinner hour, of going below. It was afterwards said that holes had been bored in her sides and partially stopped with plugs.

The captain came briskly aboard, a tug was made fast, bridges swung open, and people upon them, delayed in their passage, looked down amiably and hailed the stir in the river as tangible evidence of the ending of the inclement winter. The breeze without was light but favorable; the tug cast off her tow-line at a sufficient distance from the pier, and the Only Son was soon hull down over the horizon. Bertha watched her from the high bluff which is the pride and favored promenade of the city. The water near the shore had a turbid appearance, as it is apt to have when stirred to the depths by the scourging storms of the spring and fall; beyond, it rose in a broad and high blue plane, not greatly different from the bands of canvas with which it is represented in the scenery of theatres.

In the evening Bertha walked there again. The wind had shifted to the northwest, and brought back a little ice; a ring was forming about the moon. When she went to bed a few snow-flakes were falling. She awoke later in the night. The moonlight no longer lay in a bar upon the floor of her chamber. It was pitch dark; the wind blew a gale;

the dashing of the waves was borne to her distinctly, far as her comfortable home was from the shore. The serious and tragic things of existence which she did not like, except in tales for an idle hour, were very near to her.

At that hour the Only Son, after a vain endeavor to beat off, was driving ashore under bare poles. Her anchor, cast out half a mile from land, dragged upon the bottom, and was of no avail except perhaps to render the shock of the breaking waves upon her more savage. The decks were slippery with snow, every rope and projection coated with a mail of ice. The floating ice ground against her savagely. Her lights now were properly displayed, — green light and red light, — all the puny precautions of the code at which the elements laughed. Her fog-horn was sounded continually; there was no help; nothing mortal could give it in such a night.

The light-keeper saw her driving straight upon the pier and close at hand. He thought she was mad enough to be attempting to make port.

“Hard down! hard down!” he cried hoarsely, through his trumpet.

But she had no wheelsman, she was coming on stern first; he might as well have talked to his light-station, shivering and rocking upon its iron supports. She struck. The deck load rattled over the pier like hail. Her mainmast snapped off and toppled over with its rigging, breaking glass in the keeper’s house. She partially righted after the shock, beat along the side of the pier and cleared it, drove to the southward, and settled at last upon a bar in the vicinity. Some of the crew had escaped to the pier; the rest sought safety in the rigging; the sea swept full through it at every wave.

At the gray of daylight they were discovered, but it was nine o’clock before a scow could be drifted to them and the half dead survivors rescued.

Two had swam for the shore, the captain and the cook, but only the latter reached it. It was in evidence before the coroner’s jury that Captain Halvorsen had said to the cook, “I can’t hold on any longer, Charley, I am going to swim for it.”

“Them was his words,” said the cook, an evil-looking fellow, who for a long time after the wreck appeared to be in funds and did not engage in any regular occupation.

This was probable; but when the stark body of the captain was found, sorely wounded, stripped of its valuables, and yet clad in a heavy overcoat, mittens, and mufflers, of which he would certainly have divested himself if it had been his intention to swim, there were those who had grave misgivings. But what coroner’s jury of honest men, anxious to get back to their business, could pry into the doings of that wild night? The wounds might have been produced by the floating ice, and as to valuables, it was not certain just what he had, and then again they might have been taken by those who found the body.

Bertha came in sable garments with her father to the funeral. It was held from a water-side inn frequented by mariners, with a balcony over the river, from which it had shrunk back as if with repulsion from the not over clean tide. She laid flowers upon the poor stiff face. She did not give way to demonstrative grief. The respectable man who kept the place said, “The heart breaks me to see such a case like dose.”

The playful young girl, who was enamored only of what was sunny and light, showed now womanly qualities for which she had not been given credit. They were noble and womanly and lovable, but it was the ending of youth, the beginning of the burdens of a later stage of existence. There is a period to all things. The fruit is savory and wholesome, the sere and yellow leaf fertilizes the ground, the timber has many

precious uses, the dry sticks are good to cast into the fire; but ah! why must the perfumed blossom fade?

The sea went down; the spring returned with a new accession of brightness. The commerce of the port came and went upon the blue flood. Curious spectators rowed peaceably about the tangled spars and rigging of the wreck. The wheat that had formed her cargo floated in long wind-rows ashore, and with it other articles of benefit to a householder in the hard winter.

Hungry Hagan gathered in with trembling alacrity as much of these gifts of Providence, cast up at his door, as he could secure from the sometimes dog-like competition of his neighbors. It was entirely in accordance with his views that the goods of the rich should be distributed now and then among the deserving poor. Could the ancient Lizzie and Louisa be put to a more charitable use than to contribute to the comfort of this honest man who had suffered so much by her?

W. H. Bishop.

LAST AND WORST.

UPON life's highway I was hastening, when
I met a trouble grim,
Whom I had often seen with other men,
But I was far from him.

He seized my arm, and with a sneering lip
Looked o'er my happy past;
With sinking heart I felt his bony grip
Clutch tight and hold me fast.

"You look," he said, "so happy and so bright
That I have come to see
Why other troubles miss you in their flight,
And what you'll do with me."

"And have you come to *stay* with me?" I cried,
Hoping respite to win.

"Yes, I have come to stay. Your world is wide;
I'm crowded where I've been."

I would not look him in the face, but turned
To take him home with me
To all my other troubles, who had spurned
His hateful company.

So he was "crowded," and with me would roam?
I laughed with sullen glee;
At arm's-length took him up the steps of home
Under my own roof tree.

And there I clutched his scrawny neck and thin,
To thrust him in the room
Where, locked and barred, I kept my troubles, in
Seclusion's friendly gloom.

Grimly he looked at me with eyes that burned:
"You nothing know of me;
The key on other troubles may be turned,
But I — am Poverty."

Ah! soon I knew it was in vain, in vain!
No locks availed for him;
Nor double doors, nor thickly curtained pane,
Could make his presence dim.

He wrote his name on all my threadbare ways,
And in my shrinking air
He told the tale of useless shifts and stays
I made against despair.

He brushed the smile from off my sweet wife's face,
And left an anxious frown;
The fresh young joys that should my children grace
His heavy feet trod down.

He took my other troubles out, and walked
With them the public street;
Clad in my sacred sorrows, cheaply talked
With all he chanced to meet.

The hours he stretched upon the rack of days,
The days to weeks of fears;
The weeks were months, whose weary, toilsome ways
Stretched out through hopeless years.

To-day I stooped to fan with eager strife
A single hope which glowed,
And 'mid the fading embers of my life
A fitful warmth bestowed.

Cheered by a spark, I turned with trembling limb
Once more the strife to wage;
But, as I turned I saw my trouble grim
Linking his arm with Age.

Old age and poverty, — here end the strife!
And ye, remorseless pair,
Drape on the last, dim mile-stone of my life
Your banner of despair.

Francis Ekin Allison.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART II.

ACCORDING to German custom, B—— took me to visit the neighboring gentry. The estates lie far apart, any one within twenty English miles being considered a neighbor. These visits were generally "timed" so that we might arrive at vespers, and we frequently remained until after *Abendbrod*. It appeared to me very much like the intercourse kept up between the families of Southern planters before the war. There is the same lavish hospitality and old-time courtesy, the same pride of station, and the same sensitiveness in regard to the condition of the peasantry which put the slaveholder on his mettle when a stranger showed too much inquisitiveness in regard to the "institution."

The residences are more like English mansions than our preconceived notions of a castle. There was one magnificent place near us. The present owner has erected a spacious and splendid modern villa, leaving the old castle, which was a castle indeed and the residence of the family for centuries, to molder away beneath the touch of time. Family pride and a feeling of reverence have prevented any desecration of the venerable pile, and it rears its broken outlines against the grand old park beyond, more beautiful than in its prime. One could still enter, beneath a crumbling arch, into an open court, once gay with flowers and fountain-sprays. There are no flowers now but a few daisies and nameless weeds which have crept up to the broken basin, from whose centre a fir-tree has sprung, tall and graceful, towering far above the ruined walls. Arched doors and shattered stairways lead from the court into dim ivy-draped apartments, where one dare not enter. Out on the velvety lawns peacocks were

preening their feathers, and under the great trees of the century-old park swans sailed about on dark, deep pools, whose banks were overhung with grass and ferns. The grass in the park looked dark and damp, and was mixed with moss and strange rank plants. There were seats hewn from solid blocks of granite bearing dates of the sixteenth century. The figures and arabesques were almost illegible, and the stone was covered with lichens and dark, suggestive stains. Adjoining the park there was a family burying-ground, where the stones lay flat, inches deep in dark moss and ivy. There rest, or rested, the mortal parts of the old *Ritter* and their stately dames, who have clashed their armor and rustled their satins and velvets through those dim aisles, and reclined on those carven seats! Ah, how awfully poor and insignificant and *modern* it made me feel! Beneath one stone of comparatively recent date rest the remains of one who had for forty years borne the burden of six Christian names, beside a family name of itself enough to consign an ordinary mortal to the dust: "Marie Julie Constanze Louise Henriette Xavière B——n von C——c. Ruhe Sanft!"

At this place I saw the youngest female scion of the house, a little creature of six years, who as a probable type of the high and well born girl of the period is worthy of mention. She rejoiced in the name of Hildegard (and how many more only her tomb-stone may reveal!). Does any one of my readers remember the little girl watching the "busy bee improve the shining hours," in Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns for Infancy, I think? This noble *Fraülein* was the exact reproduction of that figure, puffed sleeves, short waist, pinafore, long pantalettes,

and all, complete. She never left the side of her Roman-nosed governess during our visit, but sat in one corner, with folded hands and a preternaturally grave and astonished countenance, watching the antics of my little Elsa, who fluttered about like an uncommonly lively butterfly.

The American child was evidently a revelation to the German child. When a stroll in the park was proposed, Elsa snapped the elastic of her sailor hat under her brown curls, and ran on before us, springing like a lamb. Fraülein Hildegard was made to don a large hat with broad ribbons, a linen frill was tied around her neck, and long linen mitts were drawn over her skinny little arms quite up to the short sleeves; for a maiden of high degree may not allow those democratic wooers, Sun and Wind, to approach too near. Thus attired she minced along by the side of her unpleasant governess, still keeping her gaze fixed upon Elsa. All at once I noticed a faint glimmer in the little creature's pale eyes, the phantom of a smile parted her thin lips, and she gave one funny little hop, like a galvanized rabbit. Then, looking very much scared and conscience-smitten, she immediately subsided into a dignified pace again.

It not being the season for great festivities, I attended but few formal parties during my visit. But as birthdays occur regardless of time and season, and are celebrated in Germany with much display and effusion of sentiment, I had the pleasure of being present on several such occasions. A description of one will give an idea of all. The *Geburts-tagkind* in this case was the Baroness S—, mother of a large family, and the party numbered all the relatives and friends who could be brought together. We drove for two hours through fields slowly ripening for the harvest, through many villages far prettier than Y—, and arrived at H— as usual in time for vespers. The host ran down

the steps to the carriage door to meet us, a hearty and cordial custom of the province, and conducted us to the entrance-hall, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered. There was a great deal of kissing, hand-shaking, and gushing congratulations. A maid then conducted us to the dressing-room, and thence to the parlors, where coffee, cakes, etc., were served; immediately after which the gentlemen, all of them staid heads of families (there were absolutely *no young men* to be seen in the country), bowed themselves out of the ladies' presence, and betook themselves to a distant apartment, through whose open windows floated subsequently a mingled sound of laughter and clinking glasses, which proved that they were not absolutely perishing with longing for the paradise they had just quitted. Left to themselves, the weaker sex wandered about the park and flower-garden, conversing in that brilliant style customary among women when abandoned to one another's society. This being a formal occasion, the usual knitting and embroidery were dispensed with, and the ladies, as I fancied, appeared ill at ease and *dis-trait* in consequence. I amused myself by talking with two young girls, just from boarding-school, and anxious, like many others I met, to show what they did *not* know about the English language. Let me say in this connection that B— spoke English almost faultlessly, which was all the more wonderful that she had learned it more than twenty years previously from her governess, since when she had had no opportunity for practice other than by reading aloud to herself. And she spoke *genuine* English, too, often saying laughingly that I spoke American. The young girls above alluded to afforded me limitless entertainment. They insisted upon calling me "*Mee la-dee*," and propounded some absolutely startling questions in regard to America, of which they seemed to possess no knowledge whatever. I inferred

that it must have been represented on their school maps by a blank space.

"What shall be de costume of de American ladees?" inquired one gentle miss, with a glance at my dress, which was quite *de rigueur*. "Have you newspapers in Amerikah?" asked another. "Have zey churches dere?" still another. While yet another, a married lady, blushing remarked that "it must be embarrassing to see so many naked black people running about."

All this without any idea of quizzing. Our country is simply a subject too insignificant to occupy their time or attention. It is regarded at the most as a penal colony, where their "bad boys" are comfortably gotten rid of. I was disputing good-naturedly with one miss of a somewhat original turn, on one occasion, and remarked finally, "I see, Fräulein, that *you* will come to America eventually." "I must first do something very bad!" she promptly answered. Of course not every one I met was so ignorant. Some of the gentlemen had vague notions of our country *geographically*, but they all entertained many false opinions, which it was a waste of powder to combat. They will tell you plainly that our birds are songless, our flowers scentless, our fruit tasteless, and our people conscienceless. When you attempt to dispute these points, they will regard you courteously, but compassionately, and maintain their preconceived ideas with a tenacity worthy of a better cause.

But I have digressed too far. I have left those ungallant husbands too long in the card-room. After an hour or two these lords of creation did finally appear, breathing suggestive odors of the weed and the vine, and escorted us to the supper-table. The supper was profuse, heavy, and long drawn out. A perfect bouquet of different colored wine-glasses was before each *couvert*. At least a dozen kinds of wine were served, over which the whole party, the ladies

included, became dignifiedly hilarious. The conversation was, as usual, of the crops, local politics, and the dreadful doings of Bismarck, whom these conservative people regard with unmixed disapprobation. Of course everybody was duly toasted, from the corpulent and motherly Geburtstagskind up to the emperor, who was always spoken of with bated breath. When we had eaten and drunk ourselves into a comatose condition we returned to the parlors. Thereupon ensued the ceremony before described. Everybody wished everybody else, *separately*, "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*," the gentlemen bowing deeply, the ladies dropping queer little old-time courtesies. Fifty persons were present, therefore each had to repeat the ceremony forty-nine times! Multiply forty-nine by fifty and calculate the amount of muscular force expended. I resolved to go through with the ceremony or perish in the effort. I bowed and I bowed, until I panted like a hart, and the bowing and bobbing figures before me swam in a lurid haze. And still they came! In the midst of it appeared B——'s handsome roseate face. She must have seen and comprehended the despair written upon my brow, for she whispered, "You find this comical, do you not?" I gave her a glance in answer which sent her off laughing heartily (she was too bright not to realize how the ceremony must seem to an outside barbarian), and I bowed on and on. The carriages were announced soon after, and we rode home in a silence pleasantly diversified by falling asleep and rolling off the seats into one another's arms.

Some of the impromptu gatherings were altogether pleasanter and brighter. There was little to stimulate the intellect in conversation, but through all the rather prosaic and monotonous tone ran that fine quality of gentle breeding which gives a charm to commonest themes. I expected more in the way of music. All the ladies learn music, but, like our own matrons,

in most cases lay it aside after marriage for more practical occupations. My attainments in a musical way, and particularly my acquaintance with classical German composers, caused them great surprise. My own astonishment was no less intense when a gentleman asked me, on one occasion, to sing Nelly Bly ! I found, when I could recover my powers of speech, that he had heard it from an army comrade who had lived in America, and regarded it (perhaps rightly ?) as a true exponent of American art. Of American authors not much was known. Some of the better read knew Longfellow and Irving through translations, but the two books most frequently mentioned to me were *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and — *The Wide, Wide World* !

I remember with unfading freshness a ride which I took with F—— over the estates, one lovely midsummer morning. Our road lay at first through forests of fir, beech, and oak ; not the spontaneous growths of nature, but planted by the prudent hand of man, as doubtless will be done at no distant day in our own country. These artificial forests were in all stages, — some just started, others the growth of many years, where the trees stand tall and straight, row upon row, like a vast army. The ground underneath was smooth, as if swept by the hand of a careful housewife, every fallen twig being gathered into fagots by the old women and children of the village. How different from our wild woods at home ! Not a mossy log, vine-clad rock, or ferny nook to be seen ; only the arid sandy soil, with its sparse covering of pine-needles and deep, gloomy vistas, which surely none but evil gnomes and brownies would care to haunt. Emerging from the forest, we came upon the tiny village of J——, a wretched collection of hovels, with no church, but with a school-house, and a teacher who has a pretty cottage covered with climbing roses and honeysuckle. Here are extensive stables, poultry-yards, and dairies.

The inhabitants are occupied entirely in caring for the vast herds of cattle, and for the flocks of fowl which set up a deafening noise as we drove through their midst. Hideous beldames, with voices scarcely less shrill, hobbled about after them, and scores of sunburnt, dirty children ran after our carriage to stare at the little American girl. Leaving the noisy village behind us, we drove on into the valley of the Oder. Here the soil is fertile, and the earth was teeming with a rich harvest, — acres upon acres of rye, ripe and ready for the sickle, its yellow gleaming blades mingled with lovely blue corn-flowers. As the wind swayed the broad golden surface the blue under-tint mingled with the yellow, producing an effect no pen or brush can portray. Then there were fields upon fields of barley, oats, and wheat, still of a vivid green, inlaid with scarlet poppies, another matchless effect of color. Here and there were long stretches of yellow-blossomed lupine and snowy buckwheat, patches of rose and white and purple poppies in full bloom, melting into each other in exquisite gradations. There were great pastures, where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed ankle-deep in white clover, while the shepherd drowsed beneath some splendid oak, his big white dog keeping the herds within bounds ; for there are no fences, and all these sheets of color simply merge themselves into one unbroken surface. In the ripe fields women in red skirts and white bodices were reaping the grain, while the men loaded it upon creaking carts. The midsummer sun steeped everything in clear, fervid light, and larks sprang from the rustling grain as our wheels rolled by, and darting upward into the blue showered their liquid notes down upon us like a benediction. It was like a Pastoral of Beethoven.

About this time a drought set in, and lasted almost two months. Water was poor and scarce, and the mystery of the

padlocked cisterns was made clear to me. The sap seemed to dry out of everything except fruit, which flourished finely in the tropical atmosphere. The cherry crop was particularly fine. Let no one who has not eaten cherries outside of America fancy that he knows anything at all on the subject. Like the plums, which ripen later, their variety is infinite, their excellence surpasses description. Those small sour objects, with more stone than pulp, which one eats in our country gingerly and with a lurking suspicion of worms, are unworthy of the name. Coming as they did that season in the midst of a drought which turned the very milk of human kindness sour, and made one contemplate emigration to the arctic regions, those German cherries were a revelation indeed. We devoured them by the bushel, now the yellow, now the red, now the black, with vast, insatiable appetites. Sitting thus one afternoon at vespers, listless and bored, we saw a strange carriage enter the court. B—— cast one eagle glance upon it, and cried, in awe-struck and delighted tones, "The prince!" Then she plunged one look into the now empty coffee-pot, sent it to the kitchen for replenishment, smoothed her ruffled plumage, and assumed an expression as if coffee-pots did not exist.

"A prince!" To confess the truth I had had a surfeit of counts and barons, "and such small deer." They had begun to pall upon my taste. But now a veritable prince would greet my vision. Oh, dazzling prospect! I stayed not on the order of my going, but went at once in search of my offspring. I found them seated in the donkey-wagon (eating cherries, of course), as dirty as chimney-sweeps and correspondingly happy. I seized them remorselessly, and hurried through devious ways to the back entrance of the Schloss and into my room, where, with my handmaid's assistance, they were soon made beautiful in white and azure, and sent into the august pres-

ence. While dressing I got into quite a flutter of uncertainty as to the form of address to be used in the coming interview. One says "Herr Graf" or "Herr Baron," but it would not do at all to say "Herr Prinz"! That I knew. It must be "Durchlaut"! Great was my relief when B—— came in to tell me that I could converse with the visitors in my mother tongue, addressing them simply as prince and princess.

When presentable I went out, and was introduced, *not* to the crown prince, as the reader may have imagined, nor yet to *any* prince of the blood royal, but simply to his highness the Prince von H——c, his wife and three daughters. The prince was very tall and good-looking, but oh how seedy! his wife a small, dowdy, pleasant-faced woman; and the young princesses far behind the average American girl in point of looks and style. They were dressed like "sweet girl graduates," in white muslin and blue sashes, very simply fashioned. All were near-sighted, the eldest quite blind. She was a pale, gentle creature, and appeared to be the pet and idol of the family. She took a fancy to me, and held my hand all the time I was walking with them. The prince was very genial, almost boyish, in his manners. He escorted me to the table at supper, and we chatted away in English in the most familiar style. He had a way of laughing uproariously at the most feeble witticisms which was very amusing. When they went away the blind girl put up her lips and kissed me most affectionately. We returned this visit later in the season. The H——c family inhabit a *veritable* castle, a vestige of feudal times, which I was wild to get a fair view of. My disappointment was great when I found that from our closed carriage I could obtain absolutely no view of it at all. We drove up to the moat, now dry and half filled with weeds and débris, and spanned by a small stone bridge. Here we waited while our foot-

man went in to announce our arrival, as is the custom here. He returned, and we drove under a grand carved archway into an open court, where, at the foot of a stately stairway, the prince received us. I fear my manner was distrait, for I was eagerly scanning the old, time-stained walls and the grotesquely carved windows and door-ways which opened upon the court. The pavement was full of wheel ruts, the stairs worn into hollows by the feet of generations. The wife of the prince received us in a splendid lofty apartment. The ceiling of this room was peculiar. The centre represented the surface of a river or lake, being one broad sheet of rippling waves. The border, or cornice, represented reeds and all manner of aquatic plants, among which sported water nymphs and baby boys astride of dolphins, blowing vigorously upon conch-shells. The whole was in pure white stucco. The effect was fine. The blind princess was present, but her two sisters did not appear till later, and B—— told me afterwards that, in the scarcity of servants, they had been picking the fine late strawberries with which we were subsequently regaled. She had seen the stains upon their lily fingers.

A flavor of mild decay was perceptible everywhere, which spoke of shrunken revenues and a struggle to maintain the establishment. Servile and weak-minded creature that I am, these evidences of reduced fortune were painful to me. The good prince was so absolutely charming! Anything like his sweetness toward his wife and daughters I never saw. He was enthusiastic in his enjoyment of the music at which it was my pleasure to assist, going down upon his knees to get nearer to the notes, a proceeding rendered necessary by his immense height and near-sightedness. The blind princess sang in a sweet, quavering voice, which seemed groping its way among the notes as she, poor girl, is doomed to go through life. Supper was served in an immense vaulted hall, where our voices echoed and reëchoed, like the voices of the vanished guests of centuries past who had sat at this same board. How I longed, with the ardor of an unsophisticated American, to go over the grand old place, and *ask questions!* But I fear that on the first suspicion of being "interviewed" the genial old gentleman would have retreated into his castle and let down the portcullis.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

MEN find Time's keepsakes of an age forgot
 Hid in the nooks and crannies of the earth,—
 A flint, a statue in a buried grot,—
 And hail with reverence their second birth.
 They hear, while standing with uncovered head,
 Echoes of lives, whose souls, perhaps, are dead.

But we have chanced upon a wondrous thing,
 The sweetness of a life that, slighted there,
 Dreamed itself over from a bygone spring,
 An idyl fresh from Arcady the fair,—
 Dear, from the Golden Age our lore is lent,
 Its heart still young, its essence still unspent.

"How do you think it understood our speech?
How did it know us as we loitered by?
Do we remind it of those two whose reach
It fluttered from?" So questions she, but I:
"We woke it, dear; a sleeping beauty this,
That slept and waited for us both to kiss."

W. T.

A FLORENTINE EXPERIMENT.

ONE afternoon, three years ago, two ladies were talking together on the heights of Fiesole overlooking Florence. They occupied the stone bench which bears the inscription of its donor, an appreciative Englishman, who in a philanthropical spirit has had it placed there for the benefit of the pilgrims from all nations who come to these heights to see the enchanting view. The two ladies were not speaking of the view, however, but of something more personal. It seemed to be interesting.

"He is certainly much in love with you," said one, who was taller and darker than her companion. As she spoke, she gave back a letter which she had been reading.

"Yes, I think he is," said the other reflectively, replacing it in its envelope.

"I suppose you are so accustomed to it, Beatrice, that it does not make much impression upon you," continued the first speaker, her glance as she spoke resting not upon her companion, but upon the lovely levels beneath, with the violet-hued mountains rising softly up round about them, so softly that one forgot they were mountains until the eye caught the gleam of snow on the summits towards the east. There was a pause after this question, and it lasted so long that the questioner at length removed her eyes from the landscape, and turned them upon her friend; to her surprise she saw that the friend was blushing.

"Why, Beatrice!" she exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"No," said Beatrice, "it is not possible. I know that I am blushing; but you must not think too much of that. I am not as strong as I was, and blush at everything; I am taking iron for it. In the present case, it only means that" — She paused.

"That you like him," suggested the other, smiling.

"I like a number of persons," said Mrs. Lovell tranquilly, gazing in her turn down the broad, slightly-winding valley, dotted with its little white villages, and ending in a soft blue haze through which the tawny Arno, its course marked by a line of tall, slender, lightly-foliaged, seemingly branchless trees, like tall rods in leaf, went onward towards the west.

"I know you do," said the first speaker. "And I really wish," she added, with a slight touch of vehemence, "that your time would come, — that I should see you at last liking some one person really and deeply and jealously, and to the exclusion of all the rest."

"I don't know why you should wish me unhappiness, Margaret. You have beautiful theories, I know; but in my *experience*" (Mrs. Lovell slightly underlined this word as if in opposition to the "theories" of her friend) "the people who have those deeper sort of feelings you describe are almost always very unhappy."

Margaret turned her head, and looked towards the waving line of the Carrara mountains; in her eyes there was the reflection of a sudden inward pain. But she knew that she could indulge in this momentary expression of feeling; the mountains would not betray her, and the friend by her side did not realize that anything especial could have happened to "Margaret." In excuse for Mrs. Lovell it may be said that so much that was very especial had always happened, and still continued to happen, to her, that she had not much time for the more faintly colored episodes of other people.

Beatrice Lovell was an unusually lovely woman. The adjective is here used to signify that she inspired love. Not by any effort, word, action, or hardly interest of her own; but simply because she was what she was. Her beauty was not what is called striking; it touched the eye gently at first, but always grew. People who liked to analyze said that the secret lay in the fact that she had the sweetness, the tints, the surface-texture as it were, and even sometimes the expression, of childhood still; and then, when you came to look deeper, you found underneath all the richer bloom of the woman. Her golden hair, not thick or long, but growing in little soft wavelets upon her small head; her delicate rose-leaf skin, showing the blue veins; her little teeth and the shape of her sweet mouth, — all these were like childhood. In addition she was dimpled and round, with delicately-cut features, and long-lashed violet eyes in whose soft depths lay always an expression of gentle trust. This beautiful creature was robed to-day in widow's mourning garb made in the severest fashion, without one attempt to decorate or lighten it. But the straight-skirted untrimmed garments, the little close bonnet, and the heavy veil pinned over it with straight crape pins, only brought out more vividly the tints of her beauty.

"No," she continued, as her companion did not speak, "I by no means wish for the feelings you invoke for me. I am better off as I am; I keep my self-possession. For instance, I told this Sicily person that it was in very bad taste to speak to me in that way at such a time, — so soon after Mr. Lovell's death; and that I was much annoyed by it."

"It has not prevented his writing," said Margaret, coming back slowly from the Carrara mountains, and letting her eyes rest upon the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio below, springing above the city-roofs like the stem of a flower.

"They always write, I think," said Mrs. Lovell simply.

"I know they do — to *you*," said Margaret. She turned as she spoke, and looked at her friend with the same old affection and admiration which she had felt for her from childhood, but now with a sort of speculative curiosity added. How must it feel to live such a life, — to be constantly surrounded and accompanied by an atmosphere of devotion and enthrallment such as that letter had expressed? Beatrice seemed to divine something of her friend's thought, and answered it after her fashion.

"It is such a comfort to be with you, Margaret," she said affectionately; "it has always been a comfort, ever since we were children. I can talk freely to you, and as I can talk to no one else. You understand; you do not misunderstand. But all the other women I meet invariably do; or at least pretend to enough to excuse their being horribly disagreeable."

Margaret took her hand. They had taken off their gloves as the afternoon was warm, and they had the heights to themselves; it was early in March, and the crowd of tourists who come in the spring to Italy, and those more loitering travelers who had spent the winter in Naples or Rome, had not yet reached Florence, although it may be said that

they were at the door. Mrs. Lovell's hands, now destitute of ornament save the plain band of the wedding-ring, were small, dimpled, very white; her friend Miss Stowe had hands equally small, but darker and more slender.

"You have been happy all your life, have you not, Beatrice?" said Margaret, not questioningly so much as assertively.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lovell, "I think I have. Of course I was much shocked by Mr. Lovell's death; he was very kind to me."

"Mr. Lovell," as his wife always called him, had died four months previously. He was fifty-six years of age, and Beatrice had been his wife for a little more than a year. He had been very happy with her, and had left her his fortune and his blessing; with these, and his memory, she had come abroad, and had been for six weeks in Sicily, with some elderly friends. She had stopped in Florence to see Miss Stowe, who was spending the winter there with an aunt; but she was not to remain. In her present state of seclusion, she was to visit Venice and the Lakes in advance of the season, and spend the summer in "the most quiet village" which could be discovered for her especial benefit on the Brittany coast. The friends had not met for two years, and there had been much to tell, — that is, for Beatrice to tell. Her always personal narratives were saved from tediousness, however, because they were not the usual decorated feminine fancies, but plain masculine facts (oh, very plain!); and because, also, the narrator was herself quite without the vanity which might naturally have accompanied them. This last merit seemed to her admirers a very remarkable one; in reality it was only that, having no imagination, she took a simple, practical view of everything, themselves included. This last, however, they never discovered, because her unflinching tact and gentleness lay broadly and softly over all.

"And what shall you do about your Sicily person?" said Margaret, not in the least however associating the remark, and knowing also that Beatrice would not associate it, with "Mr. Lovell" and his "memory" (it was quite well understood between them about "Mr. Lovell").

"Of course I shall not answer."

"And if he follows you?"

"He will hardly do that — now. Besides, he is going to America; he sails to-morrow. Our having been together in Sicily was quite by chance, of course; he knows that, and he knows also that I intend to pay, in every way, the strictest respect to Mr. Lovell's memory. That will be fully two years."

"And then?"

"Oh, I never plan. If things do not assert themselves, they are not worth a plan."

"You certainly are the most delightful little piece of common sense I ever met," said Margaret, laughing and kissing her. "I wish you would give me a share of it! But come, — it is late; we must go."

As they went down the slope together towards the village where their carriage was waiting, they looked not unlike the two seventeen-year-old school-girls of eight years before; Beatrice was smiling, and Margaret's darker face was lighted by the old animation which had always charmed her lovely but unanimated friend. It may here be remarked that the greatest intellectual excitements which Beatrice Lee had known had been when Margaret Stowe had let loose her imagination, and carried her friend up with her, as on strong wings, to those regions of fancy which she never attained alone; Beatrice had enjoyed it, wondered over it, and then had remained passive until the next time.

"Ah well — poor Sicily person!" said Margaret as they took their places in the carriage. "I know just what you will do with him. You will write down

his name in a memorandum book, so as not to forget it; you will safely burn his poor letter as you have safely burned so many others; and you will go gently on to Britanny without even taking the ashes!"

"Keep it for me!" said Mrs. Lovell suddenly, drawing the letter from her pocket and placing it in Margaret's hand. "Yes," she repeated, enjoying her idea and dwelling upon it, delighted to find that she possessed a little fancy of her own after all, "keep it for me; and read it over once in a while. It is quite well written, and will do you good, because it is not one of your theories, but a fact. There is nothing disloyal in my giving it to you, because I always tell you everything, and this Sicily person has no claim for exemption in that regard. He has gone back to America, and you will not meet him. No, — positively, I will not take it. You must keep it for me."

"Very well," said Margaret, amused by this little unexpected flight. "But as I may go back to America also, I want to be quite sure where I stand; did you happen to mention to this Sicily person my name, or anything about me?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lovell promptly. "We did not talk on such subjects, you know."

"And he had no idea that you were to stop in Florence?"

"No; he supposed I was to take the steamer at Naples for Marseilles. You need not be so scrupulous; everything is quite safe."

"And when shall I return the epistle?"

"When I ask for it," said Mrs. Lovell, laughing.

The next morning she went northward to Venice.

Two weeks later, Miss Stowe formed one of the company at a reception, or rather a musical party. She looked

quite unlike the "Margaret" of Fiesole as she sat on a small, faded purple-satin sofa, listening, rather frowningly, to the rippling movement that follows the march in Beethoven's sonata, opus twenty-six; she had never liked that rippling movement, she did not pretend to like it now. Her frown, however, was slight, merely a little line between her dark eyebrows; it gave her the appearance of attention rather than of disapprobation. The "Margaret" of Fiesole had looked like an animated, almost merry, young girl; the "Miss Stowe" of the reception appeared older than she really was, and her face wore an expression of proud reserve, which, although veiled by all the conventional graciousness required by society, was not on that account any the less apparent. She was richly dressed; but the general effect of her attire was that of simplicity. She fanned herself slowly with a large fan, whose sticks were of carved amber, and the upper part of soft gray ostrich plumes, curled; closed or open, as she used it or as it lay beside her, this fan was an object of beauty. As the music ceased, a lady came fluttering across the room, and, with a whispered "Permit me," introduced a gentleman, whose name, in the hum of released conversation, Miss Stowe did not hear.

"He understands *everything* about old pictures, and you *know* how ignorant I am!" said this lady, half-closing her eyes, and shaking her ringleted head with an air of abnegation. "I have but *one* inspiration; there is room in me but for *one*. I bring him, therefore, to you, who have so many! We *all* know your love for the early masters, — may I not say, the *earliest*?"

Madame Ferri was an American who had married a Florentine; she was now a little widow of fifty, with gray ringlets and emotions regarding music almost too ineffable to be expressed. I say "almost," because she did, after all, express them; as her friends knew. She was a

useful person in Florence because she indefatigably knew everybody, the English and Americans as well as the Florentines; and she spent her time industriously at work mingling these elements, whether they would or no. No one thanked her for this, especially, or remembered it after it was done; if republics are ungrateful, even more so is a society whose component parts are transient, coming and departing day by day. But Madame Ferri herself appreciated the importance of her social combinations, if no one else did; and, like many another chemist, lived on content in the consciousness of it.

"I know very little about old pictures," said the stranger, with a slight smile, finding himself left alone beside Miss Stowe.

"And I — do not like them," she replied.

"If, more than that, you dislike them, we shall have something to talk about. Dislike can generally express itself very well."

"On the contrary, I think it is one of those feelings we do not express, — but conceal."

"You are thinking of persons, perhaps. I was speaking of things. Pictures are things."

Miss Stowe felt herself slightly displeased; and the feeling was not lessened when, with a "Will you allow me?" the stranger took a seat at the end of her sofa, in the space left free by the gray silken sweep of her dress. There was in reality an abundance of room for him; other men were seated, and there was no chair near. Still, the sofa was a small one; the three Italians and two Frenchmen who had succeeded each other in the honor of standing beside her for eight or ten minutes' conversation had not thought of asking for the place so calmly taken by this newcomer. She looked at him as he began talking; he was quite unlike the three Italians and two Frenchmen. He was not

ruddy enough for an Englishman of that complexion; he had a lethargic manner which was un-American. She decided, however, that he was, like herself, an American; but an American who had lived much abroad.

He was talking easily upon the various unimportant subjects in vogue at a "small party;" she replied in the same strain.

Margaret Stowe was not beautiful; "pretty" was the last word that could have been applied to her. Her features were irregular; she had a well-shaped, well-poised head, and a quantity of dark hair which she wore closely braided in a low knot behind. She was tall, slender, and rather graceful; she had dark eyes. As has been said before, she was not beautiful; but within the past two years she had acquired, her friends thought, an air of what is called distinction. In reality this was but a deep indifference, combined with the wish at the same time to maintain her place unchanged in the society in which she moved. Indifference and good manners taken together, in a tall and graceful person, will generally give that air. Beatrice Lovell had not perceived this change in her friend; but on that day at Fiesole, Miss Stowe had been simply the "Margaret" of old.

In accordance with what we have called her good manners, Miss Stowe now gave to the stranger beside her easy replies, several smiles, and a fair amount of intelligent attention. It was all he could have expected; but, being a man of observation, he perceived her indifference lying broadly underneath, like the white sand under a shallow river.

During the same week she met him at a dinner party, and they had some conversation. Later, he was one of the guests at a reception which she attended, and again they talked together awhile. She now mentioned him to her aunt, Miss Harrison, to whom she generally

gave, every few days, a brief account of the little events in the circle to which they belonged. She had learned his name by this time; it was Morgan.

"I wonder if he is a grandson of old Adam Morgan," said Miss Harrison, who was genealogical and reminiscent. "If he is, I should like to see him. Has he a Roman nose?"

"I think not," said her niece, smiling.

"Well, describe him, then."

"He is of medium height, neither slender nor stout; he is light, with rather peculiar eyes because they are so blue, — a deep dull blue, like old china; but they are not large, and he does not fully open them. He has a long light mustache, no beard, and very closely cut light hair."

"He must be good-looking."

"No; he is not, especially. He may be anywhere between thirty and forty; his hair in a cross-light shows a slight tinge of gray. He looks fatigued. He looks cynical. I should not be surprised if he was selfish. I do not like him."

"But if he should be the grandson of old Adam, I should have to invite him to dinner," said Miss Harrison, reflectively. "I could not do less, I think."

"I won't poison the soup. But Morgan is a common name, Aunt Ruth; this is the fourth Morgan I have met here this spring. There is n't one chance in a thousand that he belongs to the family you know." She was smiling as she spoke, but did not explain her smile; she was thinking that "Morgan" was also the name signed to that letter locked in her writing-desk, a letter whose expressions she now knew quite well, having obeyed Mrs. Lovell's injunction to "read it over," more than once. They were ardent expressions; it might be said indeed that they were very ardent.

But now and then that one chance in a thousand, so often summarily dismissed, asserts its existence, and appears upon the scene. It turned out in the

present case that the stranger was the grandson of the old Adam Morgan whom Miss Harrison remembered. Miss Stowe, in the mean time, had continued to meet him; but now she was to meet him in a new way, when he would be more upon her hands, as it were; for Miss Harrison invited him to dinner.

Miss Ruth Harrison was an invalid of nearly sixty years of age; she had been for ten years in Europe, but had only had her orphaned niece with her during the past eighteen months. She had a large fortune, and she gave Margaret every luxury; especially she liked to see her richly dressed. But it was quite well understood between them that the bulk of her wealth was to go to another relative in America, who bore her family name. It was understood between them, but it was not understood outside. On the contrary, it was generally believed in Florence that Miss Stowe would inherit the whole. It is just possible that this belief may have had a remote influence in shaping the opinion which prevailed there, namely, that this young lady was "handsome" and "gracious," when in truth she was neither. But Mr. Morgan, the new-comer, exhibited so far, at least, no disposition to fall in with this fiction. In his estimation Miss Stowe was a conventionally agreeable, inwardly indifferent young lady of twenty-six, who carried herself well, but was too ironical, as well as too dark. He came to dinner. And did not change his opinion.

A few days after the dinner, Miss Harrison invited her new acquaintance to drive; she was able to go out for an hour or two in the afternoon, and she had a luxurious carriage and fine horses. Miss Stowe did not accompany them; she went off by herself to walk in the Boboli Garden.

Miss Harrison returned in good humor. "I like him," she announced, as the maid removed her bonnet. "Yes, — I think I may hope that the grandson

of old Adam is not going to be a disappointment."

"The grandson of Adam — I suppose his name is Adam also — is a fortunate person, Aunt Ruth, to have gained your liking so soon; you do not often take likings to strangers."

"His name is not Adam," pursued Miss Harrison, "and that is a pity; there is character, as well as association, in Adam. He has a family name — Trafford. His mother was a Miss Trafford of Virginia, it seems."

Miss Stowe was selecting flowers from a fragrant heap before her, to fill the wide-mouthed vases which stood on the floor by her side; but now she stopped. "Trafford Morgan" was the name signed at the end of that letter! It must be he; it was not probable that there were two names of that especial combination; it seemed a really remarkable chance. And evidently he had not gone to America, in spite of Mrs. Lovell's belief. She began to smile and almost to laugh, bending her head over a great soft purple heap of Florence lilies, in order that her aunt might not observe it. But the large room was dusky, and Miss Harrison near-sighted; she observed nothing. The two ladies occupied an apartment in a house which, if it had not been so new, would have been called a "palace." Although modern, the measurements had been after the old Florentine pattern, and the result was that the occupants moved about in rooms which could have contained entire, each one, a small American house. But they liked the vastness. After a moment Miss Stowe went on arranging her blossoms, but inwardly she was enjoying much entertainment; she was going over in her own mind the expressions of that letter, which now took on quite a new character, coming no longer from some formless stranger, but from a gentleman with whom she had spoken, a person she had met and would meet again. "I never should have dreamed

that he was capable of it," she said to herself. "He has seemed indifferent, *blasé*. But it places *me* in a nice position! Especially now that Aunt Ruth has taken a fancy to him. I must write to Beatrice immediately, and ask her to take back the stupid letter." She wrote during the same evening.

The next day she was attacked by a severe illness, severe although short. No one could tell what was the matter with her; even the physician was at fault. She did not eat or sleep, she seemed hardly to know what they said when they spoke to her. Her aunt was alarmed. But at the end of the week, as suddenly as she had fallen ill she came back to life again, rose, ordered the maid to braid her hair, and appeared at Miss Harrison's lonely little dinner-table quite herself, save that she was tremulous and pale. But by the next day even these signs were no longer very apparent. It was decided that she had had an attack of "nervous prostration;" "although why in the world you should have been seized by it just now, and here, I am at a loss, Margaret, to imagine," said her aunt.

On the day of her reappearance at the dinner-table, there came a letter from Beatrice which bore the post-mark of a village on one of the Channel islands. Mrs. Lovell had changed her plans, and gone yachting for a month or two with a party of friends, a yacht probably being considered to possess attributes of seclusion more total than even the most soundless village on the Brittany shore. Of course she had not received Margaret's letter, nor could she receive one — their route being uncertain, but nevertheless to the southward — until her return. Communication between them for the present was therefore at an end.

On the afternoon after Margaret's reappearance, Madame Ferri was making a visit of congratulation upon the recovery of "our dear girl." It was a cool day, a heavy rain had fallen, and fresh

snow gleamed on the summits of the Apennines; our dear girl, very unresponsive and silent, was dressed in black velvet, whose rich plain folds brought out her slenderness and made more apparent than usual the graceful shape of her head and hair. But the unrelieved black made her look extremely pale, and it was her recent illness, probably, which made her look also tired and languid. Madame Ferri, who kept constantly in practice her talent for being charming (she was always spoken of as "charming"), looked at her for a time, while conversing; then she rose, took all the crimson roses from a vase, and, going to her, placed one in her hair, meditatively; another in a button-hole of the closely fitting high corsage; and, after a moment's reflection, all the others in a bunch in a velvet loop which was on the side of the skirt not quite half way down, rapidly denuding herself of pins for the purpose as she proceeded. "There!" she said, stepping back a few paces to survey her handiwork, with her head critically on one side, "*now* you are a picture. Look, dear Miss Harrison, pray look."

Miss Harrison put up her glass and approved. And then, while this climax still lasted, Madame Ferri took her departure; she liked to depart in a climax.

She had hardly gone when another card was brought in: "Mr. Trafford Morgan." He too had come to pay his respects to Miss Harrison upon the change for the better in her niece; he had not expected to see the latter person, he had merely heard that there was "an improvement." After he had been there twenty minutes, he said to himself that there was; and in more ways than one. She not only looked much better than usual (this may have been owing to the roses), but there was a new gentleness about her; and she listened with a perceptible increase of attention to what he said. Not that he cared much for this; he had not admired Miss Stowe;

but any man (this he remarked to himself) likes to be listened to when he is talking, better than the contrary; and as the minutes passed he became conscious that Miss Stowe was not only listening, but bestowing upon him also what seemed an almost serious attention. She did not say much, — Miss Harrison said more; but she listened to and looked at him. She had not looked at him previously; people can turn their eyes upon one without really looking, and Miss Stowe had excelled in this accomplishment.

During the next week he met her at a dinner-party; she went to these entertainments with a friend of her aunt's, a lady who was delighted to act as chaperone for the heiress. The spring season was now at its height in Florence, and the members of the same circle perforce constantly met each other; on each separate occasion during the two weeks that followed, Trafford Morgan was conscious that Miss Stowe was honoring him, although in a studiously guarded and quiet way, with much of a very observant attention. This, in the end, excited in him some curiosity. He had as good an opinion of himself as most men have; but he did not think it probable that the heiress had suddenly fallen in love with him without rhyme or reason, as it were, the "rhyme" being that he was neither an Apollo, an Endymion, nor a military man; the "reason," that he had never in the least attempted to make himself agreeable to her. Of course, if he *had* attempted — But he had not. She was not in need of entertainment; she had enough of that, of all sorts, including apparently the sort given by suitors. She showed no sign of having troublesomely impulsive feelings; on the contrary she seemed cold. "She is playing some game," he thought; "she has some end in view. But if she wishes to make use of me, she must show her hand more. I may assist her, and I may not; but at any rate I must understand what it is, —

I will not be led." He made up his mind that her aim was to excite remark in their circle; there was probably some one in that circle who was to be stimulated by a little wholesome jealousy. It was an ancient and commonplace method; and he had not thought her commonplace. But human nature at heart is but a commonplace affair after all, and the methods and motives of the world have not altered much, in spite of the gray lapse of ages.

Morgan was an idle man; at present he was remaining in Italy for a purpose and had nothing to do there. The next time he met Miss Stowe, he followed out his theory and took the lead; he began to pay her attention which might, if pursued, have aroused observation. To his surprise she drew back, and so completely, that he was left stranded. He tried this three times on three different occasions; and each time met the same rebuff. It became evident, therefore, that Miss Stowe did not wish for the kind of attention which he had supposed was her point; but as, whenever she could do it unobserved, she continued to turn upon him the same quiet scrutiny, he began to ask himself whether she wished for any other. An opportunity occurred which made him think that she did.

It was in the Boboli Garden, where he had gone to walk off a fit of weariness; here he came upon Miss Stowe. There seemed to be no one in the garden save themselves, at least no one whom they knew; only a few stray tourists wandering about, with Baedeker, Horner, and Hare. The world of fashion was at the Cascine that day, where races were going on. Morgan did not feel like talking; he exchanged the usual phrases with Miss Stowe, and then prepared to pass on. But she said, gently, "Are you going now? If not, why not stroll awhile with me?"

After this, as he mentally observed, of course he was forced to stroll awhile. But, on the whole, he found himself en-

tertained, because his companion gave him an attention which was almost devout. Its seriousness indeed compelled him to be serious likewise, and made him feel as though he was in an atmosphere combining the characteristics of a church and a school; he was partly priest, partly pedagogue, — and the sensation was amusing. She asked him what he liked best in Florence; and she called it, gravely, "enchanting Florence."

"Giotto and Botticelli," he answered.

"I wish you would be in earnest; I am in earnest."

"With all the earnestness in the world, Miss Stowe, I could only repeat the same reply."

"What is it you find to like in them? Will you tell me?"

"It would take an age — a full half-hour; you would be quite tired out. Women are so much quicker in their mental processes than we are, that you would apprehend what I was going to say before I could get it out; you would ascend all the heights, scour all the plains, and arrive at the goal before I came even in sight, where you would sit waiting, patiently or impatiently, as I, slowly and with mortified perception, approached."

"Yes, we are quick; but we are superficial. I wish you would tell me."

He glanced at her; she was looking at him with an expression in her eyes which was extremely earnest. "I cannot deliver a discourse while walking," he said. "I require a seat."

"Let us go to the amphitheatre; I often sit there for a while on the stone benches under the old statues. I like to see them standing around the circle; they are so serenely indifferent to the modern pencil-scrrawlings on their robes, so calmly certain that their time will come again."

"What you say is entirely charming. Still, I hardly think I can talk to the statues. I must have something more

— more secluded.” He was aware that he was verging upon a slight impertinence ; but he wished to see whether she would accede, — what she would do. He made no effort to find the seclusion of which he spoke ; he left that to her.

She hesitated a moment ; then, “ We might go to a seat there is under a tree at the top of the slope,” she said. “ It is a pleasant place.”

He assented ; and they went up the path by the side of the tall, stately hedges, and past the fountain and the great statue of *Abbondanza*. The stone bench was not one of those sought for ; it was not in front, but on the western side. It commanded a view of the city below, with the *Duomo* and *Giotto's* lovely bell-tower ; of the fruit-trees all in flower on the outskirts ; of the tree-tops of the *Cascine*, now like a cloud of golden smoke with their tender brown leaflets, tasseled blossoms, and winged seeds ; of the young grain springing greenly down the valley ; and the soft, velvety mountains rising all around. “ How beautiful it is ! ” she said, leaning back, closing her parasol and folding her hands.

“ Beautiful — yes ; but barren of human interest save to those who are going to sell the fruit, or who depend upon the growth of the grain. The beauty of art is deeper ; it is all human.”

“ I must be quite ignorant about art,” she answered, “ because it does not impress me in that way ; I wish it did. I wish you would instruct me a little, Mr. Morgan.”

“ Good ! ” he thought. “ What next ? ” But although he thought, he of course was obliged to talk also, and so he began about the two art masters he had mentioned. He delivered quite an epic upon *Giotto's* two little frescoes in the second cloister of *Santa Maria Novella*, and he openly preferred the third there — the little *Virgin* going up the impossible steps — to *Titian's* splendid picture of

the same subject, in *Venice*. He grew didactic and mystic over the round *Botticelli* of the *Uffizi* and the one in the *Prometheus* room at the *Pitti* ; he invented as he went along, and amused himself not a little with his own unusual flow of language. His companion listened, and now and then asked a question. But her questions were directed more towards what he thought of the pictures (after a while he noticed this), and what impressions they made upon him, than to the pictures themselves or their claims to celebrity. As he went on, he made some slight attempts to diverge a little from the subject in hand, and skirt, if ever so slightly, the borders of flirtation ; he was curious to see if she would follow him there. But she remained unresponsive ; and, while giving no sign of even perceiving his digressions, she brought him back to his art atmosphere, each time he left it, with a question or remark very well adapted for the purpose ; so well, indeed, that it could not have been by chance.

She declined his escort homeward, pretexting a visit she wished to pay ; but she said, of her own accord, that she would sing for him the next time he came. He knew this was a favor she did not often grant ; *Madame Ferri* had so informed him.

He went, without much delay ; and she sang several songs in the dusky corner where her piano stood, while he sat near. The light from the wax candles at the other end of the large room, where *Miss Harrison* was knitting, did not penetrate here ; but she said she liked to sing in a semi-darkness, as she had only a twilight voice. It was in truth not at all powerful ; but it was sweet and low, and she sang with much expression. *Trafford Morgan* liked music ; it was not necessary to make up a conviction or theory about that ; he simply had a natural love for it, and he came more than once to hear *Miss Stowe* sing.

In the mean time Miss Harrison continued to like "the grandson of old Adam," and again invited him to drive. A month went by, and, by the end of it, he had seen in one way and another a good deal of these two ladies. The "later manner" (as he mentally called it) of Miss Stowe continued; when they were in company, she was as she had been originally, but when they were unobserved, or by themselves, she gave him the peculiar sober attention which he did not quite comprehend. He had several theories about it; and varied between them. He was a man who did not talk of persons, who never told much. If questioned, while answering readily and apparently without reserve, it was noticed afterwards that he had told nothing. He had never spoken of Sicily, for instance, but had talked a good deal of Sweden. This reticence, so exasperating to many women, seemed agreeable to Miss Stowe, who herself did not tell much, or talk of persons. That is, generally. One person she talked about; and with persistence. Morgan was hardly ever with her that she did not, sooner or later, begin to talk to him about himself. Sometimes he was responsive, sometimes not; but responsive or unresponsive, in society or out of it, he had talked, all told, a goodly number of hours with Miss Stowe when May attained its zenith, and the season waned.

The tourists had gone to Venice; the red gleam of guide-books along the streets and the conscientiousness of woolen traveling dresses in the galleries were no longer visible. Miss Stowe now stepped over the boundary-line of her caution a little; many of the people she knew had gone; she went with Trafford to the Academy, and the Pitti; she took him into the cool dim churches and questioned him concerning his creed; she strolled with him through the monastery of San Marco and asked what his idea was of the next world. She said she liked cloisters; she would like to

walk in one for an hour or two every day.

He replied that there were a number of cloisters in Florence; they might visit them in succession and pace around quietly. The effect would be heightened if she would read aloud, as they paced, short sentences from some ancient stiff-covered little book on *De Contemptu Mundi*.

"Ah," she said, "you are not in earnest. But I am!"

And she seemed to be; he said to himself that he had hardly had a look or word from her which was not only earnest, but almost portentously so. She now began to do whatever he asked her to do, whether it was to sing Italian music, or to read Dante's *Vita Nuova*, both of which she had said she did not like. It is probable that he asked her to do a number of things about this time which he did not especially care for, simply to see if she would comply; she always did.

"If she goes on in this sort of way," he thought, "never showing the least opposition, or personal moods different from mine, I really don't know where we shall end!"

But at last she did show both. It was in the evening, and she was at the piano; after one or two ballads, he asked her to sing a little English song he had found amongst her music, not printed, but in manuscript.

"Oh, that is nothing," she said, putting out her hand to take it from him. "I will sing this of Schumann's instead; it is much prettier."

But he maintained his point. "I like this better," he said. "I like the name; of course it is impossible, — but it is pleasant, — *Semper Fidelis*."

She took it, looked at it in silence for a moment, and then, without further reply, began to sing. There was nothing remarkable in the words or the music; she did not sing as well as usual either; she hurried the time.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Dumb and unchanged my thoughts still round
thee hover,

Nor will be moved;

E'en though I strive, my heart remains thy lover,
Though unbeloved;

Yet there is sad content in loyalty,

And, though the silent gift is naught to thee,
It changes never, —
Faithful forever.

This was the verse; but at the fifth line she faltered, stopped, and then, rising abruptly, left the room.

"Margaret is very uneven at times," said Miss Harrison apologetically, from her easy-chair.

"All interesting persons are uneven," he replied. He went over and took a seat beside his hostess, remaining half an hour longer; but as he went back to his hotel, he said to himself that Miss Stowe had been for many weeks the most even woman he had ever known, showing neither variation nor shadow of turning. She had been as even as a straight line.

On this account her sudden emotion made an impression upon him. The next day he mentioned that he was going to Trieste.

"Not Venice?" said Miss Harrison. "I thought everybody went to Venice."

"Venice," he replied, "is preëminently the place where one needs either an actual, tangible companionship of the dearest sort, or a memory like it. I, who have neither, keep well away from Venice!"

"I rather think, Mr. Morgan, that you have had pretty much what you wanted, in Venice or elsewhere," said Miss Harrison with a dry humor she sometimes showed. Here she was called from the room to see a poor woman whom she befriended; Miss Stowe and Morgan were left alone.

He was looking at her; he was noting what effect, if any, the tidings of his departure (he had named to-morrow) would have upon her. She had not been conventional; would she resort to conventionality now?

Her gaze was bent upon the floor; after a while she looked up. "Where shall you be this summer?" she said slowly. "Perhaps we shall be there too." Her eyes were fixed upon his face, her tone was hardly above a whisper.

Perhaps it was curiosity that made him do what he did; whether it was or not, mingled with it there was certainly a good deal of audacity. He rose, went to her, and took her hand. "Forgive me," he said; "I am in love with some one else."

It implied much. But had not her manner implied the same, or more?

She rose; they were both standing now.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, a light coming into her eyes, — eyes usually abstracted, almost dull.

"Only what I have said."

"Why should you say it to me?"

"I thought you might be — interested."

"You are mistaken. I am not in the least interested. Why should I be?"

"Are you not a little unkind?"

"Not more unkind than you are insolent."

She was very angry. He began to be a little angry himself.

"I ask your pardon with the deepest humility, Miss Stowe. The insolence of which you accuse me was as far as possible from my mind. If I thought you might be somewhat interested in what I have told you, it was because you have honored me with some small share of your attention during the past week or two; probably it has spoiled me."

"I have; and for a month or two, not a week or two. But there was a motive — It was an experiment."

"You have used me for experimental purposes, then?"

"Yes."

"I am immensely grateful to have been considered worthy of a part in an

experiment of yours, even although a passive one. May I ask if the experiment is ended?"

"It is."

"Since when? Since I made that confession about some one else?"

Miss Stowe's face was pale, her dark eyes were brilliant. "I knew all the while that you were in love — hopelessly in love — with Mrs. Lovell," she said, with a proud smile. "That was the reason that, for my experiment, I selected *you*."

A flush rose over his face as she spoke. "You thought you would have the greater triumph?" he asked.

"I thought nothing of the kind. I thought that I should be safe, because you would not respond."

"And you did not wish me to respond?"

"I did not."

"Excuse me, — we are speaking frankly, are we not? — but do you not contradict yourself somewhat? You say you did not wish me to respond; yet, have you not tried to make me?"

"That was not my object. It was but a necessary accompaniment of the experiment."

"And if I *had* responded?" he said, looking at her.

"I knew you could not. I knew quite well — I mean I could imagine quite well — how much you loved Beatrice. But it has all been a piece of folly upon my part, — I see it now." She turned away and went across to the piano. "I wish you would go now," she said in a low voice, vaguely turning over the music. "I cannot, because my aunt will think it strange to find me gone."

Instead of obeying her, he crossed the room and stood beside her; and then he saw in the twilight that her eyes were full of tears and her lips quivering, in spite of her effort to prevent it.

"Margaret," he said suddenly, and with a good deal of feeling in his voice,

"I am not worth it! Indeed I am not!" And again he touched her hand.

But she drew it from him. "Are you by any chance imagining that my tears are for *you*?" she said in a low tone, but facing him like a creature at bay. "Have you interpreted me in that way? I have a right to know; speak!"

"I am at a loss to interpret you," he said, after a moment's silence.

"I will tell you the whole, then, — I must tell you; your mistake forces it from me." She paused, drew a quick breath, and then went on, rapidly. "I love some one else. I have been very unhappy. Just after you came, I received a letter which told me that he was soon to be married; he *is* married now. I had an illness in consequence. You may remember my illness? I made up my mind then that I would root out the feeling if possible, no matter at what cost of pain, and effort, and long patience. You came in my way. I knew you were deeply attached elsewhere" —

"How did you know it?" he said. He was leaning against the piano, watching her; she stood with her hands folded, and pressed so tightly together that he could see the force of the pressure.

"Never mind how; but quite simply and naturally. I said to myself that I would try to become interested in you, even if only to a small degree; I would do everything in my power to forward it. It would be an acquired interest; still, acquired interests can be deep. People can become interested in music, in pictures, in sports, in that way; why not then in persons also, since they are more human?"

"That is the very reason, — because they are too human," he answered.

But she did not heed. "I have studied you; I have tried to find the good in you; I have tried to believe in you, to idealize you. I have given every thought that I could control to you, and to you alone, for two long months," she said passionately, unlocking her hands,

reddened with their pressure against each other, and turning away.

"It has been a failure?"

"Complete."

"And if you had succeeded?" he asked, folding his arms as he leaned against the piano.

"I should have been glad and happy. I should never have seen *you* again, of course; but at least the miserable old feeling would have been laid at rest."

"And its place filled by another as miserable!"

"Oh no; it could never have been *that*," she said, with an emphasis of scorn.

"You tried a dangerous remedy, Margaret."

"Not so dangerous as the disease."

"A remedy may be worse than a disease. In spite of your scornful tone, permit me to tell you that if you had succeeded at all, it would have been in the end by loving me as you loved—I mean love—this other man. While I, in the mean time, am in love (as you are kind enough to inform me—hopelessly) with another woman! Is Beatrice a friend of yours?"

"My dearest friend."

"Has it never occurred to you that you were playing towards her rather a traitorous part?"

"Never."

"Supposing, during this experiment of yours, that I had fallen in love with you?"

"It would have been nothing to Beatrice if you had," responded Mrs. Lovell's friend instantly and loyally, although remembering, at the same moment, that Fiesole blush. Then, in a changed voice, and with a proud humility which was touching, she added, "It would have been quite impossible. Beatrice is the loveliest woman in the world; any one who had loved *her* would never think of me."

At this moment Miss Harrison's voice was heard in the hall; she was returning.

"Good-by," said Morgan. "I shall go to-morrow. You would rather have me go." He took her hand, held it an instant, and then raised it to his lips. "Good-by," he said again. "Forgive me, Margaret. And do not entirely—forget me."

When Miss Harrison returned, they were looking at the music on the piano. A few moments later he took leave.

"I am sorry he has gone," said Miss Harrison. "What in the world is he going to do at Trieste? Well, so goes life! nothing but partings! One thing is a consolation, however, at least to me; the grandson of old Adam did not turn out a disappointment, after all."

"I do not think I am a judge," replied Miss Stowe.

In June Miss Harrison went northward to Paris, her niece accompanying her. They spent the summer in Switzerland; in the autumn returned to Paris; and in December went southward to Naples and Rome.

Mrs. Lovell had answered Margaret's letter in June. The six weeks of yachting had been charming; the yacht belonged to an English gentleman, who had a country-seat in Devonshire. She herself, by the way, might be in Devonshire during the summer; it was so quiet there. Could not Miss Harrison be induced to come to Devonshire? That would be so delightful. It had been extremely difficult to wear deep mourning at sea; but of course she had persisted in it. Much of it had been completely ruined; she had been obliged to buy more. Yes,—it *was* amusing,—her meeting Trafford Morgan. And so unexpected, of course. Did she like him? No, the letter need not be returned. If it troubled her to have it, she might destroy it; perhaps it was as well it should be destroyed. There were some such pleasant qualities in English life; there was not so much opportunity, perhaps, as in America—

"That blush meant nothing, then, after all," thought the reader, lifting her eyes from the page and looking musingly at a picture on the wall. "She said it meant only a lack of iron; and, as Beatrice always tells the truth, she did mean that, probably, and not irony, as I supposed." She sat thinking for a few moments, and then went back to the letter. — There was not so much opportunity, perhaps, as in America; but there was more stability, more certainty that things would continue to go on. There were various occurrences which she would like to tell; but she never wrote that sort of thing, — as Margaret knew. If she would only come to Devonshire for the summer, — and so forth, and so forth.

But Beatrice did sometimes write "that sort of thing" after all. During the next February, in Rome, after a long silence, Margaret received a letter from her, which brought the tidings of her engagement. He was an Englishman. He had a country-seat in Devonshire. He owned a yacht. Beatrice seemed very happy. "We shall not be married until next winter," she wrote. "I would not consent, of course, to anything earlier. I have consistently endeavored to do what was right from the beginning, and shall not waver now. But by next January there can be no criticism, and I suppose that will be the time. How I wish you were here to advise me about a hundred things. Besides, I want you to know him; you will be sure to like him. He is" — and so forth, and so forth.

"She is following out her destiny," thought the reader in Rome.

In March, Miss Harrison found the Eternal City too warm, and moved northward as far as Florence. Madame Ferri was delighted to see them again; she came five times during the first three days to say so.

"You will find so many whom you knew last year, here again, as well as

yourselves," she said enthusiastically. "We shall have some of our *charming* old reunions. Let me see, — I think I can tell you." And she ran over a list of names, among them that of "Mr. Morgan."

"What, not the grandson of Adam?" said Miss Harrison.

"He is not *quite* so old as that, is he?" said Madame Ferri, laughing. "It is the one who dined with you several times last year, I believe, — Mr. Trafford Morgan. I shall have great pleasure in telling him this very day that you are here."

"Do you know whether he is to remain long?" said Miss Stowe, who had not before spoken.

"I am sorry to say he is not; Mr. Morgan is always an addition, I think, — don't you? But he told me only yesterday that he was going this week to — to Tarascon, I think he said."

"Trieste and Tarascon, — he selects the most extraordinary places!" said Miss Harrison. "The next time it will be Tartarus."

Madame Ferri was overcome with mirth. "*Dear* Miss Harrison, you are *too* droll! *Isn't* she, dear Miss Stowe?"

"He probably chooses his names at random," said Miss Stowe, with indifference.

The next day, at the Pitti, she met him. She was alone, and returned his salutation coldly. He was with some ladies who were standing near, looking at the Madonna of the Chair. He merely asked how Miss Harrison was, and said he should give himself the pleasure of coming to see her very soon; then he bowed and returned to his friends. Not long afterwards she saw them all leave the gallery together.

Half an hour later she was standing in front of one of Titian's portraits, when a voice close beside her said, "Ah, — the young man in black. You are not admiring it?"

There had been almost a crowd in the

gorgeous rooms that morning. She had stood elbow to elbow with so many persons that she no longer noticed them; Trafford Morgan had been able, therefore, to approach and stand beside her for several minutes without attracting her recognition. As he spoke she turned, and, in answer to his smile, gave an even slighter bow than before; it was hardly more than a movement of the eyelids. Two English girls, with large hats, sweet, shy eyes, and pink cheeks, who were standing close beside them, turned away towards the left for a minute, to look at another picture.

"Do not treat me badly," he said. "I need kindness. I am not very happy."

"I can understand that," she answered. Here the English girls came back again.

"I think you are wrong in admiring it," he said, looking at the portrait; "it is a quite impossible picture. A youth with that small, delicate head and face could never have had those shoulders; they are the shoulders of quite another type of man. This is some boy whom Titian wished to flatter; but he was artist enough to try and hide the flattery by that overcoat. The face has no calm; you would not have admired it in life."

"On the contrary, I should have admired it greatly," replied Miss Stowe. "I should have adored it. I should have adored the eyes."

"Surely there is nothing in them but a sort of pugnacity."

"Whatever it is, it is delightful."

The English girls now turned away towards the right.

"You are quite changed," he said, looking at her.

"Yes, I think I am. I am much more agreeable. Every one will tell you so; even Madame Ferri, who is obliged to reconcile it with my having been always more agreeable than any one in the world, you know. I have become lighter. I am no longer heavy."

"You mean you are no longer serious."

"That is it. I used to be absurdly serious. But it is an age since we last met. You were going to Trieste, were you not? I hope you found it agreeable?"

"It is not an age; it is a year."

"Oh, a great deal can happen in a year," said Miss Stowe, turning away.

She was as richly dressed as ever, and not quite so plainly. Her hair was arranged in little rippling waves low down upon her forehead, which made her look, if not what might be called more worldly, at least more fashionable, since previously she had worn it arranged with a simplicity which was neither. Owing to this new arrangement of her hair, her eyes looked larger and darker.

He continued to walk beside her for some moments, and then, as she came upon a party of friends, he took leave.

In the evening he called upon Miss Harrison, and remained an hour. Miss Stowe was not at home. The next day he sent to Miss Harrison a beautiful basket of flowers.

"He knows we always keep the rooms full of them," remarked Miss Stowe, rather disdainfully.

"All the same, I like the attention," said Miss Harrison. And she sent him an invitation to dinner. She liked to have one guest.

He came. During the evening he asked Miss Stowe to sing. "I have lost my voice," she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Harrison, "it is really remarkable; Margaret, although she seems so well, has not been able to sing for months,—indeed, for a full year. It is quite sad."

"I am not sad about it, Aunt Ruth; I am relieved. I never sang well,—I had not voice enough. There was really nothing in it but expression; and that was all pretense."

"You are trying to make us think you very artificial," said Morgan.

"I can make you think what I please, probably. I can follow several lines of conduct, one after the other, and make you believe them all." She spoke lightly; her general tone was much lighter than formerly, as she herself had said.

"Do you ever walk in the Boboli Garden now?" he asked, later.

"Occasionally; but it is a dull place. And I do not walk as much as I did; I drive with my aunt."

"Yes, Margaret has grown indolent," said Miss Harrison; "and it seems to agree with her. She has more color than formerly; she looks well."

"Wonderfully," said Morgan. "But you are thinner than you were," he added, turning towards her.

"And darker!" she answered, laughing. "Mr. Morgan does not admire arrangements in black and white, Aunt Ruth; do not embarrass him." She wore that evening a white dress, unrelieved by any color.

"I see you are bent upon being unkind," he said. It was supposed to be a society remark.

"Not the least in the world," she answered, in the same tone.

He met her several times in company, and had short conversations with her. Then, one afternoon, he came upon her unexpectedly in the Cascine; she was strolling down the broad path, alone.

"So you do walk sometimes, after all," he said.

"Never. I am only strolling. I drove here with Aunt Ruth, but, as she came upon a party of American friends who are going to-morrow, I gave up my place, and they are driving around together for a while, and no doubt settling the entire affairs of Westchester County."

"I am glad she met them; I am glad to find you alone. I have something I wish much to say to you."

"Such a beginning always frightens me. Pray postpone it."

"On the contrary, I shall hasten it.

I must make the most of this rare opportunity. Do you remember when you did me the honor, Miss Stowe, to make me the subject of an experiment?"

"You insist upon recalling that piece of folly?" she said, opening her parasol. Her tone was composed and indifferent.

"I recall it because I wish to base something upon it. I wish to ask you — to allow yourself to be passively the subject of an experiment on *my* part, an experiment of the same nature."

She glanced at him; he half smiled. "Did you imagine, then, that mine was in earnest?" she said, with a fine, light scorn, light as air.

"I never imagine anything. Imaginations are useless."

"Not so useless as experiments. Let yours go, and tell me rather what you found to like in — Trieste."

"I suppose you know that I went to England?"

"I know nothing. But yes, — I do know that you are going to — Tarascon."

"I shall not go if you will permit what I have asked."

"Is n't it rather suddenly planned?" she said ironically. "You did not know we were coming."

"Very suddenly. I have thought of it only since yesterday."

They had strolled into a narrow path which led by one of those patches of underwood of which there are several in the Cascine, little bosky places carefully preserved in a tangled wildness which is so pretty and amusing to American eyes, accustomed to the stretch of real forests.

"You don't know how I love these little patches," said Miss Stowe. "There is such a good faith about them; they are charming."

"You were always fond of nature, I remember. I used to tell you that art was better."

"Ah — did you?" she said, her eyes following the flight of a bird.

"You have forgotten very completely in one year."

"Yes, I think I have. I always forget, you know, what it is not agreeable to remember. But I must go back; Aunt Ruth will be waiting." They turned.

"I will speak more plainly," said Morgan. "I went to England during July last, — that is, I followed Mrs. Lovell. She was in Devonshire. Quite recently I have learned that she has become engaged in — Devonshire, and is soon to be married there. I am naturally rather down about it. I am seeking some other interest. I should like to try your plan for a while, and build up an interest in — you."

Miss Stowe's lip curled. "The plans are not alike," she said. "Yours is badly contrived. I did not tell *you* beforehand what I was endeavoring to do!"

"I am obliged to tell you. You would have discovered it."

"Discovered what a pretense it was? That is true. A woman can act a part better than a man. *You* did not discover! And what am I to do in this little comedy of yours?"

"Nothing. It is in truth nothing to you; you have told me that, even when you made a great effort towards that especial object, it was impossible to get up the slightest interest in me. Do not take a violent dislike to me; that is all."

"And if it is already taken?"

"I shall have to conquer that. What I meant was — do not take a fresh one."

"There is nothing like precedent, and therefore I repeat your question: what if you should succeed, — I mean as regards yourself?" she said, looking at him with a satirical expression.

"It is my earnest wish to succeed."

"You do not add, as I did, that in case you do succeed, you will of course never see me again, but that at least the miserable old feeling will be at rest?"

"I do not add it."

"And at the conclusion, when it has failed, shall you tell me that the cause of failure was — the inevitable comparisons?"

"Beatrice is extremely lovely," he replied, turning his head and gazing at the Arno, shining through an opening in the hedge. "I do not attempt to pretend, even to myself, that she is not the loveliest woman I ever knew."

"Since you do not pretend it to yourself, you will not pretend it to me."

She spoke without interrogation; but he treated the words as a question. "Why should I?" he said. And then he was silent.

"There is Aunt Ruth," said Miss Stowe; "I see the horses. She is probably wondering what has become of me."

"You have not altogether denied me," he said, just before they reached the carriage. "I assure you I will not be in the least importunate. Take a day or two to consider. After all, if there is no one upon whom it can really infringe (of course I know you have admirers; I have even heard their names), why should you not find it even a little amusing?"

Miss Stowe turned towards him, and a peculiar expression came into her eyes as they met his. "I am not sure but that I shall find it so," she answered. And then they joined Miss Harrison.

The day or two had passed. There had been no formal question asked, and no formal reply given; but as Miss Stowe had not absolutely forbidden it, the experiment may be said to have been begun. It was soon reported in Florence that Trafford Morgan was one of the suitors for the hand of the heiress; and, being a candidate, he was of course subjected to the searching light of Public Inquiry. Public Inquiry discovered that he was thirty-eight years of age; that he had but a small income; that he was indolent, indifferent, and cynical. Not being able to find any open vices, Public

Inquiry considered that he was too *blasé* to have them; he had probably exhausted them all long before. All this Madame Ferri repeated to Miss Harrison, not because she was in the least opposed to Mr. Morgan, but simply as part of her general task as gatherer and disseminator.

"Trafford Morgan is not a saint, but he is well enough in his way," replied Miss Harrison. "I am not at all sure that a saint would be agreeable in the family."

Madame Ferri was much amused by this; but she carried away the impression also that Miss Harrison favored the suitor.

In the mean time, nothing could be more quiet than the manner of the supposed suitor when he was with Miss Stowe. He now asked questions of her; when they went to the churches, he asked her impressions of the architecture; when they visited the galleries, he asked her opinions of the pictures. He inquired what books she liked, and why she liked them; and sometimes he slowly repeated her replies.

This last habit annoyed her. "I wish you would not do that," she said, with some irritation. "It is like being forced to look at one's self in a mirror."

"I do it to analyze them," he answered. "I am so dense, you know; it takes me a long time to understand. When you say, for instance, that Romola is not a natural character because her love for Tito ceases, I, who think that the unnatural part is that she should ever have loved him, naturally dwell upon the remark."

"She would have continued to love him, in life. Beauty is all powerful."

"I did not know that women cared much for it," he answered. Then, after a moment, "Do not be too severe upon me," he added; "I am doing my best."

She made no reply.

"I thought certainly you would have answered, 'By contrast?'" he said, smil-

ing. "But you are not so satirical as you were. I cannot make you angry with me."

"Have you tried?"

"Of course I have tried. It would be a step gained to move you, — even in that way."

"I thought your experiment was to be all on one side?" she said. They were sitting in a shady corner of the cloisters of San Marco; she was leaning back in her chair, following with the point of her parasol the lines of the Latin inscription on the slab at her feet, over an old monk's last resting-place.

"I am not as consistent as I should be," he answered, rising and sauntering off, with his hands in the pockets of his short morning-coat, to look at St. Peter the Martyr.

At another time they were in the Michael-Angelo chapel of San Lorenzo. It was past the hour for closing, but Morgan had bribed the custode to allow them to remain, and the old man had closed the door and gone away, leaving them alone with the wondrous marbles.

"What do they mean?" he said. "Tell me."

"They mean fate, our sad human fate. The beautiful Dawn in all the pain of waking; the stern determination of the Day; the recognition of failure in Evening; and the lassitude of dreary, hopeless sleep in Night. It is one way of looking at life."

"But not your way?"

"Oh, I have no way; I am too limited. But genius takes a broader view, and genius, I suppose, must always be sad. People with that endowment, I have noticed, are almost always very unhappy."

He was sitting beside her, and, as she spoke, he saw a little flush rise in her cheeks; she was remembering when Mrs. Lovell had used the same words, although in another connection.

"We have never spoken directly, or

at any length, of Beatrice," she said suddenly. "I wish you would tell me about her."

"Here?"

"Yes, here and now; Lorenzo shall be your judge."

"I am not afraid of Lorenzo. He is not a god; on the contrary, he has all our deepest humanity on his musing face; it is for this reason that he impresses us so powerfully. As it is the first time you have expressed any wish, Miss Stowe, I suppose I must obey it."

"Will it be difficult?"

"It is always difficult, is it not, for a man to speak of an unhappy love?" he said, leaning his elbow on the back of the seat, and shading his eyes with his hand as he looked at her.

"I will excuse you."

"I have not asked to be excused. I first met Mrs. Lovell in Sicily. I was with her almost constantly during five weeks. She is as lovable as a rose, — as a peach, — as a child." He paused.

"Your comparisons are rather remarkable," said Miss Stowe, her eyes resting upon the grand massiveness of Day.

"They are truthful. I fell in love with her; and I told her so because there was that fatal thing, an opportunity, — that is, a garden-seat, starlight, and the perfume of flowers. Of course these were irresistible."

"Indeed?"

"Do not be contemptuous. It is possible that you may not have been exposed to the force of the combination, as yet. She rebuked me with that lovely gentle softness of hers, and then she went away; the Sicilian days were over. I wrote to her" —

He was sitting in the same position, with his hand shading his eyes, looking at her; as he spoke the last phrase he perceived that she colored, and colored deeply.

"You knew the story generally," he said, dropping his arm and leaning for-

ward. "But it is not possible you saw that letter!"

She rose and walked across, as if to get a nearer view of Day. "I admire it so much!" she said after a moment. "If it should stretch out that great right arm, it could crush us to atoms." And she turned towards him again.

As she did, she saw that he had colored also; a deep dark flush had risen in his face, and covered even his forehead.

"I am safe, — very safe!" he said. "After reading such a letter as that, written to another woman, you are not likely to bestow much regard upon the writer, try as he may!"

Miss Stowe looked at him. "You are overacting," she said coldly. "It is not in your part to pretend to care so soon. It was to be built up gradually."

"Lorenzo understands me," he said, recovering himself. "Shall I go on?"

"I think I must go, now," she answered, declining a seat; "it is late."

"In a moment. Let me finish, now that I have begun. I had thought of returning to America; indeed, Beatrice had advised it; she thought I was becoming expatriated. But I gave it up and remained in Italy because I did not wish to appear too much her slave (women do not like men who obey them too well, you know). After this effort, I was consistent enough to follow her to England. I found her in — Devonshire, lovelier than ever; and I was again fascinated; I was even ready to accept beforehand all the rules and embargo of the strictest respect to the memory of Mr. Lovell."

Miss Stowe's eyes were upon Day; but here, involuntarily, she glanced towards her companion. His face remained unchanged.

"I was much in love with her. She allowed me no encouragement. But I did not give up a sort of vague hope I had, until this recent tidings. Then, of

course, I knew that all was over for me."

"I am sorry for you," replied Miss Stowe after a pause, still looking at Day.

"Of course I have counted upon that, — upon your sympathy. I knew that you would understand."

"Spare me the quotation, *A fellow-feeling, and so forth*," she said, moving towards the door. "I am going; I feel as though we had already desecrated too long this sacred place."

"It is no desecration. The highest heights of art, as well as of life, belong to love," he said, as they went out into the cool low hall, paved with the grave-stones of the Medici.

"Don't you always think of them lying down below?" she said. "Giovanni in his armor, and Lenore of Toledo in her golden hair?"

"Since when have you become so historical? They were a wicked race."

"And since when have you become so virtuous?" she answered. "They were at least successful."

Time passed. It has a way of passing rapidly in Florence; although each day is long, and slow, and full, and delightful, a month flies. Again the season was waning. It was now believed that Mr. Morgan had been successful, although nothing definite was known. It was remarked how unusually well Miss Stowe looked; her eyes were so bright, and she had so much color, that she really looked brilliant. Madame Ferri repeated this to Miss Harrison.

"Margaret was always brilliant," said her aunt.

"Oh, extremely!" said Madame Ferri.

"Only people never found it out," added Miss Harrison.

She herself maintained a calm and uninquiring demeanor. Sometimes she was with her niece and her niece's supposed suitor, and sometimes not. She continued to receive him with the same affability which she had bestowed upon

him from the first, and occasionally she invited him to dinner and to drive. She made no comment upon the frequency of his visits, or the length of his conversations upon the little balcony in the evening, where the splash of the fountain came faintly up from below. In truth she had no cause for solicitude; nothing could be more tranquil than the tone of the two talkers. Nothing more was said about Mrs. Lovell; conversation had sunk back into the old impersonal channel.

"You are very even," Morgan said one evening. "You do not seem to have any moods. I noticed it last year."

"One is even," she replied, "when one is" —

"Indifferent," he suggested.

She did not contradict him.

Two things she refused to do: she would not sing, and she would not go to the Boboli Garden.

"As I am especially fond of those tall, ceremonious old hedges and serene statues, you cut me off from a real pleasure," said Morgan.

It was the evening of the 16th of May; they were sitting by the open window; Miss Harrison was not present.

"You can go there after we have gone," she said, smiling. "We leave to-morrow."

"You leave to-morrow!" he repeated. Then, after an instant, "It is immensely kind to tell me beforehand," he said ironically. "I should have thought you would have left it until after your departure!"

She made no reply, but fanned herself slowly with the beautiful gray fan.

"I suppose you consider that the month is more than ended, and that you are free?"

"You have had all you asked for, Mr. Morgan."

"And therefore I have now only to thank you for your generosity, and let you go."

"I think so."

"You do not care to know the result of my experiment, — whether it has been a failure or a success?" he said. "You told me the result of yours."

"I did not mean to tell you. It was forced from me by your misunderstanding."

"Misunderstandings, because so slight that one cannot attack them, are horrible things. Let there be none between us now."

"There is none."

"I do not know." He leaned back in his chair and looked up at the soft darkness of the Italian night. "I have one more favor to ask," he said presently. "You have granted me many; grant me this. At what hour do you go, to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon."

"Give me a little time with you in the Boboli Garden in the morning."

"You are an accomplished workman, Mr. Morgan; you want to finish with a polish; you do not like to leave rough ends. Be content; I will accept the intention as carried out, and suppose that all the last words have been beautifully and shiningly spoken. That will do quite as well."

"Put any construction upon it you please," he answered. "But consent."

But it was with great difficulty that he obtained that consent.

"There is really nothing you can say that I care to hear," she declared at last.

"The king is dead! My time is ended, evidently! But, as there *is* something you can say which *I* care to hear, I again urge you to consent."

Miss Stowe rose, and passed through the long window into the lighted empty room, decked as usual with many flowers; here she stood, looking at him, as he entered also.

"I have tried my best to prevent it," she said.

"You have."

"And you still insist?"

"I do."

"Very well; I consent. But you will not forget that I tried," she said. "Good-night."

The next morning at ten, as he entered the old amphitheatre, he saw her; she was sitting on one of the upper stone seats, under a statue of Diana.

"I would rather go to our old place," he said, as he came up; "the seat under the tree, you know."

"I like this better."

"As you prefer, of course. It will be more royal, more in state; but, to be in accordance with it, you should have been clothed in something majestic, instead of that soft, yielding hue."

"That is hardly necessary," she answered.

"By which you mean, I suppose, that your face is not yielding. And indeed it is not."

She was dressed in cream-color from head to foot; she held open, poised on one shoulder, a large, heavily-fringed, cream-colored parasol. Above this soft drapery and under this soft shade, the darkness of her hair and eyes was doubly apparent.

He took a seat beside her, removed his hat, and let the breeze play over his head and face; it was a warm summer morning, and they were in the shadow.

"I believe I was to tell you the result of my experiment," he said after a while, breaking the silence which she did not break.

"You wished it; I did not ask it."

If she was cool, he was calm; he was not at all as he had been the night before; then he had seemed hurried and irritated, now he was quiet. "The experiment has succeeded," he said deliberately. "I find myself often thinking of you; I like to be with you; I feel when with you a sort of satisfied content. What I want to ask is, — I may as well say it at once, — Will not this do as the basis of a better understanding between us?"

She was gazing at the purple slopes of Monte Morello opposite. "It might," she answered.

He turned; her profile was towards him, he could not see her eyes.

"I shall be quite frank," he continued; "under the circumstances it is my only way. You have loved some one else. I have loved some one else. We have both been unhappy. We should therefore, I think, have a peculiar sympathy for and comprehension of each other. It has seemed to me that these, combined with my real liking for you, might be a sufficient foundation for—let us call it another experiment. I ask you to make this experiment, Margaret; I ask you to marry me. If it fails,—if you are not happy,—I promise not to hold you in the slightest degree. You shall have your liberty untrammelled, and, at the same time, all shall be arranged so as to escape comment. I will be with you enough to save appearances; that is all. In reality you shall be entirely free. I think you can trust my word."

"I shall have but little from my aunt," was her answer, her eyes still fixed upon the mountain. "I am not her heiress, as you suppose."

"You mean that to be severe; but it falls harmless. It is true that I did suppose you were her heiress; but the fact that you are not makes no difference in my request. We shall not be rich, but we can live; it shall be my pleasure to make you comfortable."

"I do not quite see why you ask this," she said, with the same slow utterance and her eyes turned away. "You do not love me; I am not beautiful; I have no fortune. What, then, do you gain?"

"I gain,"—he said, "I gain"—then he paused. "You would not like me to tell you," he added; and his voice was changed.

"I beg you to tell me." Her lips were slightly compressed, a tremor had

seized her; she seemed to be exerting all her powers of self-control.

He watched her a moment, and then, leaning towards her while a new and beautiful expression of tenderness stole into his eyes, "I gain, Margaret," he said, "the greatest gift that can be given to a man on this earth, a gift I long for,—a wife who really and deeply loves me."

The hot color flooded her face and throat; she rose, turning upon him her blazing eyes. "I was but waiting for this," she said, her words rushing forth, one upon the other, with the unheeding rapidity of passion. "I felt sure that it would come. With the deeply-rooted egotism of a man you believe that I love you, you have believed it from the beginning. It was because I knew this, that I allowed this experiment of yours to go on. I resisted the temptation at first; but it was too strong for me; you yourself made it so. It was a chance to make you conscious of your supreme error; a chance to have my revenge. And I yielded. You said, not long ago, that I was even. I answered that one was even when one was—You said 'indifferent,' and I did not contradict you. But the real sentence was that one was even when one was pursuing a purpose. I have pursued a purpose. This was mine: to make you put into words your egregious vanity, to make you stand convicted of your dense and vast mistake. But towards the end, a better impulse rose, and the game did not seem worth the candle. I said to myself that I would go away without giving you after all the chance to stultify yourself, the chance to exhibit clearly your insufferable and amazing conceit. But you insisted, and the impulse vanished; I allowed you to go on to the end. I love you! *You!*"

He had risen, also; they stood side by side under the statue of Diana; some people had come into the amphitheatre below. He had turned slightly pale as

she uttered these bitter words, but he remained quite silent. He still held his hat in his hand; his eyes were turned away.

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, after some moments had passed.

"I think there is nothing," he answered without turning.

Then again there was a silence.

"You probably wish to go," he said, breaking it; "do not let me detain you." And he began to go down the steps, pausing, however, as the descent was somewhat awkward, to give her his hand.

To the little Italian party below, looking at the Egyptian obelisk, he seemed the picture of chivalry, as, with bared head, he assisted her down; and as they passed the obelisk, these children of the country looked upon them as two of the rich Americans, the lady dressed like a picture, the gentleman distinguished, but both without a gesture or an interest, and coldly silent and pale.

He did not accompany her home. "Shall I go with you?" he said, breaking the silence as they reached the exit.

"No, thanks. Please call a carriage."

He signaled to a driver who was near, and assisted her into one of the little rattling Florence phaetons.

"Good-by," she said, when she was seated.

He lifted his hat. "Lung' Arno Nuovo," he said to the driver.

And the carriage rolled away.

Countries attract us in different ways. We are comfortable in England, musical in Germany, amused in Paris (Paris is a country), and idyllic in Switzerland; but when it comes to the affection, Italy holds the heart, — we keep going back to her. Miss Harrison, sitting in her carriage on the heights of Bello Sguardo, was thinking this as she gazed down upon Florence, and the valley below.

It was early in the next autumn, — the last of September; and she was alone.

A phaeton passed her and turned down the hill; but she had recognized its occupant as he passed, and called his name: "Mr. Morgan?"

He turned, saw her, bowed, and after a moment's hesitation ordered his driver to stop, sprang out, and came back to speak to her.

"How in the world do you happen to be in Florence at this time of year?" she said cordially, giving him her hand. "There is n't a soul in the place."

"That is the reason I came."

"And the reason we did, too," she said, laughing. "I am delighted to have met you; one soul is very acceptable. You must come and see me immediately. I hope you are going to stay."

"Thanks; you are very kind. But I leave to-morrow morning."

"Then you must come to-night; come to dinner at seven. It is impossible you should have another engagement when there is no one to be engaged to, — unless it be the pictures; I believe they do not go away for the summer."

"I really have an engagement, Miss Harrison; you are very kind, but I am forced to decline."

"Dismiss your carriage, then, and drive back with me; I will set you down at your hotel. It will be a visit of some sort."

He obeyed. Miss Harrison's fine horses started, and moved with slow stateliness down the winding road, where the beggars had not yet begun to congregate; it was not "the season" for the beggars, they were still at the seashore.

Miss Harrison talked on various subjects. They had been in Switzerland and it had rained continuously; they had seen nothing but fog. They had come over the St. Gothard and their carriage had broken down. They had been in Venice and had found malaria there. They had been in Padua, Vero-

na, and Bologna, and all three had become frightfully modern and iconoclastic. Nothing was in the least satisfactory, and Margaret had not been well; she was quite anxious about her.

Mr. Morgan "hoped" that it was nothing serious.

"I don't know whether it is or not," replied Miss Harrison. "Margaret is rather a serious sort of a person, I think."

She looked at him, as if for confirmation; but he did not pursue the subject. Instead, he asked after her own health.

"Oh, I am as usual. It is only your real invalids who are always well; they enjoy their poor health, you know. And what have you been doing since I last saw you? I hope nothing out of the way. Let me see, — Trieste and Tarascon; you have probably been in — Transylvania?"

"That would be somewhat out of the way, wouldn't it? But I have not been there; I have been in various nearer places, engaged rather systematically in amusing myself."

"Did you succeed? If you did you are a man of genius. One must have a rare genius, I think, to amuse one's self in that way at forty. Of course I mean thirty-five, you know; but forty is a better conversational word, — it classifies. And you were amused?"

"Immensely."

"So much so that you have to come to Florence in September to rest after it!"

"Yes."

Miss Harrison talked on. He listened, and made the necessary replies. The carriage entered the city, crossed the Carraja bridge, and turned towards his hotel.

"Can you not come for half an hour this evening, after your engagement is over?" she said. "I shall be all alone, for Margaret cannot be there before midnight; she went into the country this morning with Madame Ferri, —

some sort of a *fête* at a villa, a native Florentine affair. You have not asked much about her, I think, considering how constantly you were with her last spring," she added, looking at him calmly.

"I have been remiss; pardon it."

"It is only forgetfulness, of course. That is not a fault nowadays; it is a virtue, and, what is more, highly fashionable. But there is one little piece of news I must tell you about my niece: she is going to be married."

"That is not little; it is great. Please present to her my sincere good wishes and congratulations."

"I am sorry you cannot present them yourself. But at least you can come and see *me* for a little while this evening — say about ten. The grandson of your grandfather should be very civil to old Ruth Harrison for old times' sake." Here the carriage stopped at his door. "Remember, — I shall expect you," she said as he took leave.

At about the hour she had named, he went to see her; he found her alone, knitting. It was one of her idiosyncrasies to knit stockings "for the poor." No doubt there were "poor" enough to wear them; but as she made a great many, and as they were always of children's size and black, her friends sometimes thought, with a kind of amused dismay, of the regiment of little funereal legs running about, for which she was responsible.

He had nothing especial to say, his intention was to remain the shortest time possible; he could see the hands of the clock, and he noted their progress, every now and then, through the twenty minutes he had set for himself.

Miss Harrison talked on various subjects, but said nothing more concerning her niece; nor did he, on his side, ask a question. After a while she came to fashions in art. "It is the most curious thing," she said, "how people obediently follow each other along a particular

road, like a flock of sheep, no matter what roads, equally good and possibly better, open to the right and the left. Now there are the wonderfully spirited frescoes of Masaccio at the Carmine, frescoes which were studied and copied by Raphael himself and Michael Angelo. Yet that church has no vogue; it is not fashionable to go there; Ruskin has not written a maroon-colored pamphlet about it, and Baedeker gives it but a scant quarter-page, while the other churches have three and four. Now it seems to me that "—

But what it seemed, Morgan never knew, because here she paused as the door opened. "Ah, there is Margaret after all," she said. "I did not expect her for three hours."

Miss Stowe came across the large room, throwing back her white shawl and taking off her little plumed hat as she came. She did not perceive that any one was present save her aunt; the light was not bright and the visitor sat in the shadow.

"It was very stupid," she said. "Do not urge me to go again." And then she saw him.

He rose, and bowed. After an instant's delay she spoke his name, and put out her hand, which he took as formally as she gave it. Miss Harrison was voluble. She was "so pleased" that Margaret had returned earlier than was expected; she was "so pleased" that the visitor happened to be still there. She seemed indeed to be pleased with everything, and talked for them both; in truth, save for replies to her questions, they were quite silent. The visitor remained but a short quarter of an hour, and then took leave, saying good-by at the same time, since he was to go early in the morning.

"To Trent?" said Miss Harrison.

"To Tadmor, I think, this time," he answered, smiling.

The next morning opened with a dull gray rain. Morgan was late in rising,

missed his train, and was obliged to wait until the afternoon. About eleven he went out, under an umbrella, and after a while, tired of the constant signals and clattering followings of the hackmen, who could not comprehend why a rich foreigner should walk, he went into the Duomo. The vast church, never light even on a bright day, was now sombre, almost dark, the few little twinkling tapers, like stars, on an altar at the upper end, only serving to make the darkness more visible. He walked down to the closed western entrance, across whose wall outside rises slowly, day by day, the new façade under its straw-work screen. Here he stood still, looking up the dim expanse, with the dusky shadows, like great winged, formless ghosts, hovering over him.

One of the south doors, the one near the choir, was open, and through it a slender ray of gray daylight came in, and tried to cross the floor. But its courage soon failed in that breadth and gloom, and it died away before it had gone ten feet. A blind beggar sat in a chair at this entrance, his patient face faintly outlined against the ray; there seemed to be no one else in the church save the sacristan, whose form could be dimly seen moving about, renewing the lights burning before the far-off chapels.

The solitary visitor strolled back and forth in the shadow. After a while he noted a figure entering through the ray. It was that of a woman; it had not the outlines of the usual church-beggar; it did not stoop or cringe; it was erect and slender, and stepped lightly; it was coming down towards the western end, where he was pacing to and fro. He stopped and stood still, watching it. It continued to approach, — and at last brushed against him. Coming in from the daylight, it could see nothing in the heavy shadow.

"Excuse me, Miss Stowe," he said; "I should have spoken. My eyes are accustomed to this light, and I recog-

nized you ; but of course you could not see me."

She had started back as she touched him ; now she moved away still farther.

"It is grandly solitary here on a rainy day, is n't it?" he continued. "I used often to come here during a storm. It makes one feel as if already disembodied, — as if he were a shade, wandering on the gray, unknown outskirts of another world."

She had now recovered herself, and, turning, began to walk back towards the ray at the upper door. He accompanied her. But the Duomo is vast, and cannot be crossed in a minute. He went on talking about the shadows ; then stopped.

"I am glad of this opportunity to give you my good wishes, Miss Stowe," he said, as they went onward. "I hope you will be quite happy."

"I hope the same, certainly," she answered. "Yet I fail to see any especially new reason for good wishes from you, just at present."

"Ah, you do not know that I know. But Miss Harrison told me, yesterday, — told me that you were soon to be married. If you have never forgiven me, in the light of your present happiness I think you should do so now."

She had stopped. "My aunt told you?" she said, while he was still speaking. But now, as he paused, she walked on. He could not see her face ; although approaching the ray, they were still in the shadow, and her head was turned from him.

"As to forgiveness, it is I who should ask forgiveness from you," she said, after some delay, during which there was no sound but their footsteps on the mosaic pavement.

"Yes, you were very harsh. But I forgave you long ago. I was a dolt, and deserved your sharp words. But I want very much to hear *you* say that you forgive *me*."

"There is nothing to forgive."

"That is gently spoken. It is your marriage present to me, and I feel the better for it."

A minute later they had reached the ray, and the door. He could see her face now. "How ill you look!" he said, involuntarily. "I noticed it last evening. It is not conventional to say so, but it is at least a real regret. He should take better care of you."

The blind beggar, hearing their footsteps, had put out his hand. "Do not go yet," said Morgan, giving him a franc. "See how it is raining outside. Walk with me once around the whole interior for the sake of the pleasant part of our Florentine days, — for there *was* a pleasant part ; it will be our last walk together."

She assented silently, and they turned into the shadow again.

"I am going to make a confession," he said, as they passed the choir ; "it can make no difference now, and I prefer that you should know it. I did not realize it myself at the time, but I see now — that is, I have discovered since yesterday — that I was in love with you, more or less, from the beginning."

She made no answer, and they passed under Michael Angelo's grand, unfinished statue, and came around on the other side.

"Of course I was fascinated with Beatrice ; in one way I was her slave. Still, when I said to you that 'Forgive me ; I am in love with some one else,' I really think it was more to see what you would say or do, than any feeling of loyalty to her."

Again she said nothing. They went down the north aisle.

"I wish you would tell me," he said, leaving the subject of himself and turning to her, "that you are fully and really happy in this marriage of yours. I hope you are, with all my heart ; but I should like to hear it from your own lips."

She made a gesture as if of refusal ;

but he went on. "Of course, I know I have no right; I ask it as a favor."

They were now in deep obscurity, almost darkness; but something seemed to tell him that she was suffering.

"You are not going to do that wretched thing,—marry without love?" he said, stopping abruptly. "Do not, Margaret, do not! I know you better than you know yourself, and you will not be able to bear it. Some women can; but you could not. You have too deep feelings,—too"—

He did not finish the sentence, for she had turned from him suddenly, and was walking across the dusky space in the centre of the great temple whose foundations were so grandly laid six centuries ago.

But he followed her and stopped her, almost by force, taking both her hands in his. "You must not do this," he said; "you must not marry in that way. It is dangerous; it is horrible; for you, it is a crime." Then, as he stood close to her and saw two tears well over and drop from her averted eyes, "Margaret! Margaret!" he said, "rather than that, it would have been better to have married even me."

She drew her hands from his, and covered her face; she was weeping.

"Is it too late?" he whispered. "Is there a possibility—I love you very deeply," he added. And, cold and indifferent as Florence considered him, his voice was broken.

When they came round to the ray again, he gave the blind beggar all the small change he had about him; the old man thought it was a paper golconda.

"You owe me another circuit," he said; "you did not speak through fully half of the last one."

So they went around a second time.

"Tell me when you first began to think about me," he said, as they passed the choir. "Was it when you read that letter?"

"It was an absurd letter."

"On the contrary, it was a very good one, and you know it. You have kept it?"

"No; I burned it long ago."

"Not so very long! However, never fear; I will write you plenty more, and even better ones. I will go away on purpose."

They crossed the east end, under the great dome, and came around on the other side.

"You said some bitter things to me in that old amphitheatre, Margaret; I shall always hate the place. But after all—for a person who was quite indifferent—were you not just a little *too* angry?"

"It is easy to say that now," she answered.

They went down the north aisle.

"Why did you stop, and leave the room so abruptly, when you were singing that song I asked for, you know,—the *Semper Fidelis*?"

"My voice failed."

"No; it was your courage. You knew then that you were no longer '*fidelis*' to that former love of yours, and you were frightened by the discovery."

They reached the dark south end.

"And now, as to that former love," he said, pausing. "I will never ask you again; but here and now, Margaret, tell me what it was."

"It was not '*a fascination*,'—like yours," she answered.

"Do not be impertinent, especially in a church. Mrs. Lovell was not my only fascination, I beg to assure you; remember, I am thirty-six years old. But now,—what was it?"

"A mistake."

"Good; but I want more."

"It was a will-o'-the-wisp that I thought was real."

"Better; but not enough."

"You ask too much, I think."

"I shall always ask it; I am horribly

selfish ; I warn you beforehand that I expect everything, in the most relentless way."

"Well, then, — it was a fancy, Trafford, that I mistook for" — And the Duomo alone knows how the sentence was ended.

As they passed, for the third time, on their way towards the door, the mural tablet to Giotto, Morgan paused. "I have a sort of feeling that I owe it to the old fellow," he said. "I have always been his faithful disciple, and now he has rewarded me with a benediction. On the next high-festival, his tablet shall be wreathed with the reddest of roses and a thick bank of heliotrope, as an acknowledgment of my gratitude."

It was ; and no one ever knew why. If it had been in "the season," the inquiring tourists would have been rendered distracted by the impossibility of finding out ; but to the native Florentines attending mass at the cathedral, to whom the Latin inscription, "I am he through whom the lost Art of Painting was revived," remains a blank, it was only a tribute to some "departed friend."

"And he is as much my friend as though he had not departed something over five centuries ago," said Trafford ; "of that I feel convinced."

"I wonder if he knows any better, now, how to paint an angel leaning from the sky," replied Margaret.

"Have you any idea why Miss Harrison invented that enormous fiction about you?" he said, as they drove homeward.

"Not the least. We must ask her."

They found her in her easy-chair, be-

ginning a new stocking. "I thought you were in Tadmor," she said, as Trafford came in.

"I started ; but came back to ask a question. Why did you tell me that this young lady was going to be married?"

"Well, is n't she?" said Miss Harrison, laughing. "Sit down, you two, and confess your folly. Margaret has been ill all summer with absolute pining, — yes, you have, child, and it is a woman's place to be humble. And you, Trafford, did not look especially jubilant, either, for a man who has been immensely amused during the same space of time. I did what I could for you by inventing a sort of neutral ground upon which you could meet and speak. It is very neutral for the other man, you know, when the girl is going to be married ; he can speak to her then as well as not ! I was afraid last night that you were not going to take advantage of my invention ; but I see that it has succeeded (in some mysterious way out in all this rain) better than I knew. It was, I think," she concluded, as she commenced on a new needle, "a sort of experiment of mine, — a Florentine experiment."

Trafford burst into a tremendous laugh, in which, after a moment, Margaret joined.

"I don't know what you two are laughing at," said Miss Harrison, surveying them. "I should think you ought to be more sentimental, you know."

"To confess all the truth, Aunt Ruth," said Trafford, going across and sitting down beside her, "Margaret and I have tried one or two of those experiments, already !"

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VII.

THE TYLER ADMINISTRATION.
1841-1843.

"*Le Roi est mort — Vive le Roi!*" John Tyler, having found that his position as vice-president gave him no voice in the distribution of patronage, or in the preparation of a political programme, had retired in disgust to his estate in Prince William County, Virginia, when Mr. Fletcher Webster brought him a notification, from the secretary of state, to hasten to Washington to assume the duties of President of the United States.

The cabinet, after due consideration, had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Tyler should be officially styled "Vice-President of the United States, acting President," but he very promptly determined, on his arrival at Washington, that he would enjoy all of the dignities and honors of the office which he had inherited under the constitution. Chief Justice Taney, of the supreme court of the United States, was then absent, so he summoned Chief Justice Cranch, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, to his parlor at Brown's Indian Queen Hotel, and took the oath of office administered to preceding presidents. The cabinet officers were soon made to understand that he was the chief magistrate of the republic, and the whig magnates began to fear that their lease of power would soon be abridged or terminated. In conversation with Mr. Nathan Sargent, a prominent whig correspondent, soon after his arrival, Mr. Tyler significantly remarked: "If the democrats and myself ever come together, they must come to me; I shall never go to them." This showed that he regarded his connection with the whigs as precarious.

The extra session of Congress, which had been convened by General Harrison before his death, was not acceptable to his successor, who saw that its legislation would be inspired and controlled by Henry Clay. When the two houses were organized, he sent them a brief message, in which the national bank question was dexterously handled "with the caution and ambiguity of a Talleyrand." Mr. Clay lost no time in presenting his programme for congressional action; and in a few days its first feature — the repeal of the sub-treasury act — was enacted. That night, a thousand or more of the jubilant Washington whigs marched in procession from Capitol Hill to the White House, with torches, music, transparencies, and fireworks, escorting a catafalque on which was a coffin labeled "The Sub-Treasury." As the procession moved slowly along Pennsylvania Avenue, bonfires were kindled at the intersecting streets, many houses were illuminated, and there was general rejoicing. On the arrival of the procession at the Executive Mansion, President Tyler came out and made a few remarks, while Mr. Webster and the other members of the cabinet bowed their thanks for the cheers given them. The hilarious crowd of mock-mourners then repaired to the house of Mrs. Brown, at the corner of Seventh and D streets, where Mr. Clay boarded, and received his grateful acknowledgments for the demonstration.

The next measure on Mr. Clay's programme — the bill for the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States — was also promptly enacted and as promptly approved by the president. Next came the bankrupt act, which was passed and signed by Mr. Tyler; but when a bill creating a national bank was enacted

and presented to him for his approval, he returned it with his veto. This created much discontent among the whigs, while the democrats were so rejoiced that a considerable number of congressmen belonging to that party called at the Executive Mansion. The president received them cordially, and treated them to champagne, in which toasts were drunk not very complimentary to the whig party, or to its leader, Mr. Clay.

The Kentucky senator saw that it was of no use to temporize with his vacillating chieftain, who evidently desired to become his own successor, and he determined to force the administration into a hostile attitude towards the whigs, while he stepped to the front as the recognized whig leader. Haughty and imperious, Mr. Clay was nevertheless so fascinating in his manner when he chose to be that he held unlimited control over nearly every member of the party. He remembered too that Tyler had been nominated for vice-president in pursuance of a bargain made by his (Clay's) friends in the legislature of Virginia, who had joined the Van Buren members in electing Mr. Rives to the senate. This bargain Mr. Clay had hoped would secure for him the support of the State of Virginia in the nominating convention, and although Harrison received the nomination for president, his friends were none the less responsible for the nomination of Tyler as vice-president. He was consequently very angry when he learned what had taken place at the White House, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to speak of the scene in the senate, portraying the principal personages present with adroit sarcasm.

Some of his descriptions were life-like, especially that of Mr. Calhoun, "tall, careworn, with fevered brow, haggard cheek and eye, intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last and newest abstraction which sprung from some metaphysician's brain, and

muttering to himself, in half uttered words, 'This is indeed a crisis!'" The best word-portrait, however, was that of Senator Buchanan, whose manner and voice were humorously imitated, as he was described while presenting his democratic associates to the president. Mr. Buchanan pleasantly retorted, describing in turn a caucus of disappointed whig congressmen, who discussed whether it would be best to make open war upon "Captain Tyler," or to resort to stratagem, and, in the elegant language of Mr. Botts, "head him or die."

The mission to Great Britain had been tendered by President Harrison to John Sargent, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer who had been the candidate for vice-president on the unsuccessful whig ticket headed by Henry Clay in 1836. Mr. Sargent having declined, President Harrison had appointed Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who accepted, and whose name came before the senate for confirmation. Mr. Everett was among the most conservative of New England politicians, but he had once, in reply to inquiries from abolitionists, expressed the opinion that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Could this be made a pretext for his rejection, President Tyler could send a Southern man to England, and thus aid in the annexation of Texas.

Fortunately for Mr. Everett, Senator Morehead, of Kentucky, revealed the plot to Thurlow Weed, then the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, after they had passed a social evening together, with a good supply of rare old Bourbon whisky and good cigars. Mr. Morehead said that his colleague, Mr. Clay, only intended to give a silent vote for Mr. Everett's confirmation, although he was opposed to the plot against him. Mr. Weed saw at once that the rejection of Mr. Everett would add to the sectional agitation just showing itself, and he used his powerful influence to pre-

vent it. When the nomination came before the senate, it was opposed by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. King of Alabama, and advocated by Mr. Choate and Henry Clay. Mr. King, who would have received the appointment had Mr. Everett's rejection created a vacancy, concluded a bitter speech by saying that if Mr. Everett, holding views in opposition to the South, was confirmed, the Union would be dissolved! Mr. Clay sprang to his feet, and, pointing his long arm and index-finger at Mr. King, said: "And I tell you, Mr. President, that if a gentleman so preëminently qualified for the position of minister should be rejected by this senate, and for the reasons given by the senator from Alabama, this Union is dissolved already."

The nomination of Mr. Everett was confirmed by a vote of twenty-three yeas against nineteen nays. Every democrat, Northern and Southern, who voted, and two Southern whigs, voted against him, and several Northern democrats dodged, among them Pierce of New Hampshire, Williams of Maine, and Wright of New York. The Southern whigs who stood their ground for Mr. Everett were Clay of Kentucky, Morehead, Berrien, Clayton, Mangum, Merrick, Graham, and Rives. Mr. Weed had also three or four other Southern whigs in reserve, who would have braved the odium of voting for an abolitionist had their votes been needed.

A second fiscal agent bill was prepared in accordance with the president's expressed views, and he said to Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, then a representative from Virginia, holding him by the hand: "Stuart, if you can be instrumental in getting this bill through Congress, I shall esteem you as the best friend I have on earth." An attempt was made in the senate to amend it, which Mr. Choate, who was regarded as the mouth-piece of Daniel Webster, opposed. Mr. Clay endeavored to make him admit that some member of the administration had in-

spired him to assert that if the bill was amended, it would be vetoed, but Mr. Choate had examined too many witnesses to be forced into any admission that he did not choose to make. Persisting in his demand, Mr. Clay's manner and language became offensive. "Sir," said Mr. Choate, "I insist on my right to explain what I did say in my own words." "But I want a direct answer!" exclaimed Mr. Clay. "Mr. President," said Mr. Choate, "the gentleman will have to take my answer as I choose to give it to him." Here the two senators were called to order, and both of them were requested to take their seats. The next day Mr. Clay made an explanation which was satisfactory to Mr. Choate.

The second bank or fiscal agent bill was passed by Congress without the change of a word or a letter, yet the president vetoed it. When the veto message was received in the senate, there were some hisses in the gallery, which brought Mr. Benton to his feet. Expressing his indignation, he asked that the "ruffians" be taken into custody, and one of those who had hissed was taken into custody, but, on penitently expressing his regret, he was discharged.

President Tyler's cabinet first learned that he intended to veto the second bank bill through the columns of a New York paper, and such was their indignation, that they all, with the exception of Mr. Webster, resigned. The whigs in Congress met in caucus, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, setting forth in temperate language the differences between them and the president, his equivocations and tergiversations, and repudiating the administration. The democracy — said Colonel Benton — "rejoiced, and patted Mr. Tyler on the shoulder, even those who despised the new party, microscopically small, but potent in the president's veto."

Caleb Cushing, who, with Mr. Wise, headed what Mr. Clay had christened

"the corporal's guard" of the president's friends in Congress, issued a counter-manifesto, defending the acts of the administration. It declared that the president, in refusing to sign the financial bills, had "violated no engagement and committed no act of perfidy in the sense of a forfeited pledge." Mr. Webster was commended for having remained in the cabinet when "all the rest had fled," and the address of the whig congressmen was denounced.

Henry A. Wise had been Mr. Clay's instrument in securing the nomination of Mr. Tyler as vice-president, and was the most influential adviser at the White House. He was then in the prime of his early manhood, tall, spare, and upright, with large, lustreless, gray-blue eyes, high cheek bones, a large mouth, a complexion saffron-hued from his inordinate use of tobacco, and coarse long hair, brushed back from his low forehead. He was brilliant in conversation, and when he addressed an audience he was the incarnation of effective eloquence. No one has ever poured forth in the Capitol of the United States such torrents of words, such erratic flights of fancy, such blasting insinuations, such solemn prayers, such blasphemous imprecations. Like Jeremiah of old, he felt the dark shadow of coming events; and he regarded the Yankees as the inevitable foes of the old Commonwealth of Virginia.

Mr. Webster gave to the Tyler administration all of the dignity and character which it possessed, not only directing its diplomacy through the department of state, but counseling the other heads of departments. He wrote Secretary Forward's report on the currency, and other state papers, besides serving as a balance-wheel to regulate the movements of the ardent Cushing and the fiery Wise. Mr. Webster's great work, however, was his negotiation of the Treaty of Washington with Lord Ashburton, which he considered as one

of the greatest achievements of his life. It settled a vexatious quarrel over our northeastern boundary, it overthrew the British claim to exercise the right of search, and it established the right of property in slaves on an American vessel driven by stress of weather into a British port. But the treaty did not settle the exasperating controversy over the fisheries on the North Atlantic coast, or the disputed northwestern boundary. Indeed, Mr. Webster was at one time disposed to cede the valley of the Columbia River for the free right to fish on the British colonial coasts of the North Atlantic, Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, having represented Oregon as worthless for agricultural purposes, and only valuable for its furs. Just then Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington, dressed in the Mackinaw blanket-coat and buckskin leggings in which he had crossed the Rocky Mountains, to plead for the retention of Oregon. "But you are too late, doctor," said Mr. Webster, "for we are about to trade off Oregon for the cod-fisheries." The doctor soon convinced the secretary of state, however, that the valley of the Columbia was of great value, and it was retained, while the settlement of the fisheries question was left to a succeeding generation.

Lord Ashburton, retaining his business habits, brought to Washington not only a diplomatic suite, but a butler and a cook, and rented the spacious mansion of Matthew St. Clair Clarke, near that of Mr. Webster. Much of the preliminary negotiation was carried on at the dinner tables of the contracting parties, and congressional guests were alike charmed by the hospitable attentions of the "fine old English gentleman" and the Yankee secretary of state. Lord Ashburton offered his guests the cream of culinary perfection and the gastronomic art, with the rarest wines, while at Mr. Webster's table American delicacies were served in American style.

Maine salmon, Massachusetts mackerel, New Jersey oysters, Florida shad, Kentucky beef, West Virginia mutton, Illinois prairie chickens, Virginia terrapin, Maryland crabs, Delaware canvas-back ducks, and South Carolina rice-birds were cooked by Monica, and served in a style that made the banker-diplomat admit their superiority to the potages, sauces, entremets, ragouts, and desserts of his Parisian white-capped manipulator of casseroles.

Mr. Webster's papers in the negotiations with Lord Ashburton are models of skillful reasoning, and his letter on impressment is regarded as a diplomatic masterpiece. He not only had to contend with a practical and accomplished diplomat, but to manage a wayward president, an unfriendly senate, a hostile house of representatives, and the state governments of Massachusetts and Maine. When a leading merchant congratulated him on the result, he thanked him, and said: "There have been periods when I could have kindled a war, but, sir, I remembered that I was negotiating for a Christian country, with a Christian country, and that we were all living in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. My duty, sir, was clear and plain."

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the house of representatives. He had succeeded Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a Boston merchant, who, having amassed a large fortune, coveted political honors, and was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund of his party. Astute and observing, he imagined himself a representative of the merchant-princes of Venice under the Doges and England under the Plantagenets, and he spoke in a measured, stately tone, advancing his ideas with a positiveness that would not brook contradiction. On several occasions he had been one of "the solid men of Boston" who had contributed considerable sums for the pecuniary re-

lief of Mr. Webster, and this emboldened him to assume a dictatorial tone in advising the secretary of state to resign after the Ashburton treaty had been negotiated. The command was treated with sovereign contempt, and thenceforth Mr. Lawrence looked upon Mr. Webster as ungrateful, and as standing in the way of his own political advancement.

When the extra session had ended, President Tyler had some time to devote to his family. His wife, a Virginia lady (whose maiden name was Letitia Christian) came to the Executive Mansion in feeble health, and did not long survive. He had two grown sons, Robert and John; two married daughters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Semple; a younger daughter, Alice, and a young son, Tazewell, a bright lad. The wife of his oldest son, Robert, was a daughter of Cooper, the celebrated tragedian, and it is recorded in Charles Dickens's *Notes* that she "acted as the lady of the mansion, and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady too."

President Tyler, who was fifty-one years of age when he took possession of the Executive Mansion, was somewhat above the medium height, and of slender figure, with long limbs and great activity of movement. His thin auburn hair turned white during his term of office, his nose was large and prominent, his eyes were of a bluish-gray, his lips were thin and his cheeks sunken. His manners were those of the old school of Virginia gentlemen, and he always invited visitors with whom he was acquainted to accompany him to the sideboard in his dining-room and take a glass of wine, or something stronger. The ceremonious etiquette established at the White House by Van Buren vanished, and the president lived precisely as he had on his plantation, attended by his old family slaves. When Healey, the artist, was invited to reside at the White House while he was copying

Stuart's portrait of Washington for Louis Philippe of France, he was forcibly struck with the absence of all ceremony. The first day of the artist's sojourn, he accompanied the family to the drawing-room, after dinner, and then said, with a profound bow, "Mr. President, with your permission I will retire to my work." "My good fellow," replied Mr. Tyler, "do just what you please."

When one day the president joked Mr. Wise about his little one-horse carriage, which he styled "a candle-box on wheels," the representative from Accomac retorted by telling Mr. Tyler that he had been riding for a month in a second-hand carriage purchased at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the secretary of the navy under Mr. Van Buren, with the Paulding coat-of-arms emblazoned on the door panels. The president laughed, and gave orders at once to have the armorial bearings of the Pauldings painted over.

President Tyler stopped the dismissal of those clerks in the departments who were democrats to make places for whigs. One day, shortly after he became president, one of the secretaries had sent notices to fifteen of the clerks employed in the department of which he was the head, that their services would not be required any longer by the government. Jemmy Maher, the public gardener, heard of this wholesale official decapitation, and, seeing Mr. Tyler soon afterwards on the portico of the White House, went to him and stated the case. The president immediately sent for the secretary, who came, bringing with him, as authority for what he had done, the record of the political tergiversations of each dismissed clerk. "That's all very well," said President Tyler, when he had heard the secretary's indictment, "but you must restore these men. If you don't, I shall have their wives and children coming to me with sad stories of their starvation, and I am determined not to take part in making people

wretched." The dismissed clerks were accordingly reinstated.

The great number of whigs who had swarmed from Virginia into Washington at the inauguration of Harrison, in search of offices, and who had not been successful, when Mr. Tyler became president were very importunate. Prominent among them was "Old Dade," as he was called by all who knew him, who was born near the spot made famous by the surrender of Cornwallis, and who was an applicant for the position of warden of the district penitentiary. Before he received his appointment, President Harrison died, and "Old Dade" then began to importune his successor. One day Mr. Tyler said: "Dade, I should like to appoint you, but they tell me that you drink too much." "Is that all they say about me?" responded Dade. Mr. Tyler smiled, and observed, "I think, in all conscience, that is enough." "No sir!" answered the indignant Dade. "When people talk about me, I want them to tell the whole truth, sir! They should have told you, sir, that there is no gentleman in the city of Washington so thirsty as I am." Mr. Tyler, in the goodness of his heart, could resist no longer, and "Old Dade" was commissioned warden of the penitentiary. When he took charge, he had all of the convicts called up, and made this brief speech to them: "Boys, I'm your boss. If you'll behave yourselves like gentlemen I'll treat you as such, but if you don't, I'll turn every mother's son of you out!"

Junius Brutus Booth was occasionally the star at the Washington Theatre, and President Tyler used often to enjoy his marvelous renderings of Sir Giles Overreach, King Lear, Shylock, Othello, and Richard the Third. Booth was short and compactly built, with classical features which strongly resembled the portraits of Michael Angelo, and his bearing was that of a monarch. A slave to intoxicating drinks, he would often

disappoint his audiences, yet his popularity remained unabated. He resided on a farm in Maryland, and sometimes he would abandon the stage entirely for rural pursuits, appearing occasionally in Baltimore with a wagon-load of milk, chickens, and eggs, which he would peddle from door to door. Among his other eccentricities, stimulated by drunkenness, was a veneration for animal life equal to that of a Hindoo. He would not eat flesh or fowl, or permit its use in his family, believing as he did in metempsychosis. An eminent divine used to narrate how he was summoned by Booth to his room one night, and found him there in great grief over several hundred pigeons, which had been killed in a shooting-match. Booth welcomed the clergyman, and asked him to read the burial service over the slaughtered innocents, which the reverend gentleman declined to do. Taking a prayer-book, Booth then read the burial-service himself, supplementing it with an eloquent discourse on the inhumanity of man to the beasts and birds over whom he had been given dominion.

Social life at Washington was very agreeable during the administration of President Tyler, as political differences were banished from the drawing-rooms, and those who mercilessly denounced each other in debate would cordially fraternize a few hours afterwards at a dinner-table. But few large parties were given, those of Baron de Bodisco, the Russian minister, surpassing all the others, but there were many small social gatherings. Assemblies were held during the sessions of Congress, under the supervision of managers who issued cards of invitation only to such as were within the exclusive circle. Gentlemen were admitted only in full evening dress, with pumps and silk stockings, unless they belonged to the army, the navy, or the marine corps, and appeared in full uniform. The dancing was commenced at eight o'clock, with a grand prome-

nade, led by the manager who had been selected to act as master of ceremonies, with the reigning belle of the evening. Waltzing was never indulged in, but there was a succession of cotillons and quadrilles, varied by romping country-dances, until eleven o'clock, when the music would strike up a Virginia reel, and the oldest spectators would take their places with the more youthful, going down the outside, up the middle, balancing to distant persons on the other side, and indulging in six hands around with a joyous abandon. When all were tired, good-night was said, and before midnight the hall was deserted. During the evening, ice-cream, lemonade, and port wine negus, with small cakes, were handed around to the ladies, and the gentlemen had rum punch or apple toddy in their dressing-room.

Prominent among the ladies who were in society were Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Hamilton. The widow of the ex-president resided in a house facing on Lafayette Square, where on public days she received all visitors who chose to call, wearing a dark velvet dress and a white muslin turban. Her conversational powers were unimpaired by years, and her reminiscences, extending back to the administration of Washington, were always interesting. Mrs. Hamilton, who also kept house, led a more reserved life, but was equally gifted and equally interesting in conversation. She was devoted to the memory of her husband, and expended considerable sums of money in quietly buying up, whenever an opportunity presented itself, copies of his celebrated pamphlet in which he confessed his infidelity to her, to relieve himself of charges of official misconduct while secretary of the treasury. She used to say that General Hamilton wrote the outline of his contributions to *The Federalist* on board one of the North River packet sloops, on which he used to visit Albany, the voyage from New York usually taking eight or ten days.

One of the most agreeable houses in Washington was that of Colonel Benton, a senator from Missouri, whose accomplished and graceful daughters had been thoroughly educated under his own supervision. He was not willing, however, that one of them — Miss Jessie — should receive the attentions of a young second lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers, — Mr. Frémont, — and the young couple eloped and were married clandestinely. The colonel, although angry at first, acquiesced in the result, and his powerful support in Congress enabled Mr. Frémont to explore, under the patronage of the general government, the vast central regions beyond the Rocky Mountains, and to plant the national flag on Wind River Peak, upwards of thirteen thousand feet above the Gulf of Mexico. The young "Pathfinder" had as friends and advisers at Washington Monsieur Nicollet, an accomplished French engineer, the venerable Hassler, father of the coast-survey, and Colonel Abert, chief of the topographical bureau.

A very different wedding was that of the Baron de Bodisco, Russian minister, and Miss Harriet Williams, a daughter of the chief clerk in the office of the adjutant-general. The baron was nearly fifty years of age, and she a blonde school-girl of "sweet sixteen," celebrated for her clear complexion and her robust beauty. The ceremony was performed at her father's house on Georgetown Heights, and was a regular May and December affair throughout. There were eight groomsmen, six of whom were well advanced in life, and as many bridesmaids, all of them young girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, wearing long dresses of white satin damask, donated by the bridegroom. The question of precedence gave the baron much trouble, as he could not determine whether Mr. Fox, then the British minister and dean of the diplomatic corps, or Senator Buchanan, who

had been minister to Russia, should be the first groomsman. This important question was settled by having the groomsmen and bridesmaids stand in couples, four on either side of the bridegroom and bride. The ceremony was witnessed at the bride's residence, by a distinguished company, and the bridal party then went in carriages to the Russian Legation, where an elegant entertainment awaited them, and where some of the many guests got gloriously drunk in drinking the health of the happy couple.

A children's fancy ball was given at the White House by President Tyler, in honor of the birthday of his eldest granddaughter. She received her guests dressed as a fairy, with gossamer wings, a diamond star on her forehead, and a silver wand. Prominent among the young people was the daughter of General Almonte, the Mexican minister, arrayed as an Aztec princess. Master Schermerhorn, of New York, was beautifully dressed as an Albanian boy, and Ada Cutts, as a flower-girl, gave promise of the intelligence and beauty which in later years led captive the "Little Giant" of the West. The boys and girls of Henry A. Wise were present, the youngest in the arms of its mother, formerly Miss Sargent of Philadelphia, and every State in the Union had its juvenile representative. The most noticeable feature of the evening was the supper-table, where, opposite the little hostess of three years sat the venerable Mrs. Madison, the only invited guest of adult years honored with a seat, while the other grown people waited upon the children, and aided in the distribution of gifts from the Christmas-tree.

Horatio Greenough had, in 1832, been commissioned to "execute in marble a pedestrian statue of General Washington, to be placed in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol." The price originally agreed upon was \$5000, but this had been increased to \$30,000 in

1830, when Congress was notified that the statue was finished. It was in Mr. Greenough's studio at Florence, and after a few learned debates, Congress passed a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of the navy to take measures for its "importation and protection." Orders were thereupon sent the commander of the Mediterranean squadron to take it on board one of his men-of-war at Genoa, and send it to Washington.

Meanwhile Mr. Greenough, becoming impatient, had had the statue, which weighed twenty-one tons, drawn from Florence to Genoa by twenty-two yokes of oxen. The ponderous car on which it was placed created a great excitement as it passed along, breaking down bridges, and the peasants, thinking that it was the image of some potent saint, knelt as it passed and repeated their prayers. When it arrived at Florence, it was found that it could not be got down the hatchway of the man-of-war sent to carry it to Washington, and it became necessary to charter a merchant vessel. After some difficulty it was safely stowed in the hold, but the captain then asserted that he had a right to take other freight, and it was only by the payment of an additional sum that he could be induced to sail directly for Norfolk Roads.

When the statue was delivered at the Washington navy yard, the trouble appeared only to have commenced. It was discovered that the "pedestrian" statue was sitting in a chair, and that it was nearly nude to the waist, and a responsive thrill ran through the country when Mr. Wise declared, in a debate in the house of representatives, that "the man does not live and never did live, who ever saw Washington without his shirt." The Latin inscriptions placed by the artist upon the chair were also criticised, and to increase the popular discontent it was found that the eastern door-way of the Capitol was too small by fourteen inches to admit the statue.

After much discussion in Congress,

and the publication of many newspaper articles, it was decided to cut away the masonry, and the doorway was so enlarged that the statue was taken to the centre of the rotunda. Hereupon a fresh difficulty soon arose. The weight was so great that the floor began to sink, and it was found necessary to erect a solid pedestal, commencing in the basement. It was soon evident to all, however, that the centre of the rotunda was not the proper place for the statue, as the figure was too large, and the light coming from above threw the countenance and neck into a cross-shadow at all hours of the day.

Congress again discussed the location of the statue, and finally ordered it to be removed to the western side of the rotunda. It was found, however, that this was not practicable, and no action was taken until the following year, when an appropriation was made for the removal of the statue from the rotunda to the grounds east of the Capitol, and the erection of a shelter over it. It was not long before this shelter was removed by Act of Congress, and the statue was left, as was touchingly said in debate, "with a boundless arch of sky for a canopy." Since then it has been thrice removed, and unless sheltered from the storms it will soon begin to disintegrate. Some of the accessories have fallen off, and one of the toes has been broken off.

The vaulted arches of the old supreme court room used to echo in those days with the eloquence of Clay, Webster, Choate, Sargent, Binney, Atherton, Kennedy, Berrien, Crittenden, Phelps, and other able lawyers. Their honors the justices were rather a jovial set, especially Judge Story, who used to assert that every man should laugh at least an hour during the day, and had himself a great fund of humorous anecdotes. One of them, that he loved to tell, was of Jonathan Mason, of whom he always spoke in high praise. It set forth that at the trial of a Methodist preacher

for the alleged murder of a young girl, the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and there was a wide difference of opinion concerning his guilt. One morning, just before the opening of the court, a brother preacher stepped up to Mason and said, "Sir, I had a dream, last night, in which the angel Gabriel appeared and told me that the prisoner was not guilty." "Ah!" replied Mason, "have him subpoenaed immediately." Chief Justice Taney, although he seldom told a story, always liked to hear one, and used to enjoy the anecdotes which enlivened the after-dinner consultations of the court, although some of them had made pilgrimages through the whole realm of jocularity.

When Congress met in December, 1841, it was evident that there could be no harmonious action between that body and the president, but he was not disposed to succumb. Writing to a friend, he said the coming session was "likely to prove as turbulent and fractious as any since the days of Adam. But [he added] I have a firm grip on the reins."

The senate contained many able men. Clay was in the pride of his political power, but uneasy as a caged lion. Calhoun was in the full glory of his intellectual magnificence. Silas Wright, Levi Woodbury, and Robert J. Walker were laboring for the restoration of the democrats to power. Benton stood sturdily, like a gnarled oak-tree, defying all who offered to oppose him. Allen, whose loud voice had gained for him the appellation of "the Ohio gong," spoke with his usual vehemence. Franklin Pierce was demonstrating his devotion to the slave-power, while Rufus Choate poured forth his wealth of words in debate, his dark complexion corrugated by swollen veins, and his great, sorrowful eyes gazing earnestly at his listeners.

In the house of representatives there were unusually brilliant and able men. John Quincy Adams, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, was the

recognized leader. Mr. Fillmore, of New York, a stalwart, pleasant-featured man, with a remarkably clear-toned voice, was chairman of the committee on ways and means. Henry A. Wise, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, was able to secure a large share of patronage for the Norfolk navy yard. George N. Briggs (afterwards Governor of Massachusetts) who was an earnest advocate of temperance, was chairman of the postal committee. Joshua R. Giddings, who was a sturdy opponent of slavery at that early day, was chairman of the committee on claims. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, an accomplished scholar and popular author, was chairman of the committee on commerce. Edward Stanly, of North Carolina, was chairman of the committee on military affairs, Leverett Saltonstall of the committee on manufactures; indeed, there was not a committee of the house that did not have a first-class man as its chairman.

But the session soon became a scene of sectional strife. Mr. Adams, in offering his customary daily budget of petitions, presented one from several anti-slavery citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying for a dissolution of the Union, which raised a tempest. The Southern representatives met that night in caucus, and the next morning Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions, deploring the presentation of the obnoxious petition and censuring Mr. Adams for having presented it.

An excited and acrimonious debate, extending over several days, followed. The principal feature of this exciting scene was the venerable object of censure, then nearly fourscore years of age, his limbs trembling with palsy, his bald head crimson with excitement, and tears dropping from his eyes, as he for four days stood defying the storm, and hurling back defiantly the opprobrium with which his adversaries sought to stigmatize him. He was animated by the recollection that the slave-power had pre-

vented the reflection of his father and of himself to the presidential chair, and he poured forth the hoarded wrath of half a century. Lord Morpeth, who was then in Washington, and who occupied a seat on the floor of the house near Mr. Adams during the entire debate, said that "he put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm."

Mr. Wise became the prosecutor of Mr. Adams, and asserted that both he and his father were in alliance with Great Britain against the South. Mr. Adams replied with great severity, his shrill voice ringing through the hall. "Four or five years ago," said he, "there came to this house a man with his hands and face dripping with the blood of murder, the blotches of which are yet hanging upon him, and when it was proposed that he should be tried by this house for that crime, I opposed it." After this allusion to the killing of Mr. Cilley in a duel, Mr. Adams proceeded to castigate Mr. Wise without mercy. At a later period in the debate Mr. Adams replied to Mr. Marshall, the author of the resolution censuring him. He alluded to the friendly intercourse that had existed between the gentleman's uncle, Chief Justice Marshall, and his own father, President John Adams, and said that "the slave-power was now his judge, and slave-holders were to sit as jurors. They proposed to treat him with mercy. He disdained and rejected their mercy, and he defied them. Let them expel him if they dared—his constituents would soon return him." When he at last resumed his seat, whig representatives from the free States crowded around him to offer their congratulations, and a resolution offered by Mr. Fillmore to lay the whole subject on the table was passed by a vote of one hundred and forty-four yeas against fifty-two nays.

At the spring races in 1842 over the Washington course, Mr. Stanly, of North Carolina, accidentally rode so close to

the horse of Mr. Wise as to jostle that gentleman, who gave him several blows with a cane. Mr. Stanly at once sent a friend to Mr. Wise, with an invitation to meet him at Baltimore, that they might settle their difficulty, and left for that city. Mr. Wise remained in Washington, where he was arrested the next day under the anti-dueling law, and placed under bonds to keep the peace. Mr. Stanly remained at Baltimore for several days, expecting Mr. Wise. He was the guest of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, under whose instruction he practiced with dueling pistols, firing at a mark. One morning Mr. Johnson took a pistol himself, and fired it, but the ball rebounded and struck him in the left eye, depriving it of sight. Mr. Stanly returned the next day to Washington, where mutual friends adjusted the difficulty between Mr. Wise and himself, but Mr. Johnson was never able to see again with his left eye.

President Tyler was gradually impressed, by those around him, with the idea that the people would elect him at the expiration of his term. It became evident, however, that he had no real following, and that a "corporal's guard" of sycophants was urging him to persist in injuring the whig party, while the democrats were not disposed to support him. But he continued with hardened obstinacy in his mad course, with staggering steps and wavering purpose, as if struck with a providential blindness of judgment. Mr. Webster endeavored to defend him in Faneuil Hall, and defied the Clay whigs, under the lead of Abbott Lawrence. "I am a whig," said he, "a Faneuil Hall whig, and if any one undertakes to turn me out of the pale of that communion, let him see to it who gets out first."

The president, in his endeavors to form a Tyler party, forgot his previous determination not to remove faithful office-holders that their places might be given to partisans. His organ announced,

"It is not enough that the office-holders do not oppose the administration. We want vigorous and bold men. We want men who are ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, and drive along the car of the administration through every obstacle and every opposition."

Mr. Wise was nominated as minister to France and rejected, and Mr. Cushing was rejected as secretary of the treasury. Edward Everett was confirmed as minister to China, and had he accepted the transfer, Mr. Webster would have been sent in the recess to Great Britain. But Mr. Everett declined the new appointment, and Mr. Cushing, appointed in his place, left at once for China, hoping that the senate would not reject him after he had entered upon his duties.

Mr. Webster remained in the cabinet until the spring of 1843, when the evident determination of President Tyler to secure the annexation of the republic of Texas made it very desirable that he should leave, and he was "frozen out" by studied reserve and coldness. The cabinet was reconstructed, but a few months later the bursting of a cannon on the war-steamer *Princeton*, while re-

turning from a pleasure excursion down the Potomac, killed Mr. Upshur, the secretary of state, Mr. Gilmer, the secretary of the navy, with six others, while Colonel Benton narrowly escaped death, and nine seamen were injured. The president had intended to witness the discharge of the gun, but he was detained in the cabin by a lady. This shocking catastrophe cast a gloom over Washington, and there was a general attendance, irrespective of party, at the funeral of the two cabinet officers, who were buried from the White House.

One of those killed by the explosion on the *Princeton* was Mr. Gardiner, a New York gentleman whose ancestors were the owners of Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound. His daughter Julia, a young lady of fine presence, rare beauty, and varied accomplishments, had for some time been the object of marked attentions from President Tyler, although he was in his fifty-fifth year and she but about twenty. Soon after she was deprived of her father they were quietly married at New York, and President Tyler brought his young bride to the White House.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the minister's morning sermon
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter
Through the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink:
"O Father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no garden of Eden
There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
 The words of the little one;
 Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
 Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
 Had he lent the holiest name?
 Did his own heart, loving and human,
 The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
 From the tender skies above,
 And the face of his little daughter
 He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
 Of Sinai's mount of law,
 But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
 The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
 Of old was His presence known,
 The dread Ineffable Glory
 Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
 In his prayers a tenderer strain,
 And never the gospel of hatred
 Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
 And the blinded eyes found sight,
 And hearts, as flint aforetime,
 Grew soft in his warmth and light.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A NATIONAL VICE.

IN that scene of Othello (Act II. Sc. 3) in which Iago betrays Cassio into drunkenness, he sings a clattering drinking song, as to which he says to his victim, "I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander . . . are nothing to your English." But remem-

ber, complacent brother Yankee, that this description of English manners concerns you directly. You cannot say that the galled jade in England may wince, but your withers are unwrung. It is your forefathers that Shakespeare thus describes by the lips of that jovial soldier and prince of good fellows, "mine ancient." You have just the

same concern in the picture that your British cousin has: no more, but not a whit less. *You* may have taken Falstaff's counsel to himself to forswear sack and live cleanly; but if any one is at all implicated in the potting of Englishmen between two and three hundred years ago, you are the man. Nevertheless, there is at the present day a very manifest difference between the two great divisions of the English race in this matter, although the amount of wine and whisky and beer consumed in America seems to increase year by year, rather than to diminish. What may be called domestic drinking has, however, much fallen off among us within the memory of living men. In the days of the fathers of the present active generation, some forty years ago, it was the custom here to offer cake and wine to ladies who paid morning calls, and not long before that time, wine was in use even at funerals. These customs have happily passed away, and although they may have been succeeded by others not less objectionable in the same respect, the use of alcoholic drinks in the household, except at dinner, and on festive occasions, has diminished so greatly that the change is one of the most notable that has taken place in our society. In England, however, although wine is not offered, as a matter of course, to callers, wine, beer, and spirits are in free and in daily use in households of a grade and a character which here would be a warrant that nothing stronger than coffee or tea, or, of late years, on extraordinary occasions, a little lager beer, would be seen upon the table. For, in England, not only do people who live generously, not to say freely, and with a respect for creature comforts, draw regularly upon the cellar or the tap, but, with very few exceptions, all of that large class — it is almost equally large in both countries — which unites narrow means, frugal living, and a strong religious and ascetic feeling are constant

drinkers of malt liquor, and most of them of spirits, although in a moderate and truly temperate way. With this class in America it is both virtuous and economical to substitute, for cakes and ale, pie and water.

The free use, not only of wine and beer, but even of spirits, by all classes, and by both sexes, among people of the highest respectability and the most decorous life, was the very first of English habits which attracted my attention. My readers may remember the mention of my observation of this habit at the morning performance at the Birmingham musical festival, where, at midday, between the parts of the concert, sandwiches and biscuit were accompanied by highly fragrant draughts from silver and gold-mounted flasks, which were freely taken by ladies in all parts of the immense hall, even by those in the "president's seats," where the nobility and the "swells" in general were carefully roped off from the rest of the audience, and where there was an archbishop who might have said high grace over what his friends around him were about to receive. They may remember, too, that fair and delicate woman with whom, the next day, I was shut up alone in a first-class carriage between Birmingham and London, and who startled me by filling her horn, not exactly as Diana fills hers, with a fluid that made our compartment as highly odorous as a cellar in Cognac. The impression made upon me by these incidents was deepened every day that I spent in England. In London I saw respectable-looking women coming out of tap-rooms, wiping their lips, at ten o'clock in the morning. They were not "ladies," but they were women of decent dress and demeanor; women of a sort that here would be frightened at the thought of entering a bar-room. At restaurants I saw the same freedom on the part of women of a much higher grade. I mentioned this to a New York woman who had gone over in the same

steamer with me, and who was with her party for a few days at the same hotel. She, who had been in England two or three times, had, nevertheless, been newly impressed in like manner; and she told me that only the day before, when her party, which included her brother-in-law, her sister, her nephew and niece, after a fatiguing morning of sight-seeing, had gone to a restaurant to take a hearty luncheon, in the order for which ale and brandy and water had been included, to her amazement the waiter placed the ale before the gentlemen, and the brandy, by no mistake, but deliberately, before her. The waiter, when he was requested to change the arrangement, made no apology, and did not seem to think that he had been guilty of a blunder. She enjoyed the joke too much to be offended.

I hasten to say, however, that I did not see, in any part of England, in any society to which I had the pleasure of being admitted, a single instance, even among men, of perceptible excess in drinking. And I venture to add that I am so far from being squeamish upon this point myself, that I respected a friend, a man not only of character and high social standing, but of strong religious feeling, when he said to me one morning, "Last night, when I was talking with you, I was somewhat excited by wine" (I had hardly observed it), "and perhaps was somewhat vehement. Some people are ashamed to own that they are, or have been, excited by wine. I am not." I could not but reflect, however, that a similar confession by an American of his years and character would be almost an impossibility.

This gentleman, moreover, was a man of active benevolence, and was one of a few who had undertaken the establishment in one of the large towns of chocolate houses for the benefit of the laboring people, to win them away if possible from the ale-house, the tap-room, and the gin palace. I visited one of these

chocolate rooms with him, and was pleased to see the simple earnestness with which he made inquiries of the person in charge as to the favor with which they were regarded by those for whose good they were established, and the satisfaction with which he received information that the number of visitors was increasing. But the result of my observations on the whole did not lead me to look for much social amelioration of England by this well-meant and possibly wise project. The Englishman, and particularly the Englishman of the laboring class, is wedded to his beer. He feels that it is the great comfort, and one of the very few enjoyments, of his life. And not only is the chocolate room or any other like contrivance "slow," but there is about it an implication that he is taken in hand and managed by his betters, like a child, which he not unnaturally resents. Rightly or wrongly, he feels more ashamed of being treated in this way than he does of being drunk once a week, — once, however, being here a word of wide signification. For in these cases "the same drunk" often extends from Saturday night to Monday and not unfrequently into Tuesday. The result of this habit, which may almost be called a custom, is deplorable and socially injurious to a degree of which we in America have a very imperfect idea. The beer of England is not like the light German beer which has come so much into vogue here of late years under the name of "lager," and of which a man of any stability of brain and knee might drink enough to swim in without feeling any other effect than that of unpleasant distention; it is heady, strongly narcotic, and apparently not exhilarating, but depressing. Drunk in large quantities, after a short period of excitement it dulls the brain and fills the drinker's whole bulk with liquid stupefaction. He becomes not intoxicated, but besotted. Not only laboring men and men who ought to labor, but do not, give

themselves up to this debasing habit of beer-drunkness through two or three days of the week, but skilled artisans, men whose work is of a kind and of an excellence which is worthy of respect and admiration. I was more than once told in regard to an artisan of this class, a man whose work was always in demand at the highest price, and who could with ease have kept himself and his family in perfect comfort and have laid up money, that he would not work for any man or at any price more than four days in the week. Blue Monday is a recognized "institution" in England; and as I have intimated, the blueness of it extends not unfrequently into Tuesday, and this among the very best of the skilled artisans. One bookbinder told me that his two best men, "finishers" to whom he gave his finest work in perfect confidence that it would be done unexceptionably both in workmanship and in style, never made any "time," that is, never got really at work, before Wednesday. Like stories were told me of other equally accomplished workmen. This is not only ruinous to the men and to their families, but the aggregate industrial loss to England must be very great. And this steady, besotted drunkenness seems to be at the bottom of most of the distress and most of the crime of England. A clergyman whose work lay much among the laboring classes told me that he felt utterly powerless before this vice, which was a constant quantity in the problem that he was called upon to solve. I knew a lady who was a district visitor in a suburb of London, one of those ministering angels who in England, more, it seems to me, than in any other country in the world, give themselves up to the work of helping and bettering the most wretched and degraded of their kind, and who carry Christian love and purity and grace into dens of filth and sin and suffering which, if they did not see them, would be beyond their chaste imaginations; and I asked

her one day if she met with any encouragement, and if she thought she had been able to do much real good. With a sad, sweet smile she answered, "Very little. The condition of these people seems hopeless; and *they* are hopeless. All that we can do is to help them from time to time; and we find them always where we left them, or if possible yet lower, more degraded, more wretched. And at the bottom of it all is drunkenness. The men are always more or less drunk, and the women are almost as bad. They earn a little money, and they get drunk. Husband and wife get drunk together; they quarrel; they fight; and the children grow up with this before them. They are never really quite sober unless they are starving or ill. What can be done for such people? How can they or their condition be made better?" The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke. I knew that it was so. My own observation, very small and of little worth as compared with hers, had yet shown me this. And I was struck with horror at the besotted condition of so many of the women,—women who were bearing children every year, and suckling them, and who seemed to me little better than foul human stills through which the accursed liquor with which they were soaked filtered drop by drop into the little drunkards at their breasts. To these children drunkenness comes unconsciously, like their mother tongue. They cannot remember a time when it was new to them. They come out of the cloud-land of infancy with the impression that drunkenness is one of the normal conditions of man, like hunger or like sleep. Punishment for mere drunkenness, unaccompanied by violence, must seem strange to them, one of the exactments which separate them from the superior classes, from whom come to them, as from a sort of Providence, both good and evil.¹

¹ Not unreasonably some of my readers might suppose that this picture was highly colored; but

Those superior classes seem, however, to have been, not very long ago, at least as much given to intoxication as their inferiors are now. The adage "as drunk as a lord" is indeed obsolescent, and with good reason; but its existence is proof of the habits of the class which it makes a basis of comparison. The adage, however, is, I am inclined to think, not a very old one. I know no instance of its use more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago; and I am inclined to the opinion that it witnesses a condition of society which did not obtain until after the Restoration, and which was most fully developed in the last century. In literature, particularly in dramatic literature, of an earlier time, there is no evidence that Englishmen of the higher ranks were notably given to intoxication; had they been so, this evidence could hardly have been lacking in the plays of Dekker, of Heywood, and of others. We all know, however, the habits in this respect of a large proportion of the men of rank in England, at the end of the last century and at the beginning of this. The evidence upon this point is so strong, and shows such a condition of society in this respect, that the change to the present admirable temperance and decorum, which I have already mentioned, is not only to be admired but to be wondered at as having been effected in so short a time. It is safe to assume that, in the last century, among English people who were able to live generously and who were

not under the restraint of religious asceticism, the large majority of both sexes were more or less fuddled every day after dinner, which then among such people was at about three or four o'clock, afternoon. This fact affords an explanation, and to me it is the only admissible or conceivable explanation, of the behavior of the elegant people of that century and the early years of this at the theatre, and even in the drawing-room when there was sentimental singing like Tom Moore's. Men as well as women would weep openly; and at the hearing of tragedies, the very reading of which now would make us yawn, damp handkerchiefs were waving all over the house, especially in the boxes. At very affecting passages ladies would swoon or shriek, and be carried out in hysterics. When Tom Moore sang, in his little voice that could hardly be heard over a large drawing-room, ladies of the highest rank hung over him at the piano-forte, and gave way to their emotions in the most effusive and engaging manner, so that there too they not unfrequently were faint or hysterical. The men were hardly behind them. It is difficult to believe that these are the manners and customs of the same race, only two generations removed, in which now the mark of good breeding is the restraint of all expression of emotion, particularly that of a sentimental kind. It would be impossible to believe it, were not the change accompanied by one with regard to ebriety which explains it. At those theatres and in those draw-

a day or two after this article was sent to the press, I found in a New York newspaper the following extract from the London Telegraph:—

"No substantial progress can be made in the laudable enterprise of grappling with the curse of strong drink in this country until the fact is more largely and more candidly recognized that women as well as men are accustomed to get outrageously tipsy. Although the proportion of women sots is not so large as that of men, a female drunkard may be more mischievous than a male one, because the home, when the wife and mother drinks, must inevitably be broken up, and the children, in the majority of instances, take after the drunken hab-

its of the parent of whom they see the most. A very painful illustration of this recently came under the notice of the magistrate at Marlborough Street, when a married woman, who was brought up on remand as a 'drunk and disorderly,' herself applied, under the Habitual Drunkards' act, to be sent to a home for inebriates. The poor woman had been married twenty-three years, and had brought up a numerous family, but latterly she had taken to drinking to excess, had turned her two daughters into the street, and threatened to tear her boy's tongue out and to set fire to the house."

ing-rooms it might have been said, as the Reverend Mr. Stiggins remarked to Brother Tadger at the Brick-Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Society, "the meetin's drunk." Doubtless a large majority of those present were, if not intoxicated, maudlin with drink, and ready to be affected with that which would not have stirred them a jot had they led constantly sober lives. Only on such a supposition as this can the impression which was produced by *The Beggar's Opera* be accounted for. How such words and such music could have set the town wild, and caused lords to fall in love with the actresses and ladies with the actors, is otherwise quite incomprehensible.

Even now, however, the consumption of wine and beer in the higher ranks of life in England, although it rarely, I believe, leads past the bounds of a decorous hilarity, is very great when compared with that of well-to-do people in the United States whose grandfathers were born in the country. Unmitigated water is rarely drunk, and is generally regarded with mingled aversion on the score of taste and dread on the score of health. "What is that you are drinking, G——?" said an elderly gentleman to his nephew as we sat after the ladies had withdrawn; and he peered curiously down the board at the young man's glass. "Water, sir," replied the young fellow. "Hm-m-m! wa-ater," and then a puzzled silence. He did not say, as his most gracious majesty William, the fourth of that name, is reported by Greville to have been graciously pleased to say on a like occasion, "I'll be da—shed if any man shall drink water at my table;" but evidently he was very royally minded upon the subject. I should have remembered the occasion, even if my host had not emphasized it by speaking to his nephew; for it was, I believe, the only one at which I saw pure water drunk at a dinner-table in England. I do not remember even one

lady who confined herself to the simple element; and I am speaking now not of dinner parties, or of occasions at all festive, but of the daily habits of families in which I had the honor and the great pleasure of being received without ceremony and made quite at home. Upon this point there is a corroborative passage in the very amusing *Court Etiquette* by Professor Fanning, of Toronto, Canada, who speaks, we are informed, with the authority of one who has received instruction in the lord chamberlain's office. He says that at family dinners "young ladies are limited to three glasses of light wines, while married ladies are accustomed to drink sometimes six." A matron in France may go to the Palais Royal; in England her privilege is three more glasses of wine at dinner. Then there is the wine and the beer which is drunk at luncheon, which is a substantial meal at about two o'clock, with a joint and a pudding.

But the constant and somewhat free drinking of wine on the part of the ladies was not all that attracted my attention; I was astonished at a certain disregard of simplicity in their potations; their drinking was multiform, and in what was to me a somewhat disturbing way. I have seen English ladies, after having had their full allowance of sherry, champagne, and claret at dinner, drink down a tumblerful of beer, or even of black porter! The first time I saw this done the performer was an actress; and as some of the ladies of her profession are said to be not quite so scrupulous as to certain social matters as, let us say, the leading ladies of the Baptist and Methodist persuasions are, I supposed that I might set down the porter to this slight professional eccentricity. None the less, however, was I puzzled to account for the unfastidiousness of palate which could desire, and the stoutness of stomach which, after sherry, champagne, and claret, could retain, a great glass of

porter with a tawny head upon it, at the mere sight of which even my masculine gorge rose in rebellion. But as to my former supposition I was entirely wrong; for I saw ladies of position, and of high rank, after dinner was over (not regularly, but occasionally) drink off a glass of very strong beer, so strong, indeed, that one glass of it alone would turn the heads of most American women. My fair friends in England were, however, not disturbed by it; or certainly they were not before they retired from the drawing-room.

This looking upon wine or beer as a necessity of life gives to the condemnation of malefactors, public and domestic, to a diet of bread and water, which is so often referred to in our literature, a severer significance than it has to us in America. I remember that when I used as a boy to read and to hear of this aggravation of punishment, I supposed the deprivation to be, as it was in my own case, of milk, of tea, and of coffee, — but the privation which it really did impose was that of beer and wine; and indeed the form of the sentence dates from a time when coffee and tea were unknown. But to an American, or I should rather say to a Yankee, who does not belong to the drinking classes the deprivation of wine, beer, and spirits during imprisonment would not add appreciably to its discomfort. Not so with Britons of any class.

A short time ago a friend of mine, an officer in the army, received a letter from a friend in England, introducing an actress who had come here with intentions of pursuing her profession. He called, and as he was taking leave he asked the lady if there was anything that he could do for her, meaning any service that he could render her as a stranger. "Oh, yes," she at once replied, "do send me a case of claret; for in this dreadful place I'm expected to drink wa-a-ter or some nasty washy stuff they call lager, and I'm so famished for

some wine that I think I shall die. Do send me some, please." I am sorry to say that my friend did not send the case of wine, and was so taken aback by such a request on a first interview that his first call was his last; and indeed the lady, disgusted, I suppose, with a country where she was expected to drink water, went back to England without making an engagement. He was a little too shy and suspicious. Such a request from an actress to a British officer would not startle him as being much, if at all, out of the way, and almost any officer would have so heartily sympathized with this lady in her privation that he would gladly have supplied this deficiency in her commissariat.

In London streets I myself had similar requests made to me, although on a much smaller scale. These requests were altogether new to me, and caused me some astonishment. They were made as I was strolling in New Bond Street or in Regent Street. I declined compliance at first; but one evening, as I was returning to my lodgings from dinner at a restaurant, a youngish woman dressed plainly in black, not at all pretty, but with a modest and pleasant manner, stepped up to me and said in a sweet voice, "Please, sir, would you kindly give me a glass of wine?" I reflected that I was a perfect stranger there, and might do with impunity what I would not think of doing at home (as English and American ladies go to the *Mabille* in Paris), and wishing to see how the thing was done, I said, Yes, and asked where we should get it. "There's a wine-room, yonder," she replied, pointing across Regent Street. I went with her; and surely there could not be a place less adapted to lure man or woman to mirth or pleasure. It was a small room not more than twelve feet square. The floor was of deal boards, not positively dirty, but not too clean. The walls were of a dingy nondescript color, and without ornament or decoration of any

kind. Across one side, opposite the door, was a deal counter or bar, also dingy. On the floor were a chair or two and two or three small casks, upon which men were sitting. Behind the counter were other small casks with taps. So utterly doleful and forlorn a drinking place I had never seen. But the men were decently dressed, and were chatting pleasantly; their manner was decorous, and they were plainly not roughs. I asked my fair friend what wine she would have. She said, Port; whereupon two glasses with stems, but with straight sides, holding about as much as a small champagne glass, were filled from one of the casks and placed upon the counter. I gave one to her, and touching my lips to the other as she took a draught, I paid for the wine, and setting down my glass bade her good evening and went out. I had not gone far before I heard the pattering of feet and the rustling of skirts behind me. She laid her hand gently upon my arm, and said in a tone of distress that went to my heart, "Oh, sir, sir, how could you treat me so? To take me there and leave me to drink my wine alone! You might have waited. I was so ashamed." Her manner was perfectly simple and decorous; and she was evidently hurt. I apologized and explained to her that I was a stranger, quite unfamiliar with the etiquette of such places, and that I supposed she merely wanted the refreshment of a glass of wine, which I gave her with pleasure. "Well, well," she answered, "I suppose you meant no harm; but it was awfully hard. Thanks, sir; good night!" and we went our several ways. I was truly sorry; but I had not supposed that a woman who asked me for wine in the street would mind much how she got it, or under what circumstances she drank it. Familiar as I have been from my boyhood with the streets of New York, at all hours of the day and night, this was my first experience of the kind; and it was my last in Eng-

land, although the same request was made of me again and again, by day as well as by night.

Applications of this kind to a "gentleman" are of the commonest occurrence in England. Any information or assistance that I asked was generally given to me with good-natured alacrity, and without any intimation that a "tip" was expected; but in the case of persons of inferior condition, I always found that sixpence was accepted with pleasure, and as being quite in order. More than once, though, when my inquiries had extended into something like conversation, I found an answer to my last query rounded off with, "And I should be very 'appy to drink your 'elth, sir." Of course I produced the means of securing such disinterested wishes for my well-being.

Once, however, I was tempted to say, "Oh, my health is so good that it does n't need drinking;" but I was not reviled, as I had expected, and I may almost say hoped, to be. There was only a bewildered stare, and a silent turning away. The only sign that I saw of a ruffled temper from the absence of an expected fee was from a French waiter at a very "swell" restaurant. The little account which he presented had across the top, printed in large letters, "Attendance charged in the bill," which is common in England. Determined to see what this meant, when the waiter returned with my change, I put it all into my pocket; whereupon this Frenchman, who had been all bows and smiles and pleased alacrity, instantly became so insolent in his manner that I was tempted to make a complaint against him and test the question. But I reflected that I was "only a passenger," and merely retaining in my pocket the sixpence that otherwise would have found its way into his hand, I went out.

To return to the subject of drink. It is generally expected that when a "gentleman" goes among men of lower

classes, and talks with them, he will, in the common phrase there, "stand something," which means pay for beer for all; and as a pint may be had for twopence, the tax is not very heavy. If he remains while the beer is drunk, one spokesman says for all, "Your very good 'elth, sir." The beer is drained off and the drinkers wipe their lips with the backs of their hands, and the backs of their hands upon their trousers. I observed the pronunciation of 'elth in these cases. It is not merely *health* with the *h* suppressed, but a gulping of the syllable low down in the throat. Indeed, this pronunciation of *l* is as much a distinctive mark of lower-class English as the suppression of *h* or its superfluous addition. The higher classes give it with exactly the same sound that it has in the speech of educated Yankees.

Men are, however, not alone in expecting a gentleman to stand something. As I was walking through a narrow street in Birmingham, I saw a comfortable-looking dame of decent mien at the door of a little house, and, asking her some trifling question, fell into talk with her. She soon invited me in, with that freedom of hospitality which I found common wherever I went. I entered what proved to be her kitchen and living-room. It was very tidy and orderly. There was a fire in the grate, and the kettle was singing and puffing upon the hob. There were two other women of her sort there, chatting (everybody in England seems to have time and inclination to talk), and they kindly allowed me to enter into conversation with them. But ere long one of them said, "Perhaps the gentleman would like to treat us." I was startled, for it was my second day in England, but of course assented. When the question was put, "Shall it be beer or gin?" I announced to my entertainers that I was perfectly indifferent on that point, and taking out half a crown gave it to one of them and bade them good-morning; for I

must confess that in my inexperience upon the subject of gin and beer in England, I felt very doubtful into what hands I had fallen. The probability is that they were perfectly respectable people of their class. It was merely a custom of the country.

As to the disposition to drink intoxicating liquors which has made drunkenness a national vice in England, it is to be said that there are reasons for it which do not exist in other countries. England lacks good water, and produces no wine. Although I drank much less water while I was there than I ever did during the same length of time before, I did drink much more than I am sure any native of the island does in thrice that time. But only twice did I have a draught of pure "soft" water. Nor in my walks and drives did I see one spring. Of course there are springs enough there; but I think that in the southern part of the country at least they must be much less common than they are in New England and in the Middle States, where one can hardly take a country walk without coming upon one of these clear, cool, over-brimming cups of pure refreshment offered by the hand of Nature. Many people cannot drink the unqualified water of England without being made ill. Then the climate itself makes stimulants more welcome, if not more necessary, there than elsewhere; and it also increases the capacity of stimulating drink. I was surprised not only at the quantity that I could drink at any time and at all times with impunity, and with apparently good effect, but at the eagerness with which my whole body seemed to imbibe it. I shall never forget a certain place — it was in Fleet Street, I believe — where porter was to be had at a penny a pot. It is well known for the quality of its tap, and a friend took me to it one day, saying that he would "stand tuppence" and give me a treat. We had just had a hearty breakfast; but as I turned up

my glass of this black fluid I seemed to absorb a good part of it on its passage down my throat. It was of delicious flavor, cool without being cold, and of an inexpressible lightness, notwithstanding its thick, heavy look. There was a stream of people going in and out, and I was told that the stream of people and of porter did not cease from morning till night. In America I should as soon think of drinking pure alcohol directly after breakfast as a glass of porter.

These material and consequent physiological conditions should always be considered in judging English habits of drinking. Moreover, there is the traditional custom. Time out of mind beer has been the common beverage in England. It has not been so in America. The establishment of public breweries requires time and capital which the early colonists had not to spare for that purpose; nor had they in their small households the means of supplying themselves with home-brewed malt-liquor. Consequently the stimulating beverages of this country have been until lately rum, cider, whisky, and imported wine. The first was nearest at hand in the West Indies, and was afterwards made in New England; the second came into use soon after the apple orchards reached maturity; whisky began to be made after there was grain enough to spare from making bread. Wine was a luxury. Hence in the early colonial days women and children commonly drank no beverage of this kind, except a little cider, wine being a luxury for the wealthy; and this custom, coming of necessity, and strengthened in New England by puritan asceticism, extended a gradually diminishing influence even to our own day. Beer was almost unknown, and was regarded, perhaps not altogether without reason, as a very coarse drink. For example, I can say that although not unfamiliar in my boyhood with cider and good wine (including, by the way,

such Madeira as I did not taste in England) I had not drunk four pints of beer before I left college. In England a boy might drink four pints in a day, although he might not do so every day. In England the custom of brewing beer at home is still kept up at many of the great houses. I expressed surprise at this, as brewing is such a troublesome operation, particularly when performed on a small scale, and as such excellent beer may be had by the cask or the dozen, left at every door even in the country. The reply was characteristic. It was that it having been found upon calculation that the cost of the home-brewed beer and the public brewers' beer was about the same, those who had large households chose to keep up their old custom. Plainly, if home-brewing had been a little more costly, economy would have kicked the beam, and old custom would have gone up into the air.

The outcome of all this is that water as a fluid for internal application is treated with very little respect in England. Possibly so much is applied by nature to the inhabitants externally that they think they have quite enough of it in that way. Of every other thing drinkable you see a plentiful supply all around you; but Dives did not beg Lazarus for wine; and if you have that thirst upon you that nothing but cold water can slake, you must needs, like the rich man in the parable, put up your special petition for it. And if you ask a butler for a glass of water at the dinner-table, not improbably he will receive the request with such a look of fish-eyed wonder as he might put on if a chance whale should wallow into the dining-room and ask for the material for a spout; and then you may see him turn to a footman — lower means suit lower ends — and say, "Tubbs, ah, ah, gloss of — ah — wa-a-ter."

Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of beer and wine and spirits now consumed in England, and the besotted

condition of so large a number of the lowest class (and the largest class) of the people, the consumption and the drunkenness are gradually diminishing, not positively, but in proportion to the population. Those who had observed society there for many years assured me that the change for the better was appreciable, although not great; and a lady who was the mistress of a house in which the family consisted almost entirely of men, and in which dinner parties, mostly of men, were frequent, told me that she, who controlled the whole household supplies, had remarked a steady but slow diminution during the last fifteen or twenty years in the quantity of wine required, although the number of the en-

tertainments and of the guests at each had somewhat increased. England seems, therefore, to be gradually freeing herself from the vice which for so many centuries has been regarded as national in her. It will be long before she is able to cast it off completely; for the subject is involved with one of the most important principles of constitutional liberty, the freedom of individual action, the liberty of the subject or the citizen. Moreover, in England the brewers and the licensed victuallers are a great power. Nor is abstemiousness so easy or so desirable as it is in America; and hardest although most desirable of all things everywhere is, not abstemiousness, but temperance.

Richard Grant White.

COMEDY.

THEY parted, with clasps of hand,
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed, —
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side!

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this is!
Neither was hurt, it appears:
She had forgotten his kisses,
And he had forgotten her tears.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BUSINESS ISSUES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

PROBABLY the most important fact developed by the progress of the presidential canvass is the unwillingness of the great majority of the business community in the North to let the government pass into the hands of the democrats. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers, transporters, and others who have to do with the larger affairs of trade and finance distrust the democratic party, and are taking an unaccustomed interest in the republican campaign. The excellent record of General Garfield on all business questions which have come before Congress during the past twenty years has doubtless something to do with the attitude of these men, contrasting, as it does, very strongly with General Hancock's want of any record which could be appealed to for controlling his course, if he should be elected. But the positively bad record of the democratic party has more influence in shaping their views than the known opinions of one candidate and the lack of known opinions of the other.

Business men are well satisfied with the present condition of things: manufacturing establishments are busy, trade is active and steady, prices of commodities are not fluctuating and afford a fair margin of profit to the producer and dealer, our foreign commerce shows a handsome balance in our favor, labor is employed at living wages, well-managed railroads are earning dividends, the banks are solvent, the currency is abundant without being excessive in quantity, and the treasury regularly reports a surplus of receipts over expenses which is applied to the reduction of the public debt. In a word, all is going well, so far as the affairs of the business community are concerned, and the action of the government tends to assist and prolong this satisfactory condition of things.

The policy of the republican party, in all matters affecting business interests, is now fixed by the practice of three consecutive administrations, and has been repeatedly approved by the platforms of national conventions. If the republicans are again successful, this policy will of course be continued. The reduction of the principal and interest of the debt will go on, specie payments will be maintained, the national banking system will be continued, and whatever changes may be made in the tariff, the principle of protection to our home industries will not be abandoned.

What will happen if the democrats succeed? Nobody can predict. In this uncertainty lies one of the chief sources of the weakness of the democratic party in the present canvass. In all countries governed by popular suffrage, power shifts from one party to another at longer or shorter intervals of time, and the longer one party has been in control of the government the greater are the chances of its defeat at the polls. With this law of politics in their favor, the democrats, who have been twenty years out of power, might reasonably hope for success this year, in spite of the memories of the rebellion, and in spite of the alarming solidity of the South, if they were able to give the country assurance that they would do nothing to disturb the prosperity of business. But they can give no such assurance, save by the cheap protestations of stump orators, and these protestations only have the effect of calling attention to the bad record of the party. If it had behaved well in the past there would be no need now for its leaders to assert with such warmth that it does not intend to destroy the public credit, debase the currency, cripple manufacturing interests, shut up the banks, and generally overturn the

present stable condition of affairs. For the republicans to make such assertions concerning their party would be absurd. It would be as if a banker of excellent reputation for solvency and integrity should say to a depositor, "Sir, I do not mean to steal your money, or squander it in speculation." The depositor would be likely to conceive a suspicion at once, and would take up his checks and cash from the counter and go to some other bank. The democrats are in the attitude of a banker who went out of business, bankrupt, years ago, and now applies for a renewal of public confidence. When inquiry is made as to what he has been doing in the mean while, it is found that he has been engaged in preparing schemes and tricks for the injury of his customers, to put in practice in case he should again be trusted with the management of a bank. His vehement declaration that he renounces all his swindling projects, and means to be honest in future, is hardly a reason why he should be given the keys to the bank vault.

Is the comparison unjust? Let us see. Did not the democratic party, almost as soon as the war ended, begin to devise schemes for preventing the government from dealing honorably with the public creditors? As early as 1867, there arose a movement which got the name of Pendletonism from the fact that one of its conspicuous champions was George H. Pendleton, the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency in 1864. It had for its object the payment of United States bonds in a depreciated, irredeemable paper currency. The democratic party went into this movement almost *en masse*. With a few honorable exceptions in the East, all the leaders of the party indorsed this dishonest project. The National Democratic Convention of 1868 adopted it by passing a resolution in favor of paying all the bonds in greenbacks that were not on their face specifically made pay-

able in coin. Most of the bonds bore no such specific declaration, because when the form of them was adopted it was not supposed that any political party would ever claim that a promise to pay dollars at a definite time could be redeemed with pieces of paper which were themselves only promises to pay dollars at some indefinite time. But the democratic theory in 1868 was that a bond bearing interest and maturing at a certain date could be honorably discharged with a note bearing no interest and maturing at no certain date.

A few years later there arose in the West a new and worse form of dishonest financial mania. Pendletonism left the question of the future redemption of the greenbacks for the future to settle, but this fresh heresy objected to all promises of redemption, and advocated the issue of an immense flood of paper declared to be money by the fiat of the government and forced upon the people by legal tender enactments. This fiat money delusion took such a strong hold of the Western democratic mind that it became the dominant issue in the campaigns in nearly every State beyond the Alleghanies. The idea was to pay off the whole bonded debt with paper notes having no connection, present or prospective, with real money. It is no exaggeration to say that a large majority of the democrats in the West and South favored this rascally scheme for robbing the public creditors. After the republican party had fairly fought it down in Congress and at the elections, the democrats fell back a little, abandoned the fiat notion, and confined themselves to an attack on the resumption act. To resume at the date fixed by the law of 1875 would, they declared, be ruinous to the business interests of the country, and they tried to make it appear, as the day for resuming drew nigh, that universal bankruptcy was impending and that everything was going to the dogs. On this issue they fought two successive

campaigns in the West. In Congress they were so successful that they would have swept the law off the statute-books long before it took effect, had it not been for the obstacle of the president's veto.

Seeking always to deprive the public creditors of a portion of their just due, the democrats next started the silver craze. They resurrected an abandoned coin which had never got into general circulation and which through the depreciation of silver had come to be worth only about eighty-seven cents, and sought to compel the government to mint it in unlimited quantities and force it upon the people by a legal-tender provision. They were so far successful that their bill passed and became a law, with some modifications, however, made by republican effort, which limited the amount of silver to be manufactured into the cheap dollars. The folly of this measure is now apparent. The treasury is so burdened with silver which nobody wants that additional vaults have been constructed for its storage. If forced into circulation it will drive gold from the country and bring the paper currency down to its own value.

One idea has run through all the financial schemes that the democratic party has broached since 1867,—to dilute and cheapen the currency in order that public and private debts may be discharged in money that will not be worth what it pretends on its face to be worth. Sensible men, who have a direct interest in the stability of the currency and a patriotic interest in the honest payment of the national debt, naturally ask themselves, as a presidential election approaches, what this party, so fertile in projects for inflation and repudiation, will do if it obtains complete control of the government.

The reply of the democratic leaders is that all these notions have been outgrown, and that the party platform of 1880 favors sound money and a strict

fulfillment of the nation's obligations. This is somewhat reassuring, but what guaranty have we that some fresh financial mania, as dangerous as the old ones, will not arise, or that one of the beaten and discredited heresies of recent years will not revive? Evidently the democratic party cannot be depended on to resist a new movement to expand and depreciate the currency, and to cheat the bond-holders. If the past furnishes any lesson, it is that the republican party is the only political organization to which people have any reason to look for sound financial legislation and administration. True, the majority of the democratic leaders in the East have steadfastly combated the cheap money schemes, but they do not control their party. They can shape a national platform with a view to carrying the close States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, but when it comes to congressional action they are lost in the crowd of Western and Southern members, and have no power save when they ally themselves with the republicans.

The probability of a fresh assault on the debt and currency may be thought to be very remote by people who live in the East and do not realize how deeply rooted is the cheap-money notion in the Western mind. The surface growth has been cut down, but the roots are still alive, and will sprout again whenever there is the slightest check to business prosperity. Nor are the ignorant masses of democratic voters in the East at all trustworthy. More than once in the past they have threatened to break-away from their leaders and join the Western inflationists. In 1875 the soft-money movement got such strength among the Pennsylvania democrats that it captured their state convention and adopted the Ohio platform, on which William Allen was running to his defeat. The chief danger to the present safe and honorable financial policy of the government lies,

however, not in the North, but in the South. Unfortunately the Southern democrats greatly outnumber their Northern colleagues in Congress, and by the power of the caucus have obtained full control over legislation. Whatever professions they may make in a campaign, it is not human nature that they should regard as sacred the debt contracted to defeat them upon the battle-fields of the war, and to crush their slave-holding Confederacy.

Besides, they lack the keen Northern sense of financial honor. They have repudiated, or scaled down, the debts of their own States, contracted to build railroads, canals, levees, turnpikes, and public buildings, for no other reason than that they are not willing to pay the taxes necessary to meet interest obligations. Is it reasonable to suppose that these sticklers for state rights and state honor will have more regard for a debt which represents to them all the bitterness and loss of the beaten rebellion? Every scheme for getting rid of this debt in some other way than by honestly paying it will meet with a quick welcoming response from the South. This is an ugly fact of our political situation which no prudent man can overlook. As long as there is but one party in the South, and that the party which carried on the rebellion, the care of the public debt, and of the paper currency which is a part of that debt, cannot safely be confided to an administration elected by Southern votes and supported by a Congress controlled by Southern members. This consideration has taken strong hold of the business classes throughout the North, and will have a great deal to do in determining the result of the present canvass.

Another form of currency disturbance is more directly threatened by democratic ascendancy, — the destruction of the national banking system. Judging from recent state canvasses, a large majority of the democratic party is hostile

to the banks. This hostility has been repeatedly expressed in state platforms in the West and South, and as lately as last year it was the dominant issue in a campaign in Ohio which brought out the largest democratic vote ever polled in that State. It would be difficult to name a prominent democrat west of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac who has not assailed the banks in his public speeches. Misrepresentation of the system, attempts to create popular prejudice against it by picturing the banks as monopolies oppressing industry and trade, have formed a large part of the staple democratic stump oratory of recent years. The system is not a monopoly; it is free to all who choose to invest their money in it. That it is not unduly profitable is shown by the fact that capital is not withdrawn from other channels and employed to start new banks. Much of the democratic hue and cry against the banks grows out of a lingering hostility to sound money. If the bank-notes can be got out of the way and their place supplied by greenbacks, the burden of maintaining specie payments, now a divided one, will all be placed upon the treasury, and at the first financial flurry suspension will be pretty sure to come. Then there would be a fair chance for reviving the old inflation and fiat-money schemes. The banks are the chief obstacle in the way of all projects for a fluctuating and depreciated currency. As long as they possess the power of issuing notes, no pretense that the country is suffering for the want of enough currency to transact its business can be successfully set up, because it is evident that if more currency is demanded the banks will find it profitable to increase their issues. The banks afford exactly what the inflationists used to clamor for in the times before resumption, a flexible currency, self-adjusting to meet the wants of trade. But this currency is sound, stable in value, and convertible into real money, — feat-

ures which make it objectionable to rag-money advocates like Mr. Ewing, whom the democrats ran for governor of Ohio last year, and Mr. Landers, whom they are running for governor of Indiana this year. An irredeemable paper currency, regulated in volume by act of Congress, and applicable to the payment of government bonds, is the financial scheme which the men who control the democratic party still cherish. The feature of no redemption is not now generally avowed, but it is necessarily involved in the scheme, for it would be impossible for the treasury to keep seven or eight hundred million dollars of paper afloat at par with coin if a monetary crisis should come. The substitution of greenbacks for bank-notes means, therefore, the abandonment of specie payments. Business men who have given any attention to the questions of national finance know this; they know too that apart from the matter of redemption the proposed change in the currency could not be made without a serious shock to the business community. They are apprehensive that the democrats would go further than taking the circulation away from the banks, and would strike down the whole banking system, with all its safeguards and beneficial checks and balances, and throw the country back to the old system of state banks not amenable to the national authority. Such a change would be a calamity to the business interests of the country of so serious a character that its evil consequences can hardly be foretold; yet the state rights advocates of the South who are potent in shaping the legislative work of the democratic party in Congress would unquestionably make it if they had the power. They have always maintained that the constitution gives Congress no right to charter banks.

The attitude of the democratic party towards the present tariff system is still another cause for the reluctance of the business public to trust it with the ad-

ministration of the government. Outside of the States largely engaged in manufacturing, the party is almost solid in its opposition to protection. In the West and South it openly favors free trade. Its national platform demands "a tariff for revenue only," the old phraseology of "a tariff for revenue affording incidental protection to home industries" having been changed to a square avowal of opposition to the protective idea. A tariff for revenue only means, of course, one with duties so adjusted as to encourage importations and thus produce a large income for the treasury. Heavy importations imply a small home production. The logical conclusion from the tariff plank of the Cincinnati platform is that the democracy intends so far to reduce duties as to enable foreigners to fill our markets with their goods, and undersell American manufacturers. Such a policy carried into practice would have the same results as did the democratic tariff legislation of 1846, — it would close hundreds of manufacturing establishments, depopulate many prosperous towns and villages in the New England and Middle States, and throw thousands of mechanics and operatives out of employment.

The existing tariff law is undoubtedly faulty in many respects; it needs a thorough, intelligent revision, or such changes from year to year as will adapt it to the new conditions of trade and industry; but a radical change based on the entire abandonment of the protective principle would be disastrous in its effects on the business interests of the entire North. It would involve a loss of millions of invested capital and a readjustment of labor which could be effected only at the cost of an immense amount of suffering. Even the most enthusiastic free-trade doctrinaire would hesitate to inflict all this immediate loss and misery upon the country for the sake of the theoretical probability of future benefits. He would at least consent

to make only a few changes first, and to study their effects before rushing on to the full accomplishment of his ideas. But the democratic party bluntly disposes of the whole question in five words, and declares its purpose to strike down the entire complex system of protective duties at one blow.

We might dismiss the democratic tariff plank as mere political clap-trap, not likely to be carried out in legislation, were it not for the great power of the South in the democratic party. That party survived the war only because of its expectation that the rebel States would come to its support as soon as they got back into the Union, and it now exists as a national organization only by the powerful alliance of that section. Withdraw from it the electoral votes and the congressional delegations of the old slave States, and the party would not survive two years in the North. Inasmuch as the South furnishes the democracy with its vitality, it is only natural that Southern ideas should control its policy. The South has always been hostile to the protective system. Its manufactures are inconsiderable, and the bulk of its agricultural staples seeks foreign markets. A free exchange of these staples for the cheap goods of Europe is regarded as advantageous to Southern interests. A tariff which enables Northern shops and factories to control the Southern markets has been strenuously opposed ever since South Carolina's attempt at nullification in 1832. The Southern members shape the action of Congress by means of the democratic caucus, in which they largely preponderate over the Northern democrats. Why should they hesitate now to do what was done in 1846? The protective system is peculiarly a republican institution. Inherited in its main features from the old whig party, it has been extended and strengthened during the twenty years that the republican party has been in power. For political as well as mate-

rial reasons the South would gladly destroy it.

The business public is menaced with still another disturbing possibility. The Southern democrats are openly hostile to the existing system of internal taxation, which places the heaviest burdens on whisky and tobacco. The taxes on these two articles are exceedingly unpopular at the South, and there is probably no candidate for Congress now running in that section who has not pledged himself to vote for a heavy reduction, if not for their entire repeal. So intense is the dislike of the Southern people to this manner of raising revenue that the skill and courage of the treasury officials are taxed to the utmost to enforce the law against illicit distilling and illicit vending of tobacco. Skirmishes between the "moonshiners" and the government officers have frequently occurred in the mountain districts of the South, and many revenue officers have been assassinated. When an outlaw is killed in an encounter with the law, the sympathy of the community is invariably manifested in his favor, and the officers, though acting strictly in self-defense, escape a trial for murder only by virtue of a United States statute authorizing a transfer of cases against them to the federal courts. No revenue scheme to take the place of the tax on distilled spirits and tobacco has been proposed from any source that would entitle it to be considered as the Southern plan, but from the utterances and votes of most of the Southern members of Congress, we may fairly conclude that they desire to supply the deficiency of government income, which would arise from the repeal or reduction of these taxes, by a larger tariff revenue to be obtained by encouraging heavy importations of foreign goods. The present revenue system meets with the general approval of the North. Taxes on whisky and tobacco are regarded in all civilized countries as the best method of raising a large rev-

enue at small expense for collection, and with but slight burden to the productive energies of the people. If these taxes are to be abandoned, they must be replaced either by new taxes levied upon articles of necessity or by a heavier customs income, which can be obtained only by a tariff that will give foreign goods the advantage in our markets and thus cripple our manufacturing industries. Such a change as the South — which for legislative purposes is practically the democratic party — desires to make in the revenue system, even if only partially carried into effect, would seriously derange the business relations of the country.

In reply to these arguments advanced from a business stand-point by men engaged in large commercial, financial, and manufacturing undertakings, to show why the democratic party should not be put in possession of the government, it is often urged that a party grows conservative when it gets into power, and modifies its policy. This is true as a rule. Probably the democrats would be wiser than they are now if the responsibilities of shaping the policy of the nation were placed upon them. But why make the experiment? The policy of the republican party on all questions touching business and financial interests is approved by a large majority of the men who have the greatest stake in these interests, — we might almost say of the entire business community. The best that can be said of the democrats is that they will probably not do as much mischief as they propose, and that we need not quite take them at their word. We are to put the public debt, the currency, the banking system, the tariff,

and the internal revenue system into their hands in the hope that they will conclude not to do what they have been saying, for the past ten or twelve years, they would do if they ever got an opportunity.

Why take the risk? the business man asks. What compensating benefits do the democrats offer to offset the damage they are likely to do? Will they reduce government expenses? No; because they have had control of the appropriations for five years already, and after a spasmodic and injudicious effort in that direction their bills have been steadily increasing. General Garfield told them when they got control of the house that the limit of reduction would soon be reached, and that the appropriations would thereafter increase with the growth of population and the settlement of new territory, and his prediction has been exactly verified, even to the date he named as the turning-point. Will they harmonize the North and the South and put an end to sectional feeling? By no means, for their scheme of putting the South in power, and thus justifying the rebellion, would be sure to create fresh agitation in the North, and a new sectional struggle that would not end until the ideas of the North, which are the ideas of civilization, again prevailed. Would they improve the civil service? The mere suggestion is preposterous in view of the horde of democratic politicians waiting to seize upon the offices, and turn out the present competent, well-trained incumbents, if General Hancock is elected. In what way, then, will democratic success benefit the country? No satisfactory answer to this question has been given.

A NEW BOOK ON NIHILISM.

A BOOK on nihilism¹ has the great advantage just now of being at any rate timely, for this is a subject about which it is hard to get any precise information. Almost everything that we hear or read of it is so tempered by the prejudices of those who make the statements that we do not find it easy to get at the exact core of truth beneath what we take to be manifold exaggerations. Under these circumstances, a book like Signor Arnando's cannot fail to be of interest. It might be fair to say that the book is more interesting than satisfactory, and this would not be a harsh statement, in view of the difficulty of forming a final decision on a subject which is so obscure as nihilism. Fully to make up our minds, it is necessary that we should have a complete knowledge of the present and past condition of Russia, and that we should know just what are the aims of the nihilists, and whether these could not be attained by other means than those they use. Even then there arises the question, How far will they be able to do better than the present rulers, if they succeed in their undertakings?

That Russia is abominably governed, not even Mr. Gladstone will deny. All the testimony we can obtain goes to show that the official world is foul with corruption. From Gogol's *Revisor* and *Dead Souls* down to the latest book about Russia, the dishonesty of officials is and has been a prominent mark for satire. The censorship, which is very rigid about almost every other criticism of the government, seems here to be disarmed and to encourage, or at least not to discourage, any amount of ridicule. Certainly, Russia is not the only country in which there are dishonest officials, but, if all accounts are true, "our own"

William M. Tweed was but a clumsy apprentice by the side of some of the descendants of Rurik.

Then as to the severity of the government; it is almost impossible for an English, French, or even German speaking person to read of the unwisdom of those in authority without a desire to buy a bottle of petroleum and join the nihilists. Fortunately, the English elections came just in time to refute those pessimists who saw, or feared they saw, the whole world making ready for social wars by arming civilization against brute force, by asking for a paternal, or more exactly a sort of step-fatherly, government for protection against the results of its own injustice. What a paternal government is when it has everything its own way may be seen by observation of the present condition of Russia. Yet with this illustration before us, in the reaction from excessive faith in the people, there are some who think the millennium sure if we put all the power in the hands of one man. In Russia the position of this one man is exceptionally favorable; the vast mass of the population is blindly devoted to him and distinctly unable to comprehend or to desire any change; the nobility is closely dependent upon him, and his position clearly resembles that of Zeus in the Greek mythology. Yet there are few private citizens who would care to change places with him.

To give a moderately full account of the wrongs inflicted on the people by the government would be a long task. Their extent may be conjectured from the violence of the attack that the nihilists are making upon society. If we could put ourselves for a few minutes in the position of these fanatics, our views

¹ *Le Nihilisme et les Nihilistes*. Ouvrage traduit de l'Italien de J. B. ARNANDO par HENRI BEL-

LENGER. Paris: M. Dreyfous. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

might be changed. We should probably perceive that action and reaction were not only opposite but equal, and that the bitterness of the assault that is made upon society on the whole only counterbalances the wrongs the people have suffered. Signor Arnando's book states the cause of complaint that thoughtful Russians have against their government very clearly, and all the more impressively because his own feelings are distinctly on the side of law and order; in fact, he at times yields to superfluous little outbursts of indignation at the errors of the nihilists, with a vigor that the reader could well spare.

The whole history of nihilism is one of the most interesting studies of the present times. Herzen and Bakunin led the revolt against the power of despotism, and with their hatred of a severe government they combined all that was to be learned from the socialism of Western Europe. Bakunin was most wild in his statements; everything was to go by the board, and on the ruins, after they were reduced to chaos, was to be built a new social system. If he could have procured a sufficient quantity of dynamite, he would have brought civilization to the condition of a powder-mill after an explosion. He was not a reformer, but a destroyer, a madman, but, as events have shown, he has found many followers. Büchner's famous book, *Kraft und Stoff*, is looked upon by the students as the expression of all truth, and Schopenhauer's philosophy is most warmly admired. There is something childlike in this thorough-going belief that many educated Russians feel for what the rest of the world looks at with less slavish adherence. This quality is but another form of the same docility that the lower orders of the Russians show for their Czar; only directed to new idols. Races that have an outlet for their energies are able to assimilate a vast number of theories, — the more contradictory they are, the better; they

are not able to give so lasting attention to any one system of philosophy as to be able or willing to adopt it for a religion; they are distracted by a thousand cares, duties, and pleasures. But in Russia it was different: the curtain was lifted for a moment, Büchner and Schopenhauer were standing in full view, and the impression was at once made, as on a prepared plate of a photographer, where the torpor of Russian life gave no chance for blurring and confusion. Moreover, the hopelessness that the views of Büchner and Schopenhauer encouraged chimed in with the despair of the oppressed Slavs, and they were ready enough to applaud the men who, if they had tried, could not have flattered them more dexterously than by giving to their gloom the sanction of a system of philosophy.

The Germans have already shown us something of the same disposition to be greatly moved by theories in the paucity of more active interests, just as in our own country we see how a so-called practical life by its intensity diminishes the chance for interest in intellectual matters. How thoroughly the Russian government has warped the minds of the young by absurd restrictions is notorious, and it has only itself to blame if, after, so to speak, digging its own grave, it happens to fall into it. The theories of the young Russians may be as crude as the wild notions with which, say, young collegians half appall and half weary their elders in their vacations, for every generation has to worship for a season the false gods in fashion in its day, but the only cure for such enthusiastic narrowness is more light, not repression. Repression has made nihilism the expression of political despair. What would be a healthy effervescence is turned by subjection into a most alarming danger.

In Arnando's book may be found copious extracts from the writings and speeches of Herzen and Bakunin, and a

curious *résumé* of a nihilist novel, which shows more clearly than anything the childishness of much of the enthusiasm of these fanatics. Childishness in adults, however, has to be met by treatment that shall correspond with the person's age, and not by personal chastisement and shutting up in closets; but those are the methods that the Russian government has seen fit to adopt, for its own greater injury, and nihilism seems but to thrive the more. The whole story is a curious one, and it presents so wide a contrast to our own difficulties that a study of Russian affairs might be of use to those who are accustomed to talk about the affinity between that country and the United States.

The only resemblance is that both enter late into the company of civilized nations, but from diametrically opposed quarters, — they struggling against despotism, and we against excessive license. Certainly, civilization is not yet wholly monotonous, however wide-spread may be the use of black hats, so long as these contradictory ways of looking at men's relations to one another are open to study. Pessimists may despair of our future, but think what a stock in trade they would have if they only lived in Russia, with the chance of a free trip to Siberia and plain fare there, at the expense of the government, if they gave expression to their melancholy forebodings!

DR. MUHLENBERG.

A BELIEF in Apostolic Succession does not preclude one from an independent belief in the continual appearance, even if in broken succession, of apostles whose credentials are to be found in their apostolic life. It has seemed to some that Dr. Muhlenberg was a man born out of due time, and that there was an anachronism in his flourishing in the nineteenth century. Both his familiar friends and strangers were wont to remark on a certain likeness in character and presence to St. John the Divine, and the repetition by him in varying forms of that doctrine of Christian brotherhood which is so emphatically announced in the older apostle's letters and gospel has made the comparison a natural one; yet no one can read Dr. Muhlenberg's *Life*,¹ and regard him as in any sense presenting an extinct or antiquated type of Chris-

tianity. The picturesqueness, so to speak, of his life, which has struck people so forcibly, had not a particle of unreality about it; there was no assumption of some obsolete phase of religious manners, nor was there any masquerading in devotion; the genuineness of his nature was utterly opposed to anything of this sort, but there was in him a poetic sensibility which led him to appropriate whatever was native to him in historic Christianity, and a poetic power which found expression less in verse than in a certain unique and very beautiful effort after the restoration of order in human life. He was a religious poet; but though his name in literature is joined to one or two musical hymns, the true place to look for his art is in the memorial movement, in the cluster of charities of which the Church of the Holy Communion and St. Luke's Hospital are the centres, and in St. Johnland. In the inception of these projects he showed the artist's power, as in their

¹ *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg.* By ANNE AYRES. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

conception he had shown a poet's insight, and both the conceiving and the realization were marked by a genuine religious faith.

It is the merit of this delightful biography that, while it is written with no singular skill, it is unusually transparent as a medium through which to regard a remarkable man. There are no marks of suppression by the biographer; apparently her single aim has been to clear away whatever might withdraw the attention from her subject, and the book thus leads the reader on to the close with an unflagging interest. It is rare indeed to find so unpretending and so successful a piece of biographic work. There was everything in the subject to tempt an ambitious writer into making a fine portrait; as we have intimated, the character is so unique and its expression so original that it would have been easy to throw an air of improbability over the whole by emphasizing certain characteristics. As it is, the truthfulness of the picture is warranted by the unaffectedness with which it is painted.

It was Dr. Muhlenberg's fortune to be easily misunderstood. At a time when the church to which he belonged was timid and suspected he used its liturgical stores with a freedom and an effectiveness which startled his associates, and upon the Tractarian movement in the Church of England he was quickly identified with it in the minds of those who judged exclusively from a use of symbols and forms common to him and the English ritualists. He was himself attracted by the revival in England of ecclesiastical æsthetics, and for a moment seemed ready to be drawn into the deeper currents of the stream; but a resolute examination of the ground on which he stood was followed by a more positive assertion of his acceptance of what is known as the evangelical creed. The simple courage and sincerity of the man were displayed in his

refusal to abandon practices and forms which he held to be historical in the church, and not the exclusive property of the new party, although associated with the doctrines of that party in most people's minds. Thus he was looked upon with suspicion both by the sacerdotalists and the evangelicals. It was not that he steered a middle course between these extremes, but that in a perfectly modest and unobtrusive manner he asserted his independence, and gave free expression to his belief and his poetic nature.

He was imagined by many also to be an unpractical enthusiast. The real truth was that Dr. Muhlenberg not only believed in the ideal which his generous and poetic nature perceived, but he regarded it as something to be made real, something of larger worth than dreams, and he had the patience and perseverance which put more practical men to shame. It was his magnificent faith which thus built St. Luke's Hospital and made it a real Hôtel Dieu, and the picture which is given of his own residence there and paternal charge is exquisitely beautiful. So his latest and we think his noblest dream of St. Johnland was precisely one of those poetic fancies which have stirred men to hopes and aspirations, but furnished him with a solid scheme to be labored over and achieved. A village expressing Christian socialism in definite outline was the result, and while the Life does not furnish us with all the details which we could wish of this very interesting experiment, enough is displayed to make the picture of the founder upon his eightieth birthday something more than the graceful sketch of a king in Norman's land. An endowment fund of twenty thousand dollars had been raised in connection with St. Johnland, and it was desired to make it known to him on that birthday:—

“He was induced to make the journey the evening before, so that he might

be rested for the demands of the morrow. He rose bright and well the next morning at an early hour, and the first event of the day was his acceptance, while yet in his chamber, of this grateful tribute. He was left alone with his emotions for a while; then a choir of voices broke out in song on the green-sward northward of the house. Young and old had gathered below his windows at break of day, to wish him joy of his eighty years in the native birthday lyric sacred to his anniversary. He threw up the sash and looked out. It was a beautiful sight. Every upturned face, standing a little aslant that they might see him the better, was illumined by the newly risen sun, and beaming also with the pleasure of his presence. Leaning forward a little, that he might take in the whole, his countenance irradiated with holy love and his arms stretched out and over them in unspoken benediction, he stood there awaiting the termination of their singing. Scarcely had the last word died upon their lips, when his own voice, strong and sonorous, led them in "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then came the Lord's Prayer in heartiest accord, followed by a fervent, soul-breathing benediction, after which they dispersed for breakfast in the several families, and every household later had a brief, sweet visit from him. . . . In the afternoon came the ordinary festivities of the founder's birthday for the whole settlement, in the fine

old grove. It was thought that the previous exertions of the day would make him unable to be among his children there; but in the midst of their hilarity, some one joyfully exclaimed, 'Why, there's Dr. Muhlenberg!' He had walked up alone from the house, and was pausing a moment on the brow of the hill to gaze upon the scene. His slender form stood out strongly against the golden autumnal sky, the soft, rich hues of which were all in harmony with the ripe saintliness of his well-nigh perfected spirit. He joined the holiday-makers, and all went as merrily as if that were not the last time he and his St. Johnlanders would ever be together again upon earth."

The institutions which he called into life may have a longer or shorter existence; they were built to endure, and they include principles which are no mere idle vagaries of an enthusiast; but the longest life possible to them can hardly add to the testimony which his character and ambition receive from them. The humility of the man, his unfeigned desire to serve, his ardent temperament husbanding all resources for positive beneficence, and his nature freely giving of its own abundance through channels only dreamed of by others, — these have a perennial charm as set forth in this unpretending and satisfying biography. To have known such a man even through a book is to have received an inspiration from heaven.

EMINENT ISRAELITES.

THE fortunes of the Jewish race since its dispersion are known, and even comprehended; but it cannot be said that they form part of our working knowledge of history. When we view the Jews as a class, those of their qualities

which strike the eye are such as command respect, and often esteem. But, unfortunately, inherited prejudices are not easily expelled the moral system; and we are still far from the time when, however great their individual worth, the

Jewish nationality shall be deemed free from taint. If the prejudice against them had continued to be the result merely of religious feeling, it would long since have died away, but for a long period this has served only to give color to a hatred which proceeds from still less creditable grounds: from the fact that the Jews are the greatest traffickers in the world's most indispensable commodity, money; and that they display a shrewdness, open-mindedness, and tireless industry which place them at an immense advantage in competing with their fellow-countrymen, whether Latins, Slavs, or Germans, wherever there is a fair field and no favor. That their superiority in certain mental and moral qualities is the sole still obtaining cause of the deeply rooted feeling against them we do not, of course, assert; but for other peculiarities of the race, the low character of the calling pursued by the majority and the filthy habits of their lower class, not they, but their Christian oppressors, are chiefly responsible. How, down to the French Revolution, Jews were in the main forced to earn a livelihood by means which their fellow-subjects either could not or would not practice is a story so familiar that we here need but to allude to it.

We have now before us a book¹ which the author believes to be unique in the English language, and which has been written, he tells us, with a view "to uproot prejudice, and to call forth among non-Israelites sentiments of respect for the ancient race," as well as "to instill into the hearts of Hebrews a love for their religion and people." This last purpose, we suppose, is the reason why the reader will seek in vain, among the hundred Jews whose lives are here described, for Felix Mendelssohn, or Heine, or Börne, or Lord Beaconsfield, or Gambetta, all of whom,

in name, if not in spirit, discarded the faith of their ancestors. The long list contains, in fact, but one really famous name, that of Rothschild, but second-rate celebrities are fairly numerous, embracing, among politicians, Bamberger, Crémieux, Fould, and Lasker; Deutsch, D'Israeli, and Heilpin, among scholars; Halévy, Joachim, Meyerbeer, Moschelles, Offenbach, and Rachel, among musicians; while philanthropy, literature, and the art of war are represented by Montefiore, Grace Aguilar, and Commodore Levy, of the United States navy. When a hundred lives are sketched in less than four hundred medium-sized pages, the result is necessarily a reference book rather than a literary production. We think the author's purpose would have been better served if he had chosen to illustrate the merits of his race by a quarter as many examples, telling the story of their lives with correspondingly greater detail. His selection of subjects, too, seems to us arbitrary; for how else account for the absence from his pages of so eminent and faithful German Jews as Henriette Herz, Johann Jacoby, and Ferdinand Lassalle? The most eminent American Jew, again, Judah P. Benjamin, is not mentioned. In spite, also, of "close inspection of cyclopædias and scattered biographical notices," the book is full of loose statements like this: "In 1801 the Landgrave or Elector of Hesse-Cassel . . . was obliged to flee on account of the approach of Napoleon, who, after the battle of Jena, had declared that ruler's estates forfeited." In 1801 the Hessian sovereign was not an elector, and the battle of Jena was not fought till 1806. The author should have said that in 1801 Rothschild became the landgrave's financial agent. Venice, again, did not become part of the kingdom of Italy in 1860, as here stated, nor is William IV. of Prussia a monarch known to history. The liberties which the author takes with the English language, also, may be improve-

¹ *Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century.* By HENRY SAMUEL MORAIS. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. 1880.

ments, but they have not yet been sanctioned by usage. *Literator* is, perhaps, a desirable substitute for the French *littérateur*, but we fail to find it in the dic-

tionaries; while constructions such as "The Rabbi devoted his leisure moments to dive into philosophy and history" we find entirely indefensible.

KOSSUTH'S MEMORIES OF EXILE.

KOSSUTH was the most famous, and perhaps the most worthy, of those rocket-like Continental statesmen who, for a few seconds, astonished the world by their brilliancy, only to vanish as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving their countrymen, dazed and blinded by the brightness of the temporary light, to struggle out of the political slough by the aid of ordinary luminaries. It is not want of success which discredits these men, but that intense egotism which made them stick by their hobbies, however inopportune, and persist in vain and fruitless dreaming when a sinking of personal prejudices would have materially assisted the cause they had at heart. The book now published under the modest and appropriate title of *Memories of my Exile*¹ is neither autobiography nor history, but consists of valuable materials for the historian of the Italian war of 1859, an episode of which it describes with a fullness which would be vainly sought for elsewhere. It will be remembered that after the breaking up of the revolutionary government in 1849 its head withdrew to Turkey, where he was kept two years in prison, after which he traveled extensively in England and in this country, everywhere receiving ovations, and being welcomed with an enthusiasm which now, on account of the more critical and understanding spirit with which the public views foreign politics, it would be impossible to excite. Such as it was,

however, Kossuth enjoyed an immense amount of popular sympathy, of which no one, we suppose, stands in such need as a man who has failed in a great undertaking. But the years subsequently passed in exile, as we see from this volume, brought with them comparative wisdom and moderation, and, while Kossuth's sincerity has never been questioned, such proofs as are here given of political tact and sense were urgently needed.

In the war which Austria began in 1859 to maintain its supremacy in Italy, it was obliged to depend, in a large measure, upon Hungarian troops, while the fear of a Hungarian insurrection was as effectual as another French army would have been in bringing about the peace of Villafranca. It does not appear that Napoleon III. cared anything about the Hungarian cause, but he would have been a very incapable politician if he had neglected to take advantage of the situation. Kossuth was the most suitable agent for forwarding the emperor's plans in this direction, and the former was very willing to aid the French in Italy, provided an equivalent were rendered in Hungary. But he had good reasons for supposing that Napoleon wished to use his countrymen only as cat's-paws, and the highest claim which he possesses upon their gratitude and the world's respect is that he saw through and frustrated this design, and, while materially aiding the anti-Austrian cause, prevented useless shedding of Hungarian blood.

¹ *Memories of my Exile*. By LOUIS KOSSUTH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

It was in May, 1859, that Kossuth was invited to come to Paris to confer with the emperor and his cousin, Prince Napoleon. If the war which was soon to begin should bring about Hungarian independence, his grateful countrymen, Kossuth assured the prince, would "offer him the crown of St. Stephen." But the latter, though undoubtedly a friend to the Hungarian cause, irrespective of its bearings upon the military strength of Austria, was evidently not dazzled by the prospect, and perhaps did not have so entire faith in the exile's ability to procure his elevation as that hero himself cherished. The importance which Kossuth attributed to himself is shown by his remarks to the prince on this occasion. "Without my coöperation," he said to him, "though isolated outbreaks might be attempted, it would be impossible to induce people to rise in sufficient numbers to give the movement the force of a national revolution. . . . While I live, and do not nullify myself politically or morally, the question of Hungarian independence is, and will remain, so completely identified, in the feelings of the people of Hungary, with my name and person that if, without my assent, they were called upon to take up arms, the summons would be received by the masses with hesitation and distrust. People would say, 'The thing is suspicious. Why does not Kossuth take part in it? It cannot be right. Let us await what he says to it.'"

Kossuth demanded that the proposed insurrection should await the appearance of a French army on Hungarian soil. The emperor, however, was unwilling to promise this until he should receive satisfactory assurances of England's neutrality. These the exile at once offered to procure him, and he kept his word. The interest in the Hungarian cause with which he inspired certain members of the so-called Manchester party brought about a coalition between them

and the whigs which resulted in the defeat of the tory cabinet. This change of ministry was not destined to decide the fate of Hungary, however, as Kossuth had hoped, but it proved of immense service to the emperor, especially with reference to the cession of Savoy. As regards the Hungarians, the incident was merely another illustration of the scriptural injunction, Put not your trust in princes.

All the other plans described in the volume before us ended in failure, and this episode concerns English and French politics rather than Hungarian. From England, Kossuth went to Genoa, there to superintend the formation of a Hungarian army, composed mainly of prisoners of war. At the same time negotiations were undertaken with a view to obtain the participation in the war of the Danubian principalities, -- intrigues here described with great detail, but possessing the slightest interest, because the sudden end of the war brought them to an untimely end. The newspapers of July 8th announced an armistice, which "news struck us like a thunderbolt. Soon after, Pietri handed me an autograph letter addressed to him by the emperor. I wept like a child, and could scarcely read it. The contents of the letter were to the following effect: . . . 'Tell M. Kossuth that I am extremely sorry that the liberation of his country must now be left alone. I cannot do otherwise. But I beg him not to lose heart, but to trust to me and the future. Meanwhile, he may be assured of my friendly feelings towards him, and I beg him to dispose of me with regard to his own person and his children.' When I came to this part of the letter, I could not control myself sufficiently to prevent my revolted feelings from venting themselves in bitter exclamation. 'Yes, yes!' I said, 'such are those crowned heads! Such is their idea of the creature that is called "man!" To the wind with the fatherland! A bag full of

money to the man, and he will console himself. Senator, pray tell your master that his majesty the emperor of the French is not rich enough to offer alms to Louis Kossuth, and Louis Kossuth is not mean enough to accept them.'"

The peace of Villafranca, however unexpected by the Italians and Hungarians, and displeasing to them, was, as to the other combatants, dictated by every consideration of sound politics. France had fulfilled its contract with Sardinia, and was entitled to receive the stipulated reward in the cession of Savoy and Nice. It had therefore no motive for

continuing the war, and excellent reasons for not doing so, being threatened by the popular movement in South Germany, and by no means ill satisfied with the limitation of Sardinian expansion to the provinces already acquired. On the other hand, it was less the defeats of Solferino and Magenta than the fear of Hungary and Prussia which forced the Austrians to give up the game. In the end, too, it happened that Italy lost nothing by the arrangement, while the delay in the granting of Hungarian independence was made to serve another good cause in 1866.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

CHANNING is, without doubt, the chief ornament of the American pulpit. Like nearly all men illustrious in the religious life, he has won a kindlier and wider regard by his character than by his opinions, because the moods of devotion are simple and are universal in human nature, while opinion in theology is more variable and eccentric, and in some degree more accidental, than in any other branch of speculation. The deepest interest of his life lies not so much in the fruit of his genius as in the light of his spirit. Indeed, this acknowledgment is wrapped up in the indiscriminate eulogy by which his admirers have injured his fame, for they have presented him as a saint rather than as a thinker, as an example of ideal living rather than as a finder of truth. To put a man in the catalogue of saints is merely to write his epitaph; his life is the main thing, and Channing, although his biography¹ records no great deeds in the world and

no great crises of inner experience, is not alone in being far more interesting in his humanity than in his canonization. A refined and sensitive childhood, shadowed in some partially explained way, so that he never remembered it as a period of joyfulness, was followed by a spirited and dreaming youth, caught by the fervors of French revolutionary ideas and exalted by its own noble motives. In those early years, as well as in his late maturity, he experienced, on the beach at Newport and under the willows at Cambridge, moments of insight and impulse which stood out ever after in his memory as new births of the spirit prophetic of the future. His career was especially determined, however, by the twenty-one months which he passed at Richmond as a private tutor, immediately after leaving college. There, in loneliness and poverty, in stoical disregard of health and courting privation, in Christian conscientiousness of motive,

ning, D. D. By ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

William Ellery Channing. A Centennial Memory. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

¹ *The Life of William Ellery Channing, D. D.* The Centenary Memorial Edition. By his Nephew, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1880.

Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Chan-

led on by glowing reveries in which visionary objects seemed realities within reach, he devoted himself in written words to the service of mankind by the instrumentalities of religion. It is painful to read the narrative of this intense personal life in the years most susceptible to enthusiasm for remote and ideal ends; there can be no wonder that after such experience he returned home with the seal of the religious life set upon his soul, and with a body inexorably condemned to life-long disease. He entered upon his ministry in the field where he could best do good and find peace in doing it; morally the child of the New England religious spirit, and intellectually the disciple of those ideas of the nature of humanity and the right course of its development which the French Revolution had disseminated. Throughout his life he was governed mainly by a deep sense of the dignity of manhood, under whatever form, and by an abiding conviction of the aid which Christianity gives to the imagination and heart in obeying the rule of love and obtaining permanent peace of mind.

The most acute criticism ever passed upon Channing's character was by that unnamed critic who said, "He was kept from the highest goodness by his love of rectitude." The love of rectitude was his predominant trait; he was enslaved by it. He exacted more of himself, however, than of others. Right he must be, at all hazards, in motive, opinion, and action. It is melancholy to read page after page of his self-examination, so minute, intricate, and painful, so frequent and long continued. It almost awakens a doubt of the value of noble character to find it so unsure of itself, to see its possessor so absorbed in hunting his own shadow within the innermost retreats of thought and feeling. Channing seems to have preached more sermons to himself than to the world. His love of rectitude led him to this excessive conscientiousness, but it brought him great good

in other directions. It gave him a respect for the opinions of other men as catholic as it was humble. He did not practice toleration toward them, for that expression implied to his mind a misplaced self-confidence; but he practiced charity, as toward men who felt equally with himself the binding force of the obligation to be right, and who had an equal chance of finding truth. His conviction of the universality of this obligation and his perception that it necessitates the independent exercise of individual powers encouraged in him a remarkable admiration for individuality, for the unhampered exercise of thought and unquestioned obedience to motive in which the richness of individual life consists. His second great quality, as pervasive and controlling as his desire to be right, was sensibility. It was revealed in the sympathies and affections of private life, which are known to the world only by the report of friends; but it may be seen with equal clearness in the intensity of his delight in nature, and in the ardent feeling by which he realized ideal ends and gave them a living presence in his own life as objects of continuous effort. His sensitiveness to natural beauty was so keen that in moments of physical weakness it caused pain. "There are times," he wrote, "when I have been so feeble that a glance at the natural landscape, or even the sight of a beautiful flower, gave me a bodily pain from which I shrank." As life drew on to its end, the indestructible loveliness of nature became to him a source of joy and peace ever more prized. "The world grows younger with age!" he exclaimed more than once. In emotional susceptibility to ideas he resembled Shelley, and probably it was this likeness of feeling which led him to call Shelley, in ministerial language, but with extraordinary charity for that age, "a seraph gone astray." He retained through life the intellectual sympathies of his youth, and in his last days still had an inclination toward com-

munity of property as the solution of the social problem; like Wordsworth and Southey he recoiled from the excesses of the French, but he never gave up the tricolor for the white cockade. In his generation nearly all men were hopeful of the accomplishment of beneficent reforms; but Channing was filled with an enthusiasm of hope which was almost the fervor of conviction. He was without that practical enthusiasm which is aroused by the presence of great deeds immediately to be done; the objects for which he worked were far in the distance, scarcely discernible except from the mount of vision; but he was possessed by the enthusiasm which is kindled by the heat of thought and is wrapped in its own solitary flames, and he lived under the bright zenith of that mood of which Carlyle has shown us the dark nadir and Teufelsdröck standing in its shadow gazing out over the sleeping city. These three principles — rectitude, sensibility, enthusiasm — were elemental in Channing's nature; and because they are moral, and not intellectual, he lived a spiritual rather than a mental life; he gained in depth rather than in breadth, and worked out his development by contemplation and prayer rather than by thought and act.

It appears strange, at first, that a man with these endowments should have been so conservative in opinion, and so little inclined to force upon the world what advanced opinions he did hold. A lover of truth unwilling to make proselytes, an enthusiast unwilling to act, seems an anomaly; but such was Channing's position. One cause of his aversion to pushing Unitarianism to its conclusion is found in the history of his own conversion and in the character of his attachment to the new faith. He was a revolter of the heart; he was liberalized by his feelings. "My inquiries," he said, "grew out of the shock given to my moral nature by the popular system of faith." He was moved by sentiment

in his rejection of Calvinism, and he was kept by sentiment from giving up the theory of the mysterious character and mission of Christ. The strength of his feelings operated to render him conservative, and the low estimate he apparently placed upon logical processes contributed to the same end. "It is a good plan," he wrote, "ever and anon to make a clean sweep of that to which we have arrived by logical thought, and take a new view; for the mind needs the baptism of wonder and hope to keep it vigorous and healthy for intuition." The voice is the voice of Wordsworth. Either this distrust of the understanding working by logical processes, or else a native inaptitude for theological reasoning, prevented him from following out his principles to their conclusion. If he had framed a system, he would have held his views with greater certainty; as it was, he not only allowed the greatest liberty to individual opinion, but he distrusted himself. "You young thinkers," he said, "have the advantage of us in coming without superstitious preoccupation to the words of Scripture, and are more likely to get the obvious meaning. *We* shall walk in shadows to our graves." The strength of inbred sentiment could not be overpowered by this feeble intellectual conviction. He was a moral, not an intellectual, reformer; his work was not the destruction of a theology, but the spread of charity. He felt more than he reasoned, and hence his rationalism was bounded, not by the unknown, but by the mystical. He was satisfied with this, and does not seem to have wished to make a definite statement of his beliefs. The whole matter is summed up by Miss Peabody when she says, "The Christianity which Dr. Channing believed . . . was a spirit, not a form of thought." A spirit of devotion toward the divine, a spirit of love toward the human, Channing preached to the world and illustrated by his life; but a new form of thought which shows the intel-

lectual advance that alone is fatal to conservatism, — this was no part of his gift to men.

In the antislavery cause his conservatism appears in a less pleasing light. Here he exhibited the scholar's reluctance to initiate reform, the scholar's perplexity before the practical barriers in the way of action. He was displeased by the rude voices about him, and frightened by the violence of determination which the reformers displayed. He looked to find the peace of the pulpit in the arena, and was bewildered by the alarms of the active strife. He did not choose his side until the last moment, and even then he delayed until he called down the just rebuke of May and the just defense that reformer made for his comrades: "The children of Abraham held their peace until at last the very stones have cried out, and you must expect them to cry out like the stones." Then, indeed, Channing showed that he was a Falkland on Cromwell's side, not acting without a doubt, but taking his place, nevertheless, openly and manfully beside the friend whom he had left alone too long. Yet he never lost, even in that stirring cause, the timidity of culture. He was of the generation of those cultivated men who earned for Boston the reputation for intellectual preëminence; but the political future of the country did not belong to him nor to his companions; it belonged to Garrison and Lincoln. Here it is that Father Taylor's keen criticism strikes home: "What a beautiful being Dr. Channing is! If he only had had any education!" Channing's education had been of the lamp, and not of the sword; it seemed to Father Taylor pitifully narrow and palsy-stricken beside his own large experience of the world's misery. Channing's life affords one more illustration of the difficulty the cultivated man finds in understanding and forwarding reform in its beginning; but he deserves the credit of having rid himself of the prej-

udices and influences that marked the society in which he moved, to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other of his circle.

The value of Channing's work in religion and in reform will be differently rated by men, for his service was of a kind which is too apt to be forgotten. The intrinsic worth of his writings remains to be tested by time; but their historic worth, as a means of liberalizing the New England of his day, was great and memorable. He gave his right hand to Emerson and his left hand to Parker; and, although he could not accompany them on the way, he bade them Godspeed. It was, perhaps, mainly through his influence that they found the field prepared for them and the harvest ready, although he would not put his sickle in. It was largely due to him, also, that Boston became the philanthropic centre of the country. During his life-time he won a remarkable respect and admiration. An exaggerated estimate of his eloquence, powers, and influence will continue to be held so long as any remain alive who heard his voice and remember its accents; in later times a truer judgment may be reached. Personally he was amiable, kindly, and courteous, notwithstanding the distance at which he seems to have kept all men. Dr. Walker said that conversation was always constrained in his study. In his nephew's narrative, it is said that the interview with him was "solemn as the visit to the shrine of an oracle." He himself tells Miss Peabody, after their friendship had lasted several years, that she had "the awe of the preacher" upon her. Finally, we read that no man ever freely laid his hand upon Channing's shoulder; and we wonder whether he ever remembered that St. John had "*handled the Word made flesh*." This self-seclusion, this isolation of sanctity, as it were, did not proceed from any value he set upon himself above his fellows; it was the natural failing of a man who lived

much within himself, and who always meditated the loftiest of unworldly themes. He was a faithful and well-beloved friend; and if in this, as in other directions, he "failed of the highest goodness," there are few in the same walk of life who attain to equal sincerity, charity, and purity, or equal serviceableness to the world.

Buckle belonged to a far different order of mind. In the interest which attaches to him, the personal element, the exhibition of qualities of character in his human relations, had little place. He shared in the world's work by the exercise of mental powers over which his circumstances had slight influence. His life as a thinker was separated from his life as a man among men by an unusually sharp line. In respect to the genesis of his opinions, or their gradual modification, there is no other record than his history affords. His biographer gives us only the details of his private life,¹ and these are of the scantiest description. Born a sickly child, he grew up untrained to any scholarly habits, practically an unschooled boy. That, under such circumstances, he should have formed at the age of twenty a vast plan for historical investigation, involving the labor of a life-time, and should have pursued it with undeviating singleness of aim until his early death, was a remarkable instance of the self-assertion of genius. It was his good fortune not to be hindered in early years by the necessity of earning a livelihood; but he was also unchecked by any of the distracting influences which beset men in every station. The task which he had chosen satisfied his ambition, and left no room for the interference of other lesser aims; he had no desire for any success inferior to the fame which he confidently awaited. He admitted into his heart no affection except that which

he bore his mother in return for her singular devotion to him and her intellectual sympathy. The absorption of all his energies in his work left him dull to nature. "When one is in the country," he writes, "there is nothing to do but to look inward, for neither the brogue of the peasants nor the bleating of the sheep is sufficiently suggestive to direct the mind without. . . . If it remains as fine, I shall think less harshly of nature than formerly." And again he speaks of the uselessness of "those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest." So unmoved by the ordinary ambitions of the world, so limited in the scope of his affections and in his appreciation of beauty, all that made Buckle an uncommon man was the extraordinary intelligence which he was master of, and which he used with such persistence and certainty. He spent his life in his study, reading, generalizing, writing, gathering his materials, formulating his conclusions, perfecting his style. At length, after fifteen years of unnoticed labor, the first chapters were printed, and he was famous. But he had already begun to recognize the limitations of capacity and time which confronted him with the prospect of failure. His ambition had become a source of pain; however he might narrow his field and simplify his plan, he knew his work would never be accomplished. "To break down," he writes, "in the midst of what, according to my measure of greatness, is a great career, and to pass away and make no sign, — this, I own, is a prospect which I now for the first time see is possible, and the thought of which seems to chill my life as it creeps over me." Six years later he lay dead at Damascus. What he foresaw was possible had come to pass; he was cut off with hardly the introduction to his great work finished.

The striking thing in this story is the emptiness of personal experience which it discloses. Buckle seems never to have

¹ *The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle*. By ALFRED HENRY HUTH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

lived familiarly with men as his fellows; he was brought into intimate relations with few persons, and those were not of a high order of mind. He had no interests outside of himself, except in his mother's welfare; when she died he was left pitifully alone. "I keep my affections alive by reading Shakespeare," he said. What a confession is there! In his later years he cared for a nephew who died, and for the two boys who accompanied him on his journey to the East, his attachment to whom is touching by its very singularity. This poverty of his personal experience and the silence Buckle kept concerning his intellectual life make his biography meagre in substance. The extent of his reading, the tenacity of his memory, the brilliancy of his conversation, and his skill in chess are spoken of at length; many letters are given, but the greater number of them, although about literary matters, are as purely business letters as if they concerned groceries; a detailed account of his travels is also printed. It would be unfair, perhaps, to judge Buckle by what is here reported of his talk; his tone is often too strikingly like that of a man forced to reply to the commonplaces of mediocrity. If his conversational powers were brilliant, he was in a dull mood when he visited these companions; there is not a saying here which is worth preservation. It is a misfortune that Buckle did not have an equal friend, for his life would have been enriched thereby, and our knowledge of him might have been more adequate. As it was, he did not unveil himself to any one; and consequently his truest biography, the record of his real life, must be read in his great work,—the history which, notwithstanding its errors, was and is a powerful intellectual influence, and will remain a monument of a young man's self-contained devotion to a phil-

osophic end, extraordinary in any age and unexampled in our own.

Mr. Darwin's preliminary notice of his grandfather which is prefixed to Dr. Krause's essay,¹ and occupies the larger half of the volume, is a model of simple, compact, and entertaining biography. In the first pages the presence of the eighteenth century is felt, and before one has read far he discovers that Erasmus Darwin had a large share of that capacity for vigorous work, that heartiness and hardihood, that broad common sense and incisive worldly prudence, which marked the Englishmen of that age. He was a man of many affairs. He was a physician whom his profession complained of for being a philosopher, and a philosopher whom his contemporaries in philosophy sneered at as a doctor; he was, besides, a poet whom Cowper gracefully ranked before himself. In medicine he was not only famous as a practitioner, but he anticipated the future by his theory of the use of stimulants in fevers and of the treatment of the insane, and by his acquaintance with the relation between convulsion and insanity, and with the facts recently discovered by Rosenthal in his experiments upon the blood. In philosophy he investigated many of the problems which his grandson has solved in regard to "adaptation, the protective arrangement of animals and plants, sexual selection, insectivorous plants," and the like. Of course it is not meant that he established his hypotheses, or that his views did not materially differ from those now held. In such speculation he was the precursor of Lamarck, and Dr. Krause feels justified in saying that "he was the first who proposed and consistently carried out a well-rounded theory with regard to the development of the living world,—a merit which shines forth most brilliantly when we compare with

¹ *Erasmus Darwin*. By ERNST KRAUSE. Translated from the German by W. S. DALLAS. With a Preliminary Notice by CHARLES DARWIN. Por-

trait and Wood-Cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

it the vacillating and confused attempts of Buffon, Linnaeus, and Goethe." He was not content, however, with the investigation of nature, but, although a disbeliever in revelation, he sometimes speculated upon religious rather than scientific matters. His argument in favor of the goodness of God as shown in the law of the survival of the fittest is curious. "Beasts of prey," he says, "more easily catch and conquer the aged and infirm, and the young ones are defended by their parents. . . . By this contrivance more pleasurable sensation exists in the world. . . . Old organizations are transmigrated into young ones. . . . Death cannot so properly be called positive evil as the termination of good." Hence he concludes all the strata of the world "are monuments of the past felicity of organized nature, and consequently of the benevolence of the Deity!" Such passages, however, are very few, and it was not on their account, but because of his scientific views, that the word "Darwinize" was coined to express the greatest rashness and uselessness of speculative inquiry. As a poet no one would now give him any rank; but Horace Walpole, that gentleman whose taste was the quintessence of eighteenth-century refinement, said of one passage, beginning,

"'Let there be light!' proclaimed the Almighty Lord.

Astonished chaos heard the potent word,"

that it was "the most sublime passage in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted." Even Dr. Krause says that hardly any similar attempt since the time of Lucretius has been so successful. Mr. Darwin's estimate of his ancestor's poetic work as an example of extraordinary command of language for the presentation of visible objects to the mind is, however, the highest praise which the judgment of our generation will approve.

But besides being a physician, philos-

opher, and poet, Erasmus Darwin found time for many subordinate pursuits. In mechanical invention he was especially ingenious. He made a contrivance for grinding flints, and left "schemes and sketches for an improved lamp, . . . a manifold writer, a knitting loom, a weighing machine, a surveying machine, a flying bird," and for many other inventions, some of which, such as his plan of a canal lock and a rotatory pump, have since been used under improved forms. He contrived a talking-machine and a peculiar kind of carriage. Indeed, his genius in this direction seems to have been as great as in other ways. He also founded a philosophical society, supported the cause of temperance among the first, suggested theatrical devices for the parliamentary orators who attacked the slave-trade, and gave much time to private charity. Occasionally his benevolence brought him strange returns of gratitude, as when the horse-jockey stole into his chamber at night to tell him not to bet on the favorite, and when the highwayman let him pass without demanding his purse. These private pursuits added to his professional and literary labors made his life a full one; but he kept at work until death, at the age of seventy, and said to his son, who advised him to retire from active duties, "It is a dangerous experiment, and generally ends either in drunkenness or hypochondriacism."

The glimpses of his personality and the scraps of his conversation which are here given are all of interest, and throw light upon his character. There is nothing better than the tolerably well-known epigram reported by Mr. Edgeworth: "A fool, Mr. Edgeworth, you know, is a man who never tried an experiment in his life;" but there are other sayings from the same mint. His letters show the keenness of his mind. One must go to Dickens for anything like the frank, worldly wisdom of his advice to the young apothecary, which one can

hardly read as a sober production even of that age. Living at that time, he met Dr. Johnson, as a matter of course. It is not difficult to fancy the interview between the two, which tradition reports was not agreeable to either of them. It is easy to fancy, too, his majesty George the Third repeating over and over, "Why does not Dr. Darwin come to London? He shall be my physician if he comes." The aged doctor would not go to the court, but kept on in the old way. It is not only George the Third and Dr. Johnson, and card-tables, copies of verses, and country manners, which give to this biography the true tone of the time. Dr. Darwin was himself a most characteristic product of the age, although in so many and so important ways he was a prophet of the age to come. He was not quite so well satisfied with his period, however, as most of his contemporaries. "Common sense," he said, "would be improving when men left off wearing as much flour on their heads as would make a pudding; when women left off wearing rings in their ears, like savages wear nose-rings; and when fire-grates were no longer made of polished steel." Some of these changes have come to pass; but the eighteenth century is still held up as the era of common sense, from which this generation may learn wisdom. Mr. Darwin has compressed so much into this small volume that it is useless to attempt to give more than a fragmentary idea of what it contains. In view of the frequent mention of Erasmus Darwin in modern scientific books, the account of his work was well worth relating from a purely historical point of view, as in Dr. Krause's excel-

lent essay; and to this the biographical notice is a valuable and extremely interesting addition.

The last biography to be noticed is that of Elihu Burritt.¹ He was as complete a contrast to Darwin as Buckle was to Channing. He was an extraordinarily unpractical man. He was attached to visionary philanthropic causes, for the advancement of which he gave his mature manhood. At a comparatively early period he left off the study of languages, by which he first won notice; and although his perseverance in the effort to raise himself from a blacksmith's forge to the higher walks of literature deserves to be remembered with great praise, yet it is justly doubted whether his mastery of the great number of languages he endeavored to acquire was real, and it is clear that they were of no practical use to him. He enlisted himself in the peace movement, and went about the world to agitate the cause. He gained a varied experience, he met many illustrious men, but he never saw any practical result of his labors. The only measure of which he secured the adoption was the establishment of ocean penny-postage, and for that he deserves recognition beside Sir Rowland Hill as a benefactor of mankind. The numerous volumes he published were nearly all of passing interest; his literary criticism was valueless. He exhibited the same qualities in private as in public life; he was attractive, amiable, and benevolent. He will be remembered as the self-made scholar and as the missionary of philanthropy; these two aspects of his life are pleasantly and simply presented by his biographer.

¹ *Elihu Burritt*. A Memorial Volume, containing a Sketch of his Life and Labors, with Selections from his Writings and Lectures, and Ex-

tracts from his Private Journals in Europe and America. Edited by CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I MET my friend Miss Blackstone on the street the other day, and was surprised to see her looking so well. Five years ago she was one of my patients, and I own I thought her a hopeless case of nerves.

"The world has used you well since we met," I observed.

"No, indeed," she answered gayly; "it has used me wretchedly. I have been on the eve of suicide most of the time. The tide turned, however, about a month ago, which accounts for my good spirits."

"That may be, but I should not think it could account for your avoirdupois and your rosy cheeks and firm step. It takes more than a month to get over general debility."

"Oh, yes, but I got well long ago, in the very midst of my suicidal schemes."

This astonished me. My previous experience of this lady had led me to think there was an unusually close connection between her body and mind, and I said so.

"I used to think so myself," replied Miss Blackstone; "but I have discovered several things of late years not formerly dreamt of in my philosophy, and as it is too bad that a physician like you should sometimes lend his countenance to a sentimental fiction, merely because he allows his kind and sympathetic heart to deceive him, I have a great mind to tell you what I have learned, — that is, if you have time for a stroll across the Common with me." Of course I was all curiosity and attention.

"You see," said Miss Blackstone, confidentially, "we all like to think we are such finely organized beings that a breath of sorrow will wither us, and we take a certain pride in thinking we may disregard all the laws of health, and yet bloom on just as long as we have our own

way about everything. I have a friend who is killing herself by embroidering her clothing, sewing ten or twelve hours a day, and she attributes her feeble condition entirely to the conduct of her lover. It is easy enough to let your mind destroy your body. I could make myself bilious in ten minutes if I should try, especially if any one said an unkind word to me."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that I have heard you declare frequently that no medicine would do you good as long as circumstances were obdurate."

"So you have," she admitted, "and I thought I told the truth. Still, I took the powders you gave me, and felt better. Of course a change in circumstances would have cured me sooner, but I reflected that it was better to be cured by medicine than not cured at all. And if I must be wretched I would rather be so in mind alone than in both mind and body. So I have faithfully observed the laws of health ever since I found them out."

"I am thankful to find you were so much less nervous than I supposed. I did not believe common sense could do so much for you."

"On the contrary, I do not believe you ever could have exaggerated the state of my nerves. It makes me shudder to think of it. I know I should have been insane if I had not used mental anodynes."

Naturally, I inquired her meaning.

"To begin at the beginning," she replied seriously, "when a great sorrow befalls us, for which our own acts are in no manner responsible, I believe it may be met with a noble fortitude and resignation; that we need not try to lull our sorrow to sleep, but we may accept it and be ennobled by it. I have not been able to meet my own sorrows in this

spirit always, but I believe it is possible. Now I cannot tell you what my trials for the past few years have been. I will simply say that the greater part of each day I have been beset by worrying, irritating cares, which have been to me as if I were pricked with pins incessantly. Worst of all, I was responsible for them. I could not in conscience lay them aside, nor had I the capacity to meet them. To illustrate, suppose some one proposed to you to read Sanskrit, in order to save your wife from the guillotine. You would be sure to try, though you would know you could not do it when you began; and you would probably feel very nervous, and I doubt if the discipline would be ennobling."

"But what has this to do with mental anodynes?" I suggested modestly.

"I am coming to that. I knew that nervousness would not help me to read Sanskrit, and that without it I might guess at a word here and there. And then I hate to be nervous, because it makes me so uncomfortable. So, for one thing, I read novels when I had any spare time. That was generally after I had gone to bed, and of course I risked my eyesight. But as it was a question between eyes and nerves, I felt justified.

"I began with the best novels. But I found they generally asserted you could read Sanskrit, or do any other desirable thing, if you only thought you could, and that added the pangs of conscience to my preliminary nervousness; so these novels ceased to be an anodyne, and I threw them aside.

"Then I remembered that when Carlyle's manuscript for the second volume of the French Revolution was burned he read Marryatt's novels from morning till night for some months, wondering all the time how the author could be such an idiot as to write them. I used the same anodyne with considerable success. I think I must have read every second-rate novel in the English language by this time."

"Are you sane?" I asked, in some consternation.

"No wonder you ask," she said. "But you know I am going to tell you the truth for the benefit of your patients. Have you any idea how the Wandering Jew and the Count of Monte Cristo will minister to a mind diseased?"

I shook my head. If any one must have novels, let him have the best.

"Sometimes I could read myself to sleep," continued she, "but not often, and so I was obliged to *think* myself to sleep. When I was moderately wretched, I could do this in a beautiful and high-minded way. I would think of all the pictures I had ever seen in detail, beginning with Raphael and coming down to Hunt. The slender thread of connection was soothing, and yet each picture was separate from every other, and could be thought of without any exertion. Sometimes I repeated poetry; but most poems I can remember are too short, and there comes a painful break, when one must wake up and think. The Snark is an exception. That is an almost infallible remedy for insomnia. Sometimes I used to recall all the woodland walks I had taken, and think where such a tree grew, what stone was covered with fern moss, and where the wood-thrush sang. Sometimes I fancied myself in a boat, and keeping time with imaginary oars; dreamed how far every stroke sent me along some of the lovely New England rivers I know.

"When I was too weak and nervous to concentrate my mind to such a degree as this, I fancied myself in a certain meadow, gathering violets. One by one I gathered them. You see each thought I had was beautiful, and the mental strain was nothing."

"Now this is lovely," said I; "I approve of your anodynes."

"Yes, I have Kant's own authority for such mild measures, though I did not stumble upon it till I had applied them. He says that when he suffered

so much from sleeplessness he found it necessary to let his thoughts follow some definite train, interesting enough to keep them from wandering, but not highly interesting so far as results are concerned. But the time came when mild measures failed. 'In lowest deeps there was a lower depth.' I found it necessary to give my fancies an essentially selfish direction, in order to allay the irritation of my nerves."

I looked at her in some dismay, and she laughed rather uneasily.

"I wish I had not begun to tell you the truth. However, my experience is unique, and may have its lessons. I deliberately fancied myself in possession of untold wealth; not because I wanted to use it for the benefit of others, or even to make the most of myself, but to lead an absolutely idle, luxurious life, without too palpably and directly oppressing others. I fancied myself lying in a beautiful upper chamber in a fine house, dressed in a wrapper of Eastern silk or gorgeous cashmere, waited on by servants whose light duties were so fabulously paid for that they scarcely regretted that they could not be as idle as I, — it was a peculiarity of my nervous state to believe that every one else must long for complete inaction as much as I did, — and seeing no one, reading nothing, doing nothing, thinking nothing. I fancied that I had a band of exquisite musicians in the house, who came at the call of a silver bell, and, hidden from sight in a curtained recess, played rare music for me when I chanced to be in the mood. I also had a companion, — not a friend, for I believed myself to be removed from every one I knew, — who lived in wonderful apartments next mine, and came at my bell to read poetry to me for a little while; not long, for it would have made me wretched to fatigue any one, no matter how extravagantly I was willing to pay for the fatigue."

"I suppose you had been taking

opium," I remarked, as she paused to take breath.

"No, indeed. This was simply a mental anodyne, on which I had stumbled by chance. I fancied myself always lying there with a peaceful smile on my face, and if I thought at all simply breathing to myself the word 'Nirvana.'"

Being fresh from *The Light of Asia* and Johnson's *India*, I interrupted, with some heat. "Now, indeed, I cannot forgive you for desecrating such a word by giving it such a meaning."

"Do not think," she replied, quietly, "that I was for one moment so mistaken as to think my imaginary life approached Nirvana. But Nirvana, in its best sense, was then my highest aspiration, and in my worst moments I hoped it meant annihilation."

"How frightfully you must have been overworked!" I said, in despair of understanding her.

"Oh, no. On the contrary, my work was light. If I had been overworked, I could not have gained health and strength as I did. The difficulty was simply, as I told you, that it was my duty to do a kind of work for which I had no natural or acquired capacity. My life was worse than useless to others, though through no moral fault of mine, and only torture to myself."

"How long did this strange fancy comfort you?"

"Ten or twelve months, I should think, day and night. In all this time, I avoided every one, and my brain did no work whatever, as I was absorbed in my motionless dream. In the mean time, my health had become perfect. My headaches had vanished. I was strong and active, could walk miles, and my spirits overflowed when I chanced to meet friends."

I rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming myself, but she went on seriously: —

"By and by, my vision palled. I

found some relief in fancying myself dying, — that I slowly, slowly faded, until the spark of life went out."

I thought this both morbid and bad; but as I did not like to show any feeling, I merely said, "I suppose even so radical a remedy could only be temporary. What did you try next?"

"I have often wondered what I should have tried," said she. "I think it probable I should have committed suicide, though I have never felt any inclination to do so. But, happily, a sudden and one might almost say a providential change in my circumstances occurred, though I had deserved very little from Providence. My health being already perfect, of course the moment the burden rolled off I was overflowing with life and spirits. I enjoyed every ripple of every wave, every dancing ray of sunshine, every green leaf and delicate flower, and visions of beauty followed me to the very verge of peaceful and refreshing sleep."

"I should call your whole story utter nonsense," said I, "but for the indisputable fact that I know what your nerves once were, and I see you now in the most blooming health. But tell me honestly, do you not believe some less morbid remedy would have worked your cure? I ask it reverently, — would not religion help you?"

"I have asked myself that question again and again," she answered, rather sadly. "I can only say it did not help me. The more I tried to think and feel religiously, the more excited and unstrung I became. I do not believe the emotions are subject to the will, certainly not to my will, though I know the best people think otherwise, probably because they have a nobler and better-trained will. And you know I was trying to do conscientiously what I thought right, so that I was not placing myself in opposition to religion. Yet I truly believe that a person of more religious nature than I would have felt a

deeper peace than all my anodynes could furnish. None the less do I feel sure that such a peace was out of my reach. Do not think I am speaking lightly when I say that religion could no more soothe my mind than it could cure the toothache."

"But anodynes do not cure the toothache, you know," said I. "If the tooth is diseased it must come out. Pardon me if I ask whether, in spite of your health and spirits, you think you are thoroughly cured?"

"I might hunt the metaphor to death by saying the tooth is out, since the intolerable circumstances are changed. But I see you have a grave doubt in your mind, and I will answer it. It is not true that I am on as high a spiritual or mental plane as I should have been without this experience, and certainly I should respect myself more if I had allowed the pain to kill me, rather than to stoop to use such anodynes. Still, I have a dim theory. It is nature, and not medicine, which works cures of every kind; but when a patient suffers acute pain, nature cannot act. Allay the pain if possible, and leave nature to do the rest. When I suffered the pain I could not rise above it. Now I am free from it, and though on a low moral plane it seems to me more like that of a child, as if I were beginning anew. I am weak because I have gained no strength. Suppose some light tasks should be set me now: perhaps I could do them; and perhaps years hence I shall have gained the strength necessary to meet such a task as that in which I have now utterly failed. Perhaps you will not understand the theory which circumstances have forced upon me. But, for me, it is worth while to think of it, at any rate."

A clock struck at that moment, and she hurried away to meet a train, but I found time for a last question: —

"I suppose I am to look upon this as a confidence? It is sacred to you?"

"Oh, no. Perhaps because I have used these mental anodynes so much, I am not in the least sensitive about their action, — no more sensitive than if I had dreamed all this, or than if the disease had been of the body and the medicines bought at the apothecary's."

I walked slowly away, pondering. Such results ought not to follow such causes, either physically or morally. But what shall we do in the face of facts? I am puzzled. Can any one help me?

— I claim that the most oppressed people, in the Northern States at least, is the great middle class, — that class that gives itself no airs and asks no favors.

It is snubbed, taken advantage of, and filched from by the class which cannot get any lower down; snubbed, etc., by certain of its own "set," who apparently labor under the apprehension that otherwise they will not be considered "good enough" for it; and snubbed, or coolly ignored, by the small upper class, whose fathers or grandfathers were for the most part proud of having risen into it.

To illustrate: Having occasion not long ago to travel in the horse-cars towards a place of popular resort, I asked the conductor if his route led directly thither.

"No," he replied; "there's a coach that takes you the rest of the way."

Feeling sure the distance must be within a mile, and being minded to walk it if it were, I asked next, "How far is it from the end of your route?"

"I don't know. I never was there," was the reply, given in that unsympathetic tone that I think the traveling public are sufficiently familiar with to need no closer description.

"Why, I should think he would be ashamed, when he goes so near!" cried a lady emphatically, to whom I related the circumstance.

"But passengers ask such annoying questions!" says a tender-hearted male philanthropist.

Let no official think to stop a woman's tongue that way! No sooner is she snubbed than her brain is racked with questions *demanding* an answer. It was with great difficulty I refrained from asking that conductor how far he *guessed* it was; was it as much as or less than a mile; how long it took the coach to go and return; whether the horses looked tired when they came back, etc., and it was well that another man soon took his place, of whom I asked no questions, as I wished to travel the rest of the way on a footing of at least apparent equality.

On the return route, and when most of the car seats had each its five, — a tight fit, — there appeared on a street corner a woman of a class such as we do not have — as resident at least — in the rural districts. She was old, and tanned very brown as to her face and the bare, skinny arm with which she signed peremptorily for the car to stop. She had apparently emptied an old pillow of feathers to fill it with apples, and I shrank a little, our seat having only four, and thought, not altogether with bitterness, "He won't stop for her, — he won't *see* her!" But he did, and he stopped. She was told where to put her apples, and then another seat with four ladies was pointed out to her. When she reached her destination she signed as emphatically for the car to stop as when she wanted to get in, and going for her property she placed a dirty-looking cloth on her head, so indicating, and perhaps by words also, that the bag was to be placed there. The driver very good-naturedly lifted it on, and she trudged off, while I sighed with satisfaction, deciding that if one of us two must be snubbed that day it had better be the more fortunate.

Again, two ladies dressed in respectable mourning entered a steam train at a way-station. When the conductor came for the tickets the younger one asked him if he would assist the elder,

who seemed infirm, when she came to her journey's end. He might have taken her wish as an order, and intended to obey it, but he gave no sign that he so much as heard her, and the old lady, evidently doubting him, moved forward, to be near the door when the cars should stop. Seeing this, the young lady requested the assistance of a gentleman passenger, who had acknowledged her salutation when she entered. This favor was of course granted.

Again, I want a house built, and send for a carpenter — one who, being constantly engaged in building, would certainly be supposed to know the state of the markets and the price of labor — to make an estimate of the cost. Meantime the shrewdest Yankee of our town, learning of my project, fills my soul with terror by informing me that, whatever the carpenter says, I may rely on the actual cost as *double* his estimate, "just about double," — and the event proves him correct, usually.

My friend wants a drain constructed. Operations are begun, the kitchen sink is made unavailable for use, and there is a pause of a whole fortnight before he of the drain pipe comes again. She attempts to bring this forward to friends as a special grievance, but finds everybody is so used to it that she was simply "behind the times" in not having expected it.

Of course rich men suffer in a measure from this management of affairs by those who control labor, but their inconvenience is as nothing to that experienced by those to whom cost and time are important matters. To these it seems as if promises and estimates are mere forms to entrap the public.

If any one wishes to see the oppression of the middle class by the lower, he will find it in perfection when a dear old soul of a housewife comes to feel the need of "help," her children having married off and left her, only to increase her work by visits home. I have known

such a case, where an Irish girl, considered an excellent domestic while employed in the family of a married son, when transferred to a place where "the help must be one of the family, of course," — that is, must eat with them, etc., — would do scarcely any work; as to eating, in the quaint language of the old lady, the girl "was down to the table when meals were ready, whether anybody else was there or not." A native born sovereign was next installed, who at once *adopted* herself, without being invited so to do; spoke of and to the master and mistress as "father" and "mother," and in all respects conducted herself as a daughter of the house. Though her forwardness was a little "wearing," still she was far better than the granddaughter of Ireland who came last, and who, regarding herself evidently as a grandchild of the family, assumed fitting language and conduct.

— How much genius must an author possess to justify him in turning a cold shoulder on Father Time, or, in a more savage mood, making a murderous assault upon the old gentleman? One of the principles of quaternions is that a crooked line between two points is the exact equivalent of a straight line between those points. My original ideas of value have been very much upset by learning this proposition, but still I cling to a remnant of my former conceptions, and ask whether there is any science of which an author may avail himself, to make his heroines grow old before they are born. One of the No Name Series is called *His Majesty, Myself*. Three young men, Trent, Thirlmore, and Guernsey, are among the chief characters. They are all brought more or less into relation with slavery as it existed here before the civil war. They all seem to admire the institution, and references to it are found throughout the book, from page 13, when Trent is sixteen years old, to page 288, when Guernsey announces a determination of his to

one of his slaves. A period of from twelve to fifteen years has presumably elapsed between these two events, as Trent is then grown up, married, and the father of children. In the first part of the book, in the account of some incident in Trent's college life, it is said that "Dr. McMasters . . . had no more idea of the awful woe that was impending than the rest of us." The neighboring text makes it evident that this sentence refers to the coming rebellion; and thus we not only learn that it had not then happened, but we gladly perceive that, however ill the anonymous writer may appreciate the causes which brought about that "awful woe," he does know that it actually came. A reference to a president of the United States who had once been governor of Virginia, who had betrayed his party, etc., fixes the date of the college life of the three heroes in the time of Tyler, 1840 to 1844. This would of course give time for the action of the story before 1861, but during their college life, Thirlmore and Trent become acquainted with their future wives, Peace and Revel Vandyke, and *this* is their history: Their grandfather, Professor Rodenstein, driven from Germany because of his participation in one of the revolutions of 1848 (the date is given) came to America, where his daughter married, and her twin girls were born in due, or rather in *undue*, time to become the loves and wives of these young gentlemen of a previous epoch. One of the jests of our war-time was a saying that it would have been ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he had never been born. Methinks that the converted Peace Thirlmore, in the last chapter of His Majesty, Myself, must have felt it worth many dollars in her depleted pock-

et that at least she need suffer no remorse because in her girlhood she had kept her lover from trying to save the life of Deacon Ruggles, since when she coldly watched the old man drown she had not even been born.

— A contributor to *The Atlantic* for June calls attention to the curious likeness discovered "between people and the numeral Arabic figures." My fancy has not led me in the same direction, but I am often impressed by a likeness in human faces and figures to all sorts of objects, animate and inanimate. With me, these comparisons are instantaneous operations of the mind, and often are so true as to impress with their justness persons not at all given to making them. A lady of my acquaintance is the only person I ever met with whom the exercise of this faculty amounted to a regular habit. Her fancies are always accurate and always amusing. An elderly gentleman, well known in our community, has been by her likened to an absent-minded rat; a young girl acquaintance to a house with all its doors and windows open; and an old negro's appearance brings an overwhelming conviction that his only food is oyster-shells. I have myself seen a gentleman whose likeness to an Irish potato was unmistakable; another who resembled a circus-tent; and once, while riding in a Baltimore street-car, I called a friend's attention to a youth who irresistibly reminded me of a broken paper lamp-lighter. My friend, too, at once saw the likeness, matter-of-fact man of business as he was. Our novelists have frequent recourse to such fancies; Dickens, notably so. The law of the association is not always easy to see, but in my case there is generally some prominent feature or other peculiarity to suggest the resemblance.